

**RUISLIP & NORTHWOOD S. C.**

**MASTERS**

**NEWSLETTER 12**

**(SEPTEMBER 1995)**

**Editor: Liz Smart**

**A WORD FROM YOUR CHAIRMAN**

**by Deryk Allsopp**

Welcome back from your summer holidays. I hope you all had a good and restful time and are now ready to take on the challenges of the next swimming year. Some of you have already competed in the Barnet Sprint Championships at Barnet Copthall Pools on the 16th September, some of you I know have entered the Aylesbury and District Meet, Southern Counties Short Course Champs and National Champs. I wish you all good luck and good times. I hope most of the membership will be gearing themselves up for the South Bucks and Berks Championships to be held at Maidenhead on November 4th (closing date October 1st). We are the holders of the Best Club Trophy and hope to retain it for the third year running.

As far as I can gather from listening to swimmers talk at galas, the greatest worries are the turns, followed by the start, not the swim, stroke or distance. We have blocks at Merchant Taylors, so use them at every opportunity and particularly when we are doing sprints with relatively long rests!! You can all practise the correct turn for the stroke during training. It doesn't matter if you mess it up, the next turn will be better! So, allow at least a 5 second gap between yourself and swimmer in front and turn correctly.

We have six training sessions a week - Saturday (8-9 am), Sunday (7-8 pm), Tuesday (9-10 pm), Wednesday (8.30-9.30 pm), Thursday (8-9 pm) and Friday (8-9 pm). Whilst I don't expect you all to attend all sessions, I do hope to see more of you on a Wednesday and Friday, the latter taken by a fellow swimmer, Tony Robjant, who has completely different ideas to Ron & Reg. It is different, it is interesting, so give it a try.

Finally, the second Christmas Dinner and Dance is on the 2nd December. I hope to see you all there. Tickets from Colin, Lyn or Deryk.

**COPTHALL "50s MEET" (their words, not ours!)**

**by Liz Smart**

It was quite an enjoyable day. Barnet seem to have got their galas reasonably well organised these days with pre-seeded heats and the such like. Their idea of medals still leaves a lot to be desired but more about that later!

Preparations for this gala started late on Thursday when Ron presented Christine and Lesley B. with a pre-marked A-Z clearly showing them the route to Copthall. He wasn't going to give them the opportunity to get lost. And indeed they did make it and were easily the first for the warm-up. Lesley C didn't look so lively - something about a 14 hour day the day before and an evening in the wine bar .....Karen and Joe arrived together, both sporting a new pair of matching lilac goggles which Karen proceeded to

re-model and in the event caused herself great hassle. Deryk was also there early sporting his new sylph-like profile ready for the kill. Now that just left myself and Coach Ron who had set up camp in our usual position poolside, ready with stopwatch and programme. Tony was due later and Simon even later still. Not a bad turn out for the first gala for a while.

IMs first for all the ladies (except myself - bad back, you see). Good performances all round. PBs and 'medals' cascaded into their laps. Butterfly for the gentlemen - golds for both! Then it was Backstroke for the ladies (except myself & Karen - non-capability in my case!) with more golds, this time for Lesley C and Christine. The men moved onto Breaststroke - yet more medals and another chance to see the O'Dea and Allsopp flick of the head on water entry or exit, depending which one!! Event 5 - Ladies 50m Free saw all of us in the water. Varied comments abounded afterwards with the general consensus being to forget the whole thing ever happened! Our Ladies 120+ years relay got second, just pipped by Spencer and it was *so* nice to only have to swim 25 metres!!

As that first session finished so the warm up for the second session began. People began to float off in various directions. The girlies were quite keen to collect their silver medal for the relay when their attention was drawn to a paragraph in the programme. Already aware that individual award winners had the choice of either a medal or a prize voucher which could be exchanged for goods at the Barnet Copthall club shop we couldn't *believe* that relay teams didn't have that choice. It was vouchers or nothing! Not a bad idea for somebody like Lesley C, Joe or Deryk who could collect enough to perhaps buy a costume or something, but we girlies were looking forward to taking a medal home to show the family. We ended up with a 75p voucher each and Karen and I had an extremely difficult task in spending them on behalf of the others!!!! Barnet were obviously prepared for this and had some of the most naffest things in their shop ranging from wrapping paper, blow-up balloons on sticks with "I LOVE YOU" on them, erasers, pens, bouncy balls, combs etc. etc. You can ask the others what we chose for them!!

