
RNSC MASTERS

NEWSLETTER 17

MAY 1996

Editor: Liz Smart

A WORD FROM YOUR CHAIRMAN

by Deryk Allsopp

I would like to welcome all those who have joined our ranks recently and hope you will enjoy training and our social events. Congratulations to those of you who went to Guernsey and kept the Ruislip & Northwood name prominent. We also did very well coming 2nd overall at the recent Bracknell Masters and again well done. I hope many of you have entered Reading to be held on Cup Final Day - May 11th.

Perhaps those of you tasted success (literally with our choccy medals) will be spurred on to entering galas later in the year, particularly the South Bucks and Berks Gala in November (we have won it for the last 3 years). The summer is now coming with holidays to look forward to. You will all want to be fit - so attend training sessions - remember we have 6 per week to choose from.

Finally, this newsletter is for you. If you have any comment to make, question to ask or simply want to share a snippet of information or gossip, put pen to paper and give your article to Graham or Liz.

GUERNSEY 'THE BSE' GALA.

by T. Robjant

Friday:

So it's all checked in and off we go on the four mile hike to Gate 99 (rumoured to be actually somewhere in Bristol!!). And wouldn't you know it? (I've always wanted to start a sentence with And, and now I can!). Yes, our wonderful national security staff have decided in their infinite wisdom that on looking at the RNSC bunch the obvious terrorist is Lesley C, so let's frisk her!! On reflection maybes they're not so daft!

It's onto the Tiger Moth and OFF WE GO!

Now I just know it's going to be our weekend-- first announcement on the plane "The captain and cabin crew regret there's no tea or coffee available today"-- OOOOOHHHH! --- "So instead we're making the bar free of charge"-- YES, YES, YES, YES!!!!!!

Then, suddenly remember two things. Firstly, the roast beef last year was brilliant for Sunday lunch. Secondly, the UK has four times the number of confirmed BSE cases as the rest of the world put together, BUT, Guernsey has the same number as the rest of the world put together and measures two inches by one and a half inches in size!!!!

"Oh Breaststroke!!!" I exclaim loudly.

I hope we can change.

Then we're there. All 'kitted' out with tax-dodge, delivery mileage Escorts and it's down to the hotel, pick your partner for room sharing (no excitement there, allegedly!), and down for some quick noshings in St. Peter Port.

Oh yes we did some swimming that night as well.

Michael beat Danny by four 100ths of a second in the blaststroke and we were all suitably impressed by his modesty in victory. Yes readers "Never before in the annals of masters' swimming has anybody been so loud about winning by so little", or something - a little *needle* going on there I think. (Whoops , sorry Deryk). Unfortunately, later that night, large portions of pie, humble in nature, were gulped by said introvert on discovering that the electronic timing had been 'over-ruled' and Danny had actually won!!!

Roy Wilson did extremely well, Lesley B nearly discovered carrots in the thirteenth length of the 400 free, and Lesley C cruised 350 m of the 400 only to DESTROY the opposition by a final 50 sprint that had yours truly doing David Coleman's all over the place!!! Truly remarkable!

I didn't have an event that night but did the warm up never the less, only to be yelled at by some aggressive 60 year old female that "I was a man!". I realised later that the warm ups were split women first, men later, so perhaps it's understandable that my reply of "Good of you to notice madam!" wasn't particularly appreciated at the time.

But I've saved the best news 'til last. They put up a list inviting those who had ordered the Sunday roast beef to change to salmon or lamb if they wanted to.

Heaven be praised! I find life difficult enough at times with only half a brain!

Evening meal Friday, St. Peter Port, Guernsey -- a truly great occasion in the swimming year!

It's down to "The Waterfront", "Table for fourteen please", and relax. Well at least for some. "Tricky to mellow with half a ton of roe wrapped round your two ounce Dover Sole, eh Lesley (B)?" Bleeding impossible to mellow when twelve of your thirteen scampi (Yes, somebody always counts!!) require thorough chewing for ten minutes each, eh Lesley (C)?

Danny amazes everybody into stunned silence when his half pig arrives cunningly disguised as 'RIBS' on the menu. I thought 'RIBS' meant some small subset of the actual rib cage 'SANS CHOP' as it were---not the whole breathing tackle!!

