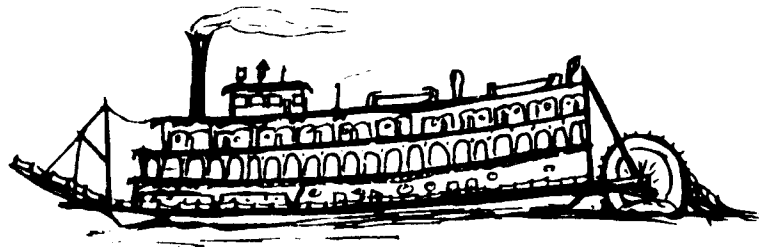


# OLD STERNWHEELER'S Masters Monthly



Volume III, Number 10

UNMATCHED PROPAGANDA

November 21, 1978

## SPECIAL "ALL SERIOUS" ISSUE

I have received some criticism about my rather casual and irreverent approach to Masters Swimming. The administration of the A.A.U. wants a little more responsible use of their paper and stamps, the National Masters wants a little more dignified front shown to the public.

We aboard the Sternwheeler want to be responsive to these parties, for they literally hold the purse strings, and have been here much longer than have I.

So it is with great regret and my tongue reluctantly withdrawn from my cheek that I begin this "all serious" issue.

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"MY GUN IS WET" by Sternwheeler Spillane (Mike Hammer goes to a Masters meet)

Wasn't even yesterday, some bimbo rang my phone, saying that this old guy would be there at 1 o'clock. "There", I was to find out, was a Masters swimming meet, and "one", was in the afternoon.

I'm not one to hold a grudge, but I got a memory on me like an elephant with hemorrhoids: nothing escapes me without a struggle. So I marked it down in red with a blue pen in my little black book when the light turned green that grey afternoon. I would finally meet the guy who left my name; "Sternwheeler Spillane," off of the mailing list.

A street bum named Sherman, who helps hold up the southeast corner of the Mission, gave me my first big tip. For a shiny half-rock, I weaseled a peek at his meet notice. (Sherman gets his meet notice, but not me.) Frosts my butt. But I was feeling generous for the tip, so I dropped him a couple of capsules of vitamin E, and pushed my way through the gathering crowd of guys who obviously couldn't cut it in the big descending set of life.

This meet was being run out at some place called Wayzata-Mounds or something. Sounds like something you give to your girl's nosey kid brother to get him to buzz off. But I hopped in my '47 DeSoto with the mag wheels and electric radio antenna. The windows are lousy with foam dice and garters, but I can still sorta see out, and what the hell, it's a small price to pay to be cool. I headed west. After a dozen horns, and some comments about my genetic origins, (nobody in Minnesota respects your right to change lanes whenever you feel the urge) I wheeled into the parking lot. Gunned the engine twice for the hormones of any teenage girls lurking nearby, and let the savage DeSoto wheeze itself into silence.

Got out of the car. Spun the cylinder of my Harrington and Richardson 9 shot starting pistol with the extra-loud poppers, and stuck it into my belt. Jumped slightly.

Made it across the parking lot without being seen, trying to hurry as the gun slipped from my belt into the depths of my Fruit of the Looms. This made walking a little difficult, but I made like Donald Duck doing the bunny-hop around the nearest corner and jammed my hand down after the gun.

Just as I got a firm grip on it, I looked up, and froze! I had bunny-hopped right into the pool, and 50 pairs of eyes were riveted to me and my groping mitt. Nobody said a word for the longest minute--until the starter looked across at the swimmers already on the blocks and began to raise his gun. But I yanked out my piece and cut him down before he could say: "Take youse marks".

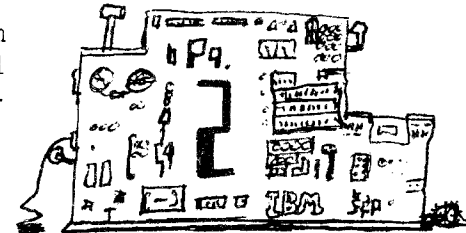
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At the Minnesota Coaches Association clinic last month, featured speaker Bob Serfass, the University's noted physiologist, told about the use of pools in fitness, and how down at the Midway Hospital there were many active Masters age persons working out religiously. It turns out that they were all runners recovering from various jogging injuries.

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I want to know: Have any of you really had that much fun with one of those "Fun Size" candy bars?