Anyway, enough of that. Back to the swimming. Christine and Lesley B. had left but Tony had arrived. That is Tony Fidler, the new guy training in Lane three *for the time being!* It was the men's go at the IM with more medals for Joe and Deryk and a very good PB for Tony. There was also the opportunity to see Joe's patented backstroke kick! Ladies Fly - only one taker from RNSC - Lesley C who was feeling *much* better after her customary 15-20 minutes sleep. The usual gold coloured medal of course, and the neck didn't hurt!! Men back into the water for the Backstroke. Two lengths opportunity for the O'Dea Kick but I still don't think I can do it. Our Mr. Fidler knocked three seconds off his entry time *and* pipped Deryk to the bronze medal. Smiley face all round!! Event 13 Ladies Breaststroke. It was definitely unlucky for some! Karen and I still can't believe what terrible races we both had. The less said the better. The final individual event of the day - the Men's 50m Freestyle and some fine performances, Tony knocking another four seconds off his entry time and Deryk getting another gold. We were very glad to see that Simon had arrived enabling the other three to honour the club's entry in the 160+ years relay. One length each later and a 'creditable fourth place' and it was time to bid farewell.

## CONGRATULATIONS

by Liz Smart

Some of the newer members may not remember Michelle, youngest daughter of Joe and member of the powerful O'Dea clan. Although she disappeared from our mists about a year ago we still heard word from her, that she was indeed keeping fit and that she had a new love in her life. Karen would keep us up to date with the proceedings and Joe, when pushed, would fill us in with a few details - "Seems a nice enough guy to me"! We were obviously delighted when the news arrived that she was engaged to this Michael and with the absence of Karen, who had disappeared to Australia, we had to rely on Joe again for all the gossip - "Don't ask me, nobody ever tells me anything!"

We were quite excited therefore when, a few months later, we realised that the new guy swimming in Lane 5 was Michael, Michelle's intended, 'getting fit for the wedding' (!). Now we had the opportunity of squeezing out even more information. After Karen had returned in July and with the wedding date imprinted on our minds we looked forward to the latest update - the dress fittings, the make-up rehearsals, Joe & Michael's visit to the formal morning wear shop, the flowers, the number of bridesmaids .....And as the wedding day approached Michael's attendance never faltered, though he did look a bit harassed at times (*a bit!?*). Joe kept his cool, as usual - "I'm keeping well out of it!"

The sun shone for the happy couple on September 2nd after a rainy start to the day. When we caught up with them five hours later they both still looked radiant. The father of the bride was in an extremely cheerful mood although I doubt he remembers a lot! Michelle and Michael set off for their honeymoon to Kenya the next day. As I write this I hope that we shall see *at least* one of them poolside in the not too distant future. After all, getting fit for the wedding is one thing, keeping fit for married life is another!! Many congratulations to you both. We hope you enjoy a long and happy life together.

### NEW FEES

**YES** -it's that time of year again folks!! Please note that our annual fees are due on 1st October. Incredibly reasonable rates which offer you the opportunity to train *SIX* times a week with friendly poolside coaches, rewarding sessions, excellent company and occasional gossip.

MEMBERSHIP	£ 5.00
ASA REGISTRATION	£ 7.50
TRAINING LEVY	£115.00

Should you wish to spread the cost of the swimming levy you may pay in two installments (2 x £60) - one cheque dated now and one post-dated for March 1996 Please help Enid, our lovely membership secretary, with her unenviable task and pay up promptly. Thanks.

## COMPETITION SECRETARY

I am very pleased to announce that, following last newsletter's advert, we have 'found' a new competition secretary - KAREN O'DEA. A bit of subtle persuasion was required but on the whole Karen seems fairly happy with the idea and is prepared to 'give it a go'. She will therefore be keeping an eye on the list of events for the coming year, arranging for entry forms, distributing them to willing and unwilling members and collecting them in again so that Ron can work out the relay teams properly before the entries have to be in! *We* can help by handing our forms back quickly. Karen will also have a list of our telephone numbers so that "rare eventers and attenders" can be contacted in good time. Good luck Karen!!?

## AUGUST TRAINING DIARY

by Graham Smart

Well what did you do during the August break? Here was a chance to put in some serious training and maybe move up to the next lane! Great, four weeks to step up a gear. Now what was it to be - serious press-up work? Stomach tightening? Squat thrusts? Breathing? Or all of them?