Then it's bedtime. A small pre-snooze aperitif to the melodious sounds of Guernsey's best band (so it said in the hotel foyer) at 1000 dB. A quick dance and a goodnight snog for Lesley C with me (the dance only!!!--the snog was with some half crazed, totally pissed millionaire, dressed up like a sixties tramp). Oh whoops!, didn't he mention the cash Lesley????

Saturday Morning:

After a hearty breakfast (for some) it's straight down to the pool. We always seem to get amazing weather when we come here, the sun is shining, the sky is blue etc etc.

I'm a little reluctant to tell the rest of my little tale re Saturday morning, as I am supposed to be one of your seriously minded coaches. However, yours truly swims his first event, 100m Free, and despite a total lack of training comes in two secs outside his PB and takes the silver! Really pleased! REALLY REALLY REALLY PLEASED.

But wait!.

Thirty minutes later and the day produces a once in a lifetime dramatic twist. Instead of letting me win the lottery, the fickle finger of fate decides to let me win a gold medal.

Yes folks that's G.O.L.D.

Now you must understand that my totally berserk mother and father decided to hang on until a certain Mrs Allsopp decided to drop a certain loveable little vulnerable bundle that somehow later turned out, unbelievably, to be Deryk!

U This puts my swimming success under something of a strain, and thoughts of a gold medal had been given up long ago.

It just goes to show that, even if you've missed a lot of training and are struggling to get back, if you keep at it, and keep entering galas, circumstances CAN transpire to overturn the natural laws of childbirth, biology, physics, and all other undiscovered science in the universe, and throw a gold medal at you, regardless!!!

Apologies for not being able to relate any other stories of Saturday morning, but your roving reporter was somewhat overcome. Actually there was one other piece of stunning news, Lesley C failed in her attempt to win at least one Bronze.

Off to lunch.

U We booked dinner at NINO's for later that night and hit the Baked Potato cafe. A couple of locals manage to confirm to me that NINO's is great but very popular! We find out later why they used BUT instead of AND.

Danny keeps in trim, having learnt his lesson with the ribs, and delicately nibbles at a 12" Yorkshire pudding with half a pound of Guernsey sausages inside!

A little shopping, and it's back to the hotel or walkies for the afternoon. Michael, Danny and Lesley B organised a Grand National sweepstake for us, so most watched it on the box. Guess what. Lesley C, failed to win the bronze again!

Saturday Evening:

U It's event one and yours truly lets fly a monster sneeze, stopping Liz's heart who was foolishly standing right in front with her back turned, and very nearly starting heat one. On the swimming front we're all doing well, some unfortunate disqualifications, (worse is yet to come), Roy Wilson swimming his socks off, or maybes back on, or something, confirming his nomination for our new Most Improved Swimmer award to be made a few weeks later.

This session is the 'Dog-leg' where people are beginning to think that they'd all rather be in the bar, or restaurant, on the beach, or in bed, but not on the blocks!

Lesley C has entered the 100m Cossie, whoops , I mean the 100m Fly, and decides to wear THAT cossie again!!

Last event is the Men's 400m free, nearly all the clubs have gone off now and it's only me from RNSC. However, I particularly mention this one as I must thank everyone, including "My wives", for the much appreciated, excellently loud and continuous support I got. The metres just fell away. I really enjoyed it, and will remember that particular 400 for some time. I tried to show my appreciation by sprinting the last 50 and swam myself into a bronze! That one's got your name on it folks!

Off to NINO's for some nosh.

U Nino's is popular, i.e. don't go if you urgently need to eat! hence the BUT rather than the AND. Particularly don't go thirsty. Alkie hall arrives fairly quickly, but if you're in need of water -- start digging your own well on arrival! Even offers of wine equivalent payment didn't seem to make any difference.

Food wise Lesley B got yet another short straw, wrong food arrived, right food eventually arriving wasn't much better. But Danny, beginning to feel a bit full I think, settles for the scallops.

We have to prop up the bar back at the hotel as there are seven escaped man eating tigers in all of the bedrooms.

Sunday Morning:

Tied, sore, fairly cross about losing the hour (BST begins), stiff, dodgy knee but what's worse -- forgot to get cossie out of bag -- soggy cossie goes on, very slowly!