Boy, are we organized. You should see the new computer program for meet results, which automatically updates the State Records, and notes any time which should be considered for submission to the National Top Ten List. George Hill is the chief engineer of all this trivia, and I can just visualize the scene:



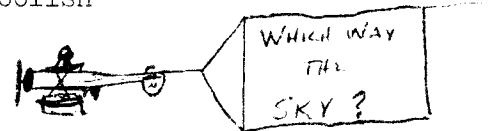
The lights grew dim, not only from the choking smoke, but from the tremendous power drain by the IBM System 34. George struggled to his feet, only to be blasted across the room by another surge of data from the berserk computer. The heavy concussions were coming more frequently now, certainly the end was near. George squinted through the smoke and din at the System 34, convulsing, seeming to grow larger and larger there in the center of the room. "If only I could run in a sort mode," thought George, as he crawled on his hands and knees to the keyboard. The computer snorted and bellowed, the noise now a hideous crescendo of cacophony. But a lone, slightly round figure edged resolutely toward the keyboard. Hands trembling, George began to work the key: "SWI001,,,D,,,," a pause. The computer seemed to gather itself, metal sides banging like a thousand prefabricating shops. With his last ounce of strength, George stuck his tongue out at the immense 34 and keyed, "PRNT".

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SAMPLE WORKOUTS (Back to these same old boring workouts, I'll try to stay awake for 2000 yards)

500 Swim	200 Choice EZ	300 EZ Swim	800 Long, strong	500 Swim
200 IM Kick	4 x 400, neg.	4 x 100 IM Kick	4 x 50, super	10 x 25 Kick (:10)
200 Pull, R.B.	split, on Time	4 x 100 IM Pull	fast, on 2:00	5 x 25 one breath
20 x 25 IM order,	plus $\frac{1}{4}$	(fly optional)	400 EZ Swin, for	6 x 200 on 3:30-
on :35-:50	(if you go 3:00,	12 x 50 on 1:10	stroke	5:00
100 EZ Kick	your interval is	400 decreasing	4 x 50 on 1:30	
20 x 25 Specialty,	8:00 + $\frac{1}{4}$ , or	effort, think	400 coolish	
on :30 - :45	10:00.)	stroke.		

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LITTLE VICTORIES

- URBAN-WEST CENTRAL YMCA has an "alive and kickin'" Masters team. Scott Holmes, Scott Nelson, Jan Hillman, Patty Nason, and others have been swimming up a storm at the last two meets. The Urban-West area has many people on our mailing list, so we expect this new group to grow and enjoy. They already have the prime ingredient: enthusiastic people at the nucleus. Good Luck!
- Before the Minnesota Mini, John Soucheray was always better known to Masters swimmers as Marsha Soucheray's husband. But no more! On Sunday, John ran the Marathon around Harriet and Calhoun, finishing in 2:52:00, his best time by 10 Minutes! Then on Tuesday, he shows up at the Mini, and swims 4 events, including a 33.8 50 Free! John was very casual about the whole thing: his biggest thrill was using a running A.A.U. card at a swimming meet.
- Also doing the Marathon-Mini-Meet routine, was Larry Boies. Although Larry ran 18 miles as a workout rather than the entire race, he dragged his 46 year old body (that looks like 26) to the meet, and swam 4 events, with a P.R. in the breast stroke.
- The A.B.C. Open saw the long awaited return to the pool of Arctic explorer and glacier-digster Robert W. Baker (small fanfare). Bob has been so wrapped up in giving talks at international symposiums (London and Toronto), and applying for grants, doing research, etc. that he hasn't had a moment for the pool. If you saw his wife, it would help you understand. Welcome back, Bob. (I think that's his name... Bob....Sounds strangely familiar.)
- SOUTHDALE YMCA MASTERS enjoyed a youthful resurgence at the Spook Relays, too. Even without stalwarts Dick Donnely, and Jo and Dick Morrill, Mark Leo dragged the famous relay team of Lec, York, Allen, and Huff, (kicking and screaming) into 1 event, added Minden for another 2, and Presto! Instant SDY!! SDY sounds like a WWII patrol plane: "Sarge! A SDY at 8:00 high!"

Once again, if you are/have done/heard about/dreamt anything interesting in the past five years, drop me a line, and we will share your experience with the rest of the world. That popular address again, Old Sternwheeler, 5 Oriole Lane, St. Paul, MN 55110.

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The October Illinois newsletter reports on a planned Seminar on the Psychology of the Masters Swimmer, to be held on March 17-18 somewhere in northern Illinois. We better get started soon, so we can find the place by March. (ho ho) Says "more info later". We'll wait.