Two weeks down on the south coast 'with the in-laws' (avec windsurfing gear, oh and Liz and the boys) offered the ideal opportunity to put in some serious work. After much deliberation I decided it was time to 'grasp the nettle' and follow the advice given by one of our county champions, Sandra. (Sandra trains on 'Mothers Pride' before gala's, Ed).

Being not much of a drinker the task was not going to be easy. The advice from father-in-law, a man not inexperienced in this area, was to start easy (two pints a day) and build up.

The first three days were fine, the unseasonable hot weather made the midday two pints rather pleasant. It was on day five that I first noticed some physical effect. Now up to three pints, the midday drink was cut short as for the first time the 'wind was up' and it was time to get the board out, rig the sail and don the rubber suit. Somehow the razor sharp timing between mind, body and board was a little out of sync. Rather than the normal step onto the board and away to the waves, it was sail up, a wrench of the shoulders and a mouthful of salty water.

Day seven had a profound effect on the family. The 'training' was getting tough. Like all spells of hard training I was feeling the 'worst for it'. Seventeen pints in seven days was more than the previous seven months. Another hot day dawned and it was family time on the beach. Once again "Dad's not feeling too well".

It was the football that started me thinking about the value of my strict training routine. Perplexed at the time, I had great difficulty explaining to Mike, my nine year old son, why his father could not actually kick the ball. The penalty shoot out also revealed that five year old Ian in fact kicked the ball with more power!

Soon the daily training session became a monster. The five pint barrier was broken with great lapses of memory of the journey back home. Visions of swimming in Keith's lane and Sandra's haul of medals kept me going.

A visit to Havant public pool brought no relief. A 50m fast swim in 52secs was followed by a short 34 sec from Liz with a bad back. Undeterred and unrepentant, I had made a commitment to complete the training. No pain, no gain.

The whole miserable episode was concluded on the evening of our last day. With the family seated comfortably around the TV, I was confronted with a video showing myself singing an old sea-faring ditty in a crowded bar with what can only be described as a clone of captain birdseye. Shocked and dismayed, I discovered that this effect is not uncommon after copious quantities of the local ale.

Back home and dried out, the realisation dawned. Time has once again played its cruel trick. Perhaps Sandra has had more experience.

There must be an easier way to lane 2!

**Barry Cometh**

Yes folks, after great thought and perseverance, Barry (he of lane three butterfly maiden, Julia, fame) has promised to make an appearance at Merchant Taylors at the end of October. At a recent social event of high standing (Joe was a witness but he probably cannot remember!) Barry gave a full depth interview. Currently undergoing extensive gym work to hone his already impressive upper body, Barry finished the interview by saying:

"If I'm not there by the end of October the first round of drinks at the Dinner and Dance is on me".

See you at the pool!

**CHRISTMAS DINNER & DANCE**

**2nd DECEMBER 1995**

**MASTER BREWER HOTEL (A40)**

**£23.95 per person**

**£10 deposit required by 28th September**

**(Colin, Deryk or Lyn)**

### **What Talk Goes on in the Men's Changing Room?**

A number of female members have enquired about the discussions that take place in the men's changing room. Is it boring things like rugby, football, training, cars etc. or do we get round to things of a physical nature, as discussed in the women's changing room?

I promised to record a typical snap shot, unknown to my males colleagues, in return from a similar 'chat' from the other changing area.

COLIN "Did you see Karen? Six months in Australia, next to no training, and she fits into that costume as if it was made for her".

TONY "I know just what you mean, Barbara's the same. Goes down to M&S, buys off the peg and looks like an angel".

DERYK "Lyn's the same. Wish I could do it. Heh Colin, have you noticed that new line in V necks"

COLIN "Noticed! Last Saturday I bought a couple of 38s, but they were a bit tight around the back"

KEITH "Hum, I have the same problem Col. These fly sessions pump up the lats too much, I find M&S just do not give enough movement".

GRAHAM "Liz now shops in C&A for me".

KEITH "C&A? You can't be serious. Nicky would be seen dead with me dressed from C&A"

Geoff walks into the shower.

GEOFF "Wow, that was a tough session. Joe, have you seen this new line of men's non-perfumed shower gel from Next?

JOE " No. Could I try some? I use a branded soap from Tesco but I find it can be a bit rough on the legs"

ALAN "Joe, I know I just what you mean. Look at these calf's, I use to have such smooth legs".

DERYK "Heh guys. Just look at Graham's towel".

KEITH "That is a really nice towel Graham. Looks like one of those really soft absorbent jobs. I really like the colours".