Warm up.

Enid and Sandra on poolside jiving away to some classic sounds "At the hop", "The Wanderer", "Come On Everybody", "Cathy's Clowen" and many more. Terrific to watch, and many did.

Relying on centuries of mathematical research, I look at the programme and quickly deduce that as, unbelievably, there are two ladies in the E age group doing the 200m Fly, one of them won't get a gold! What a cruel twist of fate.

Yours truly gets really psyched up for his 50m free, obviously about to PB in a big way and gets totally blown away by a couple of snails on the blocks on the first false start, not me, and a lousy starter on the second start, that delays so long I could have finished my chapter on the blocks!.

BUGGER BUGGER BUGGER BUGGER BUGGER BUGGER BUGGER

They wouldn't even let me do a time trial. Great sympathy expressed all round the pool.

Recollection of something about coaches cocking it up, seemed to amuse some, but obviously not RNSC members!!!

It looks like Lesley C gets beaten in the Freestyle, and the electronics confirm it. But after some wait, we hear she just gets the manual timing verdict by 1/100th of a second. Brilliant Lesley girl!, keep growing those fingernails!!!

And it's all over.

The Lunch.

With the beef off, the salmon proves to be absolutely mega!!! The best!!!

Yours truly spots the ideal trophies, silver Guernsey jugs, for a new Most Improved swimmer award. The originals were given by Guernsey M.S.C. to Jane Asher, (Yes it's his mum!!!) for the three (or was it four) new WORLD records that she set over the weekend.

Trip to the beach enhancing Liz's shell collection. Lovely afternoon.

Trip to the pearl shop to try one last time to get Ray's wallet out, but no medals there, again!

Evening time and it's games in the bar. Liz has brought TABOO with her. Great game. Brings out the true competitive nature of our swimmers! Specially after a few small beverages!

Liz gets a plate of chips!!!, in remembrance of Guernsey two years ago.

Monday:

Excitement over. Due back on the plane at 11. I'm sitting in the hotel lobby thinking about the most memorable bits for me:-

that salmon.
the gold medal falling into my lap.
robbed of a PB in the 50m Free.
that memorable 400m Free, thank you.

all confirming that Guernsey is by far my favourite gala.

Have I missed anything? Oh yes

The 'Giggle Twins' -- Enid and Sandra who, on hearing anything of a dubious sexual nature went into an hour long huddle for a good giggle, like a couple of twelve year olds, which was really nice to see.

Lesley C who seemed to attract 'A Kevin' at various times over the weekend, but managed to resist.

Then.

Out of the blue
We hear Liz is unwell.
Can't make the 11 and needs a day in bed.

I offer to stay with her and we'll get the 6.00 pm, we all think its probably just a migraine. As everybody is about to leave we hear she really isn't well so I get the Hotel doctor to visit later and say goodbye to the team.

Then the fun really starts.

Quick visit upstairs to Liz, and she's really ill, call the doctor again to reorganise his priorities on threat of stethoscopic garrotting. Arrives within five mins and has an ambulance called and hospital bed booked out in 5.5 mins!! Suspected Meningitis.

Off with Liz to hospital, loads of questions to answer, guesses taken re allergies, other swimmers affected or not, religion, next of kin etc. Rest of day very worrying, Liz very ill, under strict instructions what to say and what not to say to Graham. Leave Liz about 10.00 pm not really conscious, big drip attached, very sad. Back to hotel to get things sorted out. Free room for me for as long as necessary. Big bunch of flowers to Liz from hotel and Island travel. Nice one Guernsey!

Next day doctor still anxious, but favours a viral cause rather than bacterial (Geoff will elucidate if required), Liz still very ill, but a bit more with it.

Answer more questions, this time some really dumb ones plus, Is she generally fit?, Does she smoke? Is she usually shy? Does she have any communication problems ? (good one that one!!).

Leave Liz with what I can rustle up in terms of books/mags etc. and strangely find the best cafe in Guernsey for lunch SWISS, very different food, great! Must remember location for next year.

Back to Liz, looking better, still quite ill. Doctor now happy with responses, not in danger. Make arrangements at airport, re tickets for us both and possible assistance for Liz coming back as I'll go back tonight if doctor happy.

Doctor happy. Suggests possible Easter return for Liz but bed-rest and no swimming/training for at least a couple of weeks.

Now Mrs 200% is NOT going to like that one!

Liz looking a bit brighter and leading the chat, (a sure sign!).

Back tonight for me. Still possibly pre-Easter for Liz.

Make doctors/nurses appreciate this is no ordinary sick lady here, and issue strict instructions to look after her, (we need good healthy fit breaststrokers, tho' it pains me to say it!), and it's back to the airport.

As I finish this, you've all seen the happy ending. Liz at Bracknell. Not swimming yet perhaps but sixty words a second, three conversations on the go at any one time, organising the rabble into the relays. Enthusing the good swims. OK, OK, it'll be Mrs 190% for a while -- but that won't be for long!

CAN'T WAIT FOR NEXT YEAR THOUGH!

CLUB FUN GALA

by Liz Smart

Where do I start? As a member of the "staff" (so to speak) my experiences are very different. Preparations for this annual event started early in the Robjant and Smart households. The first mistake was probably letting Graham go round to Tony's one Saturday morning after training to start inputting the entries onto the spreadsheet. Graham returned home, having agreed the strategy - Smarts on the spreadsheets, Robjant on the props. "But Graham, I can't believe that Karen wouldn't have entered the Breaststroke races" - "But Graham, I can't believe that Tony Robjant would have entered the 50m Breaststroke" - "But Graham, are you sure that Lesley C wants to do all the events?". But by this time the entry forms were in the Props Department and we had lots to do. There was no time to query what had already been input! We had a mission and 'we' had agreed to accept it!!

Mountains of paperwork and oodles of computer man hours later, Graham and I were (just about) still talking and we despatched ourselves to the pool. First major problem - couldn't find the keys to the Tuck Shop but, never mind, "we can use the gym balcony for our supper!" Close inspection of this balcony by myself and Tony revealed two small tables, three large mats, two cricket practice net areas (with strict instructions NOT to go anywhere near them!) and a rather low balcony wall (with the strict instructions NOT to fall over because the caretaker didn't have the key to the gym below!). DON'T PANIC!! We'd overcome problems like this before. Lesley B., catering supremo and hospitality life saver, didn't seem too worried that we wouldn't be able to cope and a little while later we were ever so excited to learn that her Mum had got a pasting table in the boot of her car!!!! Fortunately, or unfortunately depending on how you look at it, our lives and tummies were saved by Roy's son Andrew and my beloved Michael, who came upon the Tuck Shop keys whilst rummaging through the first aid box. So delighted we were to have the keys that we never got round to finding out what they were up to at the time!!

Slight shock waves were tangible as the competitors arrived and got the first sight of their swimming "card". I think Graham coped admirably with Karen's query over her non-entry in the breaststroke races. Not once did I want to say "I told you so". I would have probably ended up head first in the water. After all we had over thirty people swimming in an eventual total of eleven events. We were bound to get a few problems!

I enjoyed watching the first Fun Race - the 12.5m Slough. I must admit I had my reservations ever since I overheard Mr. Smart and Mr. Robjant discussing its finer details but everyone seemed to do ever so well. Misspent youth at Wet T Shirt competitions? The other Fun events were equally enjoyable. Mind you, it's easy to say that when you have a clip board in your hand!! It was also good to see Michelle back in the water and Jill & Laraine taking part in the proceedings (how about entering another gala soon - Barnet in September - only down the road??!!)

The proceedings had to be hurried along a little and a couple of races were later deleted from the programme. Nobody seemed to worry that they wouldn't be able to do the 100m Breaststroke after all! (can't see why!). I would really like to thank those who helped out on the poolside, especially Joanne (inputting on the computer), all the timekeepers who coped remarkably well with the handicapping system and Reg for starting the races.