GRAHAM "Oh it's really nice Keith. Once in a while Liz lets me use it for drying down. It's amazing how much better you feel after really soft rub down".

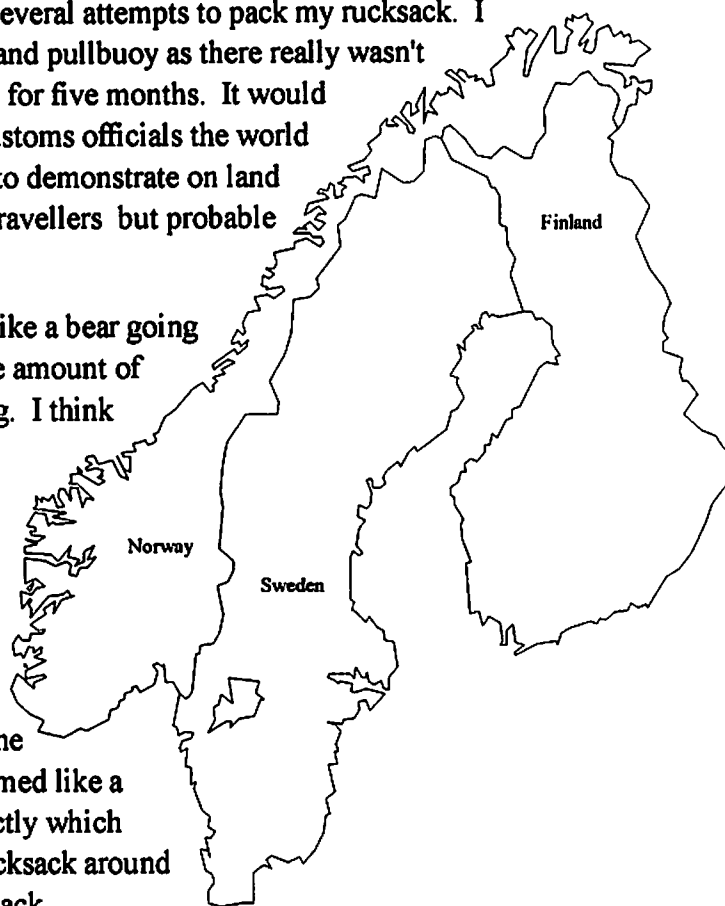
KEITH "You're so lucky, Nicky makes me pack my own bag".

RON "Come on chaps. It time to clean the shower and switch off the lights".

## JENNIFER'S POSTCARD FROM SCANDINAVIA

D-Day finally arrived on July 26th. It had taken several attempts to pack my rucksack. I had to reject such luxury items as a kicking float and pullbuoy as there really wasn't room .. This meant no swimming training for me for five months. It would also save me the trouble of trying to explain to customs officials the world over what you did with the pulling float. Trying to demonstrate on land may have caused great amusement to my fellow travellers but probable scepticism from officialdom.

The last few weeks before leaving I had felt a bit like a bear going into hibernation as friends and family fed me large amount of food for fear of me starving. Well, I'm not starving. I think I've eaten at most of Scadinavian vegetarian restaurants and when there was none of those available I was usually able to persuade the cook to make me something vegetarian if the menu offered nothing. After getting my rucksack on my back for the first time I realised that five months of swimming training would probably have been the easier option. I knew that if I had the misfortune to fall over backwards I would be doomed like a tortoise that is lying on its shell. I'm not sure exactly which stroke is going to benefit from my carrying my rucksack around the world. I suppose we'll see that when I come back.



I did have one slight hiccup before I left. The Chinese embassy had rejected my visa application without reason. The tour company suggested that it may be to do with a UN Women's conference that is taking place in China at the same time. I also wondered what effect my occupation had had as I'd put down 'Social Researcher'. God only knows what this translates into in Chinese. Maybe something like 'fascist underground journalist who wants to expose the evils of communism'! I applied again in Copenhagen as a 'Swimming Teacher' as this seemed a far more honourable profession and was granted a visa a week later. This came as a great relief as I'd had visions of being stuck in Mongolia and out-staying my Mongolian visa, getting thrown in prison there and being force-fed mutton. But that isn't going to happen so you don't all have to have a whip round to send a food parcel.

The visa application had meant an extended stay in Copenhagen so I visited lots of museums and did day trips around Zealand. One museum which I like in particular was a Viking ship museum which at the end of the museum gave you the chance to do a painting. I was not the least bit embarrassed that everyone else around the table was less than 3 feet tall and that my knees were under my chin when I was sitting on the stool. There had been no mention of height or age restrictions so I had a great time.