Excellent food afterwards. Many thanks to Lesley B. for coming to the rescue and laying out a fine spread. It was a shame that not everyone was able to stay. Many thanks also to Christine and Enid for baking some lovely cakes. The atmosphere was certainly convivial when they started the presentations. A special word of thanks and praise to Enid who came up with a marvellous idea for the PB smiley face biscuits. I hope that you are all inspired to swim faster this year. And congratulations to all the winners of the Masters' awards which were made by Tony R. This year's Male Best Swimmer went to the club chairman, Deryk and the best Female Swimmer to Lesley Cordial. Both greatly deserved for all the hard work that they put in and the points they score for the club. And two new awards were made, already mentioned in Tony's Guernsey article. The Most Improved Female Swimmer went to Christine and the Most Improved Male Swimmer was shared between Roy and Danny.

A full set of results has been produced so that the chocolate medals can now be presented. Tony Fidler won the most with 8 gold medals, but I don't think he should eat them as he needs to keep in strict training for the Worlds Masters in June!!

We hope to see all of you again in next year's gala and also hope that many more of the club members will join us! It is Fun as it's name suggests!! Just don't ask Graham to look at another spreadsheet in the near future!!

NEW FACES & LANE CHANGES

Graham Smart

There seems to have been an explosion of new faces in lanes two and three over the past few months - suffice to say that we need to start a fund for a seventh lane! The exclusivity of lane one is now under threat and some new, and old, faces are definitely on the way up.

It is definitely time *Keith* became a permanent lane one man (or is it better to be a lane one woman?). Not only is he good enough, he is also getting pushed out of lane two.

The gagging lovelies *Lesely B*, *Christine* and *Mrs 200%* (when she's there) have become the backbone of lane two. At last they have been joined by the other lovely *Ann Smeed* (no more lane three for you!). As for the guys - we have two new rockets - *Tony Fidler* (how does that man swim so fast?) and *Paul Kannemeyer*. (Rumour from the 'other' changing room is that this Paul guy is a bit of a dish! Can't see it myself being a lumberjack sort of chap - he swims bl**dy fast though. Talking of Paul it appears he will be joining Bernie 'in the force'. It will be interesting when he goes to Hendon to 'sign-up', he will have made the swimming team before he is officially 'in!').

Talking of South Africans, if we can get *Geoff* down for a few more sessions we have another man never to see lane three again.

My last three candidates are also on the up, this time from lane four to three - in fact there are four! Man of the year' (look what Tony has done to *Roy*) and that person who keeps overtaking 'us' lane three people - *Jill Anderson*. Last but certainly far from least (they will end up in lane two), baby face *Michael* and terrier *Danny*.

It's up to Ron and Reg to enforce these official (Alan has given his assent) changes.

A WORD FROM OUR COACH RON.....ABOUT BRACKNELL

WELL DONE to all who took part at the Bracknell Meet! A Smiley Face to all - first time everybody was there before the start of the gala!! There were good swims, excellent swims and best time swims.

Something I felt on the day was a really good team spirit developing - with everyone encouraging each other (sometimes a bit of a wind up!) on their swims. We also made our presence known on the poolside.

A word of thanks to Karen for the gala organisation and to Liz for the help with the relays.

We may have come second, but it was a **GOOD** second. Well done!

THE FIRST BRACKNELL GALA (Subtitled - 'The Naked Gala')

by Tony Robjant

Well there's a thing! Did anybody know it was Bracknell's first one before we went?

Great pool. Great Audio system. Warm-up pool always open. Olympic stars presenting the medals -- Sarah Hardcastle was lucky enough to give me mine! And for the ladies -- naked men in the locker rooms. Nice one Bracknell!!

Of course the best and only really interesting news of this Saturday came at 4:40 pm. Yes folks you may have missed it but.....

SUNDERLAND WERE EFFECTIVELY PROMOTED TO THE PREMIERSHIP!

However, back to Bracknell.

There were many 'firsts' at this one folks -- According to Ron this includes the first time all swimmers down to go, actually turned up **BEFORE** the start.

Paul K's first RNSC Gala, hence his first RNSC PB and Paul K's first masters medals, I think. Several memorable PB's (especially from Chris and Karen), Keith's first 100m Fly (bloody well done matey!!),

Some notables include:-

Deryk's 62 second 100m free; Janice (on a comeback) securing a medal; Keith's amazing 1:21 at 100m Fly (and convincing everybody he had lots still in the tank!); Lesley B's two relay gala free legs (second one being quicker!); Lloyd scaring each and every water molecule to death; Tony F doing a 63sec, 100m free, despite losing the wall on his last turn, so could have been a 62! (actually, presumably he only swam 99.5m and should have been disqualified!! -- you can tell him!!!); Sandra's determination in overhauling a 1/3rd of a length deficit on the last leg of her relay and snatching the bronze for the team in the last metre. Karen **DESTROYING** PBs by numbers whole seconds!! I'm sure there were others -- it was that sort of day.

Chris gathered up 10 medals in all at the end, I think, including five golds. She's obviously intending to keep that Most Improved Swimmer trophy away from Karen.

On the lighter side -- I'm adopting a new name for that frog-like curse of all strokes, originated by Lesley C, "The Dumbstroke" -- she's absolutely right!!.

Paul K, determined to have a go, managed a 44.5m Fly looking really strong but hit that concrete slab 5.5 metres out -- and had to mountain climb the rest --I remember it well! This obviously had a deep effect later when he had to swim on top of the lane ropes in his next Freestyle, presumably couldn't, or refused to, look where the end of the pool was in case it was still 5.5 m away!.

He made up by entertaining everyone however with his diving throughout the day and won:-

The diving High Jump!

The 'Soak the Judge the Most' event, (beating Lloyd into second place)

The artistic impression bronze.

and caught two cod and a halibut with his 'Trawl trailing legs'.

Ann Smeed seemed to be able to permanently smile throughout the day.

Good of course to see Liz back at a gala -- not swimming but definitely INVOLVED.

Karen managed to convince me that she'd found a new, never fails coaching tip. Swim all events with the label of your cossy strategically placed between the cheeks, (up the bum!, for those requiring a lack of subtlety). Claims it works every time!

And of course yours truly disappointed in the locker room!!! What was she doing in there anyway?

NUFF said!

ONTO READING!

PS : This is the one where they keep moving the location of the pool around when you are trying to get there -- so get a lift and don't believe the map!

PPS : The plonkers usually organise this one on Cup Final Day -- What went wrong this time?

MASTER PROFILE

JENNIFER JONES

Can you remember how old you were when you learnt to swim? Who taught you?

Apparently I was thrown in the deep end with arm bands on when I was about 18 months old to see if I would sink or swim. It seems that I swam rather than getting a phobia about water for the rest of my life, I put this down to being a piscean and a healthily round (fat) child, I would probably have floated without the armbands on. I have no recollection of ever wearing armbands or who taught me the basics in those early days. The first swimming teacher, who I remember, completely terrified me, she was called Mrs Sayer, I was having lessons at the Harrow Leisure Centre in the teaching pool. I remember it was at the time when I was in infants school and for some reason I was tripping up a lot and scrapping my knees at school, this meant when I came swimming the water stung like hell on the graze. I absolutely loathed swimming at that time and was always trying to find ways of getting out of it.

Other early swimming memories.

I remember snorkelling in Rhodes with my dad when I was about 9 years old. I was really scared about sharks in the sea and kept as close to dad as possible figuring that he would look tastier to eat than I would. On that occasion I didn't see any sharks. Another early memory was taking a swimming test in Germany where we had to swim continuously for 15 minutes, I only managed to lap the 50m pool twice. The lifeguard said it was the least distance that anyone had ever managed to do. I was always into 'quality' not 'quantity'. Another memory from that same pool was hurting myself jumping off the 5m board. It took me about 5 years to jump from the 5m board again and still to this day I feel very uncomfortable about jumping into water from any height over 3m.

Did you swim competitively as a youngster? If so for what club?

I swam for Ruislip Northwood club in the 'B' team galas when I was a lot younger for the speed swimming section. From the age of 10 to 13 I swam for Ruislip in synchro competitions, I then moved to swim for Barnet Copthall in synchro competitions while doing speed training with Harrow club, (it all got a bit confusing at that time as I was doing a bit of synchro coaching with Ruislip, so I was connected to 3 clubs at once.) After the age of about 13, synchro completely took over my life and I only did club and school galas in speed swimming. As part of our training programme we had to do speed swimming for stamina so for me swimming lengths was an unwelcome but necessary evil. Many of our training sessions were at 6 in the morning before school and as far as I am concerned I have done my life time quota of early morning training so you will never see me there on a Saturday morning - sorry Reg.