The other travellers in the hostel consisted mainly of Americans 'doing Europe' loudly, Japanese 'doing Europe' quietly, Germans 'doing Europe' efficiently and large groups of Italians cooking loads of pasta!! The atmosphere in the hostel was very friendly and I found the Danish people very helpful and blonde. I'd never been in the minority as a brunette before.

From Copenhagen my next stop was Stockholm where I was pleasantly surprised. I'd not expected very much from Stockholm but it was really beautiful. I went to the start of a midnight marathon which was

being run. It starts at about 10.00 pm so the top runners finish around midnight. The eight poor sods dressed as a bus were probably still going at 4 in the morning! The atmosphere was great. King of Notting Hill Carnival meets the London Marathon.

The youth hostel in Stockholm is on an old sailing ship moored in the harbour. On my last evening there a stage had been put up on the other side of the harbour and an orchestra was playing. So picture the scene: ship gently swaying, sun setting, music wafting across the water, but best of all, no training - even though it was Sunday night!!

My next port of call was Oslo. Rather dull compared to Copenhagen or Stockholm. But I went up a ski jump and looked down and decided that Eddie the Eagle was either very stupid or very brave. I went to some more museums, By this time I was becoming pretty 'museumed-out' and was looking forward to some fjord scenery in western Norway. Well, I certainly wasn't disappointed. It was absolutely fabulous: snow-capped mountains, lakes, deep cut fjords. Sometimes I felt like I was sitting in a picture postcard and that any moment someone would come along and move the scenery. It was also very clean and the air was wonderfully fresh. It made me wonder why I lived in a dirty, noisy city. But I think I would miss the convenience of a city before too long.

Next I took a combination of overnight trains which brought me north of the Arctic circle. Until then I had enjoyed beautiful warm weather. It now turned cold, foggy and wet. My rucksack started to get lighter as I started wearing more of my clothes. At one point I had eight layers on. I took a ferry to some islands called the Lofoten Islands. The youth hostel had a dockside location and many of the other backpackers hired rowing boats to catch fish for their supper. They had some agar fires/cooker so it was very warm and cosy inside even though it was cold outside. I did some walking on the islands and realised that it had taken me about two and a half weeks to become accustomed to doing long walks after spending nearly two years behind an office desk. I think my poor little feet have just started to forgive me as the blisters have now all gone.

I stayed one night on the Norwegian mainland at a place called Norvik before I headed for Finland. I went to the cinemas in Norvik as the films are subtitled and not dubbed into Norwegian. And boy do Norwegians know how to enjoy a film. The film was a romantic comedy and they were rolling in aisles with laughter. It was really nice.

I crossed back south of the Arctic circle and then went into Finland. I was disappointed that I hadn't seen Father Xmas as I'd hoped to get my Xmas list in early this year. My first stop in Finland was Savonlona which is in the middle of an area covered by thousands of lakes. The weather was better again, (down to three layers) and I spent a relaxing weekend strolling by the lakes and watching the world go by.

My last stop in Scandinavia was in Helsinki. A very cosmopolitan city, again with a beautiful harbour location. As I'd stayed within budget I decided it was time to do some shopping and there is a lot of choice in Finland. So I spent hours wandering around the shops. My trip to Finland wouldn't have been complete without a sauna. There was unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your point of view) no snow to roll around in naked. Oh well, I'd have to save that experience for another time. I could have had reindeer for my last meal in Scandinavia but the vegetarian restaurant won again.



Besides, after seeing some wild reindeer from the train I couldn't eat one. I might never get another Xmas present!

Anyway, as Scandinavia drew to a close I likened my journey to a gala. For me Scandinavia was like the warm up, getting used to the water, seeing what the dives are like. My first event is the individual medley of Russia, Mongolia, China and Hong Kong. You'll hear how I got on in my next postcard.

love Jennifer

## **LANE 4 MEMOIRS**

by Laraine Welch

This is written by one of 'those ladies' in lane 4 who doesn't enter galas very often and mainly swims to keep fit, but would love to win or achieve something in swimming one day!

In August part of my holiday was spent in Sanguinet in S.W. France with my husband and two boys. We camped on the shores of a very pleasant lake about 12km long.

We spent most of the holiday doing the normal things that you do on holiday - eating, drinking, lazing on the beach etc. and just to prove that we were not total slobs we played a bit of tennis, windsurfed, canoed and even did a bit of body boarding in the Atlantic rollers at the nearby coast. All the time though I had this nagging thought in the back of my mind that I should try to swim some distance in the lake.