What were your greatest achievements?

The achievement that stands out for me above all others is when I was 17 and represented England in the Junior European Synchro championships in the Hague where we won the gold medal in the team event. I have never felt such a high since then, it was an incredible feeling that made every training session and every early morning worthwhile. My only regret was that I never made the senior team, even though I came very close on one occasion. My other memorable achievement was swimming on the Barrier Reef in Australia with sharks and not being scared to death. The thought of it now makes me nervous but at the time it somehow seemed strangely safe and normal!

How did you first hear about the RNSC Masters section, and how long have you been swimming with them, what do you enjoy most?

Well I heard about the section through my mum who was one of the earliest members. I had been encouraged to join for years before my mum got me in a sufficiently painful arm lock where I couldn't refuse and started training about four years ago when the club still trained at Harrow Boys School. The thing I enjoy most about the club is the great mix of people in ages and background and everyone being very encouraging to each other during training and galas.

Have you ever competed for the Masters section? If so, which was the most enjoyable competition gala?

I've competed a few times for RNSC, I think the most enjoyable gala for me was the first Guernsey gala where I surprised myself with the times I swam. I also enjoy the galas where the club gets points to win trophies as I find there is a good club atmosphere at these events.

What is your greatest achievement in the swimming pool, the one you feel happiest about?

The achievement I feel happiest about was getting my Award of Merit for lifesaving when I was 19. It was a really nerve-racking exam and I can remember being so involved with it that when I picked the dummy up off the bottom of the pool and started doing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation I forgot it was a hard plastic dummy not a soft skinned human so I cut my lip and was bleeding over the dummy as I was resuscitating it. I'm looking forward to more happy achievements if I can start to get some PBs and smiley faces.

Favourite stroke and least favourite stroke.

My favourite stroke is backstroke and my least favourite is breaststroke, I've always been convinced that my feet are too small to be any good at breaststroke.

Do any other members of your family enjoy swimming?

My mum is already a member of the club. My brother who used to swim competitively for Ruislip and Harrow is going to be living in England again as of July and I think mum is already practising her arm lock technique for when he arrives. My nephew seems to enjoy being in the water but he has another 23 years to go before he is a Master.

What are your other interests?

Those of you who have been reading the newsletter over the last six months will know that one of my interests is travelling. I also enjoy cooking vegetarian meals (I've been veggie for nearly 5 years now), I like going to the cinemas and eating at as many pizza restaurants as I can. My other temporary interest at the moment is trying to find a job to support my previously mentioned interests of travelling, cinemas and eating.

N.B.

CHRISTMAS DINNER/DANCE PROVISIONALLY BOOKED
FOR DECEMBER 21ST (SAT).

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S NEWSLETTER!!

- READING GALA - the full story
- WORLD CHAMPS - preparations by the 'Five Muskateers'
- GRAHAM'S DIARY - (!)
- MASTER PROFILE - another master swimmer under the spotlight
- DATES FOR YOUR DIARIES
- SMILEYS
- CARTOONS and LOTS, LOTS MORE!!!!

☺ Smiley Face Table 1996 ☺

Lesley B.	☺☺☺☺☺☺
Karen	☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺
Tony F.	☺☺☺☺
Enid	☺☺☺
Christine	☺☺☺☺☺☺
Lloyd	☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺
Mike G.	☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺
Roy	☺☺☺☺☺☺☺
Joe	☺☺☺☺☺☺☺
Maggie	☺
Ann	☺☺☺
Michael	☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺
Danny	☺☺☺☺☺☺☺
Lesley C	☺☺
Alistair	☺
Paul	☺☺

☺ Smiley Face Relay Table 1996 ☺

Karen	☺☺☺☺☺
Christine	☺☺☺☺☺☺
Liz	☺☺
Lesley C.	☺☺☺☺☺
Enid	☺
Lesley B.	☺☺☺☺☺
Ann	☺
Alistair	☺
Andrew	☺
Bernie	☺
Deryk	☺☺
Tony F.	☺☺
Keith	☺
Danny	☺
Tony R.	☺
Paul	☺
Lloyd	☺