Unlike Christine I have never harboured any desires to swim the channel (especially after talking to Ron when he went on a support boat for Kevin Murphy), but I have felt for a long time that I would like to try an open water distance swim.

I did my RLSS Distinction in the Serpentine a few years ago which gave me a vague taste of what open water was like, but I was so stressed out at the time with the exam I certainly didn't feel like staying on after 'for a swim'.

So, on the last day at Sanguinet I persuaded 'the boys' to get in a canoe and accompany me across a small section of the lake. I needed the escort to stop me being chewed up by the water skiers or decapitated by windsurfers.

Now, please bear in mind that I started my swimming career by joining the sub aqua club and only learned to swim crawl at the age of 29. I'm also not renowned for my speed but I am used to diving in all sorts of murky waters. So I was very, very surprised when the first thing I felt as I headed off across that lake was a horrible nagging doubt as to what was lurking underneath me in the brown sludgy water - no crystal clear pool here!

Next came the waves. Every time I turned my head to the side and opened my mouth there was a wave there to go into it! Then there was the wind pushing me off course - the kids loved that bit - a good excuse to shout at Mum to tell me which way to go.

I eventually got into a rhythm and forgot about what was lurking and with a few more shouted directions I made it to the other side without any further problems. After a brief stop for the refuelling of the escorts with ice creams we set off to go back again. This time at least the waves weren't going into my mouth and we got back quicker.

At the end I felt a good sense of achievement and now I'm thinking I really would like to have a go at something in England that is tougher and more testing.

This swim was only about 1.5 miles in total. I know it's not much and the water was lovely and warm, but it is a start. I'm certainly nowhere near Teresa's level - Lake Bala, it must be freezing, Teresa, you have my greatest admiration for that. But hopefully next summer I will be able to have a go somewhere.

Meanwhile, as regards galas, if anyone out there can help me to learn to dive with my goggles on so that I can swim without fear of losing my contact lenses I would be most grateful and I'll enter the next gala which has a longer distance swim in it. It is horrible when you can't see properly and it's true what they say - you can't hear without your lenses in, so I can't hear the starter, I'm frightened of being in the wrong place and of course I can't see the ends to turn - a hopeless situation all in all.

Now there's a challenge for someone!!!!

## **CLUB LA SANTA**

**By Alison Bone**

"A four-hour flight from Gatwick will bring you directly to Lanzarote, one of the beautiful Canary Islands, 100 miles off the Moroccan coast. This is the home of Club La Santa - the perfect holiday venue for anyone who enjoys the active life....." So reads the glossy brochure, but what is it really like? One of the Ruislip & Northwood clan had the opportunity to escape the hustle and bustle and experience the "fine sports facilities and beautiful surroundings" for herself. Alison Bone, from Lane 3/2 fame and who seems to have disappeared off the scene momentarily, has kindly surveyed the set up in Lanzarote for us. Her report is as follows:-

"I went in May 1995 with the Swiss Cottage Masters and a few swimmers from Barnet Copthall. In all there were 45 of us!! If you like sport it's ideal. There is a big leisure pool, a 50m outdoor training pool, basketball, badminton, squash, volleyball, 5-a-side football, aerobics, mountain biking, cycling, running, tennis (10 courts), gymnasium/fitness area, mini golf, golf driving range, windsurfing, scuba diving ..... basically any sport you want, they do it!

Part of the package included a self-catering apartment (3 sharing) and free use of the facilities. You got a card on arrival and you could book trips, activities and lessons. The weather was overcast so we did a lot of sports. They organise early morning runs/walks and stretch sessions from about 7.30 -8.30 am onwards and during the day you can have a go at biathlons, triathlons etc. over various distances. They do organise mountain bike trips from 2 hours onwards for all standards. It's good fun if a bit bumpy going over the lava fields.

The apartments are very basic, but fine for the amount of time you spend in them. They provide towels etc. so you don't have to bring your own. There are various restaurants which are reasonable and a big supermarket with fresh bread etc. You can always bring a few things with you to get you started. There are also a few restaurants a short drive away which are OK.

There was the option of two hours training a day taken by Lynn Malcolm, the Swiss Cottage coach (10-11 am & 5-6 pm). I managed six sessions - more times than I'd been the whole year and I was as stiff as a board. 50m is a long way!! The first session, after warm-up, was 36 x 50m!! I nearly died! Other favourites during the week included 10 x 200m and 20 x 100m. And then a 1,500m on the penultimate day!!! I managed to persuade Lynn to let me do 800m and despite forgetting how many lengths I'd done and having steamed up goggles, I managed it in 12 minutes. We did have fun sessions on the last day - mixed relays - Swiss Cottage v. Barnet ( I was adopted by Barnet). 100m is a long way. I hadn't raced that distance since 1984! I was up against the big amazon Australian Carol from Swiss Cottage who's a 6 footer and I didn't finish too far behind. The main problem with the swimming was that it was overcast, windy and pretty cold and if it was sunny you couldn't see where you were going that easily, especially on backstroke.

As for the entertainment ..... There was a Kid's Club (a few brought their own kids) and for about £1.50 they look after them for 2 hours in the mornings and afternoons. There's a kids' afternoon on the beach with families and lots of games etc. In the evening, in the square, there's entertainment each night, from Spanish dancing to the "Green Team" cabaret (bit of a cringe, but OK). There is also a disco on site open to the early hours and bars open until the last person leaves. Unfortunately when we were there so were Reading Football Club who felt the need to drink lots and hit on any female in sight.....

We hired a car from La Santa at a very reasonable rate (you need your drivers licence) and went around the island easily in a day as there's not a huge amount to see. At least we found some sun in Peuts del Carmen and up the south east coast. You can go and see the volcanoes but it is pretty barren everywhere as nothing grows easily. There were some nice restaurants in the fishing villages further up the coast worth visiting.

Would I go again? Yes, definitely. Especially if Reading F.C. were not there!!!"



## TIPS FROM AROUND THE POOL

by Graham Smart

### *Don't Know What to do With Those Old Cossies?*

Have you ever wondered what to do with those nice swimming costumes when they go see-through and baggy? Well hold on to them. The next club gala will feature a baggy bum competition. There are a few features in the men's changing room that can rival anything in the ladies!

### *Goggles*

Is there a new fad in females goggles that make you look like a frog? I must subscribe to one of the swimming mags. Have you noticed Lesley's and Liz's goggles? Lesley has a silver framed pair and Liz a white framed pair. Have a look next time they wear them and see if you see the resemblance!

### *Hard Rock Cafe*

Did you know that if all the people who swim in lane three got together and held outstretched hands they would form a line in the Hard Rock Cafe from the front door to the Harley Davidson downstairs!  
(Talking of the Hard Rock, if anybody needs an excuse to go Liz and I are always on call).

### *Rent a Lane*

Fed up with getting your toes tickled? People so close you cannot do a tumble turn without embracing them. Are there people in your lane that just swim too fast? How about going before the time? Do you get your face slapped when somebody wearing flippers rockets past. The answer has arrived. For just £3-75p you can rent a lane all to yourself on any Tuesday, Wednesday or Sunday session. Give the money to Ron or Reg and swim with a smile.

### **Joanne - Where Were You?**

Location: Ruislip  
Venue: Harvester Restaurant  
Date: Saturday 16th September 1995

Caught walking into the Harvester Restaurant, Saturday 16th Sept, two lovers in the shape of lane two Joanne and hubby Andrew were footloose and fancy free. "Sam? Oh yes, his with Mum for the weekend".  
Well, he might be with Mum, but who saw Joanne on either Saturday or Sunday? Your secret is safe, I won't tell Ron or Reg. (Fancy missing Reg's 100's - we did a set of 12!).

## **MASTER PROFILE**

### **RAY CLARKE**

Well, what can I say? After reading about CHRISTINE'S long, distinguished and varied association with water ... after the LORD MAYOR'S SHOW comes the DUST CART!!

#### **How old was I when I learnt to swim?**

Too old. I was nearly fifty. I do remember being taken to Finchley Road Baths at Swiss Cottage by my mother in an unsuccessful attempt to be taught. My memories of those visits include great areas of shiny white wall tiles and rows of cubicles containing large cast iron baths with clouds of steam and condensation everywhere. I can't remember much about the swimming though.

#### **Who taught me?**

A few years ago Ruislip and Northwood S.C. started adult swimming lessons in the small pool at Highgrove run by John Dewit and Reg. As I had always wished that I was able to swim and envied everyone that could I was half tempted, but made excuses like - "the waters freezing in the small pool!" (it used to be much colder than the main pool) and "I'll never be able to learn as I float six inches below the surface". But eventually I was persuaded to take a course of lessons.

#### **Did I swim competitively as a youngster?**

I didn't know they did in those days.

#### **Greatest achievements?**

Absolutely none.

#### **How did I first hear about RNSC Masters?**

Mary (Pethick) and Lyn were starting up the section and persuaded me to come along. I wasn't too sure about this at first as I could still only swim ONE length of front crawl at a time and a couple of lengths breaststroke, but still, practice makes perfect I was told. I'm still practising.

#### **Have I ever competed for the Masters section?**

Yes, for a while now. Although I cannot hope to be competitive with others in my age group who have been swimming up to forty years longer than I have, it does give me personal satisfaction when I manage to do a PB.

**Which was the most enjoyable gala?**

Any of the Guernsey weekends (I don't think I'm ready for Sheffield yet). It's nice to get away after a long, dreary winter and enjoy a laugh with good company, good food and the odd drink or two. Oh, by the way, the gala's good too!!

**What is my greatest achievement in the swimming pool - the one I feel happiest about?!**

No great achievements for me, only little things I remember feeling pleased about at the time. Such as the first time I managed to do six lengths front crawl non stop and then twelve, or the fact that I am now able to go into the sea as I no longer panic when my feet can't touch the bottom.

**Has anything ever stopped me from swimming?**

Hardly. I've only just started!!

**My favourite stroke is..**

Front crawl - now that I'm getting the hang of it - and Breaststroke.

**My least favourite stroke is..**

Butterfly. I have real trouble with this one. After two lengths I'm cream crackered!

**Do other members of my family enjoy swimming?**

Unable to swim myself as a child I made sure that my children learnt at an early age. All three have swum competitively for RNSC. One was good a Butterfly, one at Breaststroke and the third one seems best at Backstroke. Only the youngest is swimming at the moment.

**What are my other interests?**

My sporting interests include cycling, motor sport and swimming. My spare time is taken up with refurbishing and extending our house - *are you going swimming again!? this house will never get finished* - and as chauffeur to our youngest.

**Any other comments?**

I hope to continue to enjoy swimming - that is if Ron doesn't kill me off first!!

## RESULTS

Omission from last newsletter - Lesley C clocked a PB in the 200m Free at the Reading Gala. The Smiley Face table will be updated accordingly.

### BARNET COPTHALL "50s MEET"

Saturday 16 September

#### LESLEY B

100m IM	1.27.72	PB ☺	50m Back	42.45
50m Free	34.22			

#### CHRIS

100m IM	1.22.62	PB ☺	50m Back	37.63	Gold
50m Free	32.20				

#### KAREN

100m IM	1.18.79		50m Free	31.61
50m Breast	41.56	Bronze		

#### LESLEY C

100m IM	1.16.42	Gold	50m Back	35.99	Silver
50m Free	29.73	Gold	50m Fly	31.60	Gold

#### LIZ

50m Free	33.01		50m Breast	42.06
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#### JOE

50m Fly	41.19	Gold	50m Breast	42.88	Gold
100m IM	1.35.86	Bronze	50m Back	48.41	PB ☺
50m Free	39.02				

#### DERYK

50m Fly	31.34	Gold	50m Breast	39.79	Bronze
100m IM	1.12.58	Gold	50m Back	38.63	
50m Free	28.60	Silver			

#### TONY F

100m IM	1.19.42	PB ☺	50m Back	38.63	Bronze PB ☺
50m Free	29.63	PB ☺			

#### RELAYS

LADIES' 120+ years 4x25m Free (Karen, Chris, Liz & Lesley C)	57.56	Silver ☺
MENS' 160+ years 4x25m Free (Deryk, Tony, Joe & Simon)	4th	

## Smiley Face Table

☺ Smiley Face Table ☺	
Lesley	☺☺☺
Julia	☺☺☺
Liz	☺☺☺
Enid	☺
Sandra	☺☺☺☺☺
Teresa	☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺
Joe	☺☺☺☺☺☺☺
Ray	☺☺☺☺
Simon	☺
Roy	☺☺☺☺
Chris	☺☺☺
Bob	☺
Mike	☺
Graham	☺
Bernie	☺
Lesley B.	☺
Tony F.	☺☺☺

☺ Relay Table ☺	
Geoff	☺☺☺☺
Joe	☺☺☺
Tony	☺☺
Ray	☺
Ron H.	☺
Deryk	☺☺
Bernie	☺
Graham	☺
Karen	☺
Chris	☺
Liz	☺
Lesley	☺