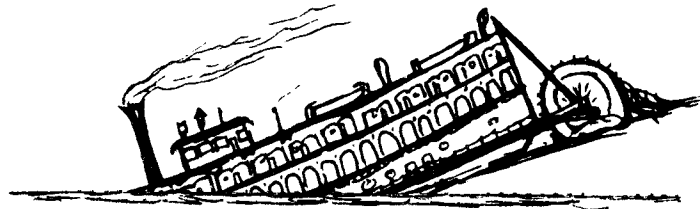


# OLD STERNWHEELER'S

## Masters Monthly



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UNMATCHER PROPIGRUNDERS

April 1, 1980

### SPECIAL APRIL FOOL'S ISSUE!!

Hello again, sea nymphs, here we go again with another April Fool's Issue. There's lots to report: unfortunately, none of it is funny.

Did you know that not one of the 99 people at the State Meet knew anything at all about the balance of trade in Peru? I sure don't, and really folks, I'm sort of glad.

One really nice thing about the April Fool's issue is that I don't have to worry about typing mistakes, misspellings, or strike-overs (that's technical jargon among us typists in the 120 - 140 Word per Minute range). Now watch-- I won't make one mistake. And when I go back to the regular issue, ½ of the page will be white-out. (more technical jargon).

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SAMPLE WORKOUTS these workouts are written for mildly skilled, questionably conditioned persons of dubious origin.

	"Chip Fechter Special"	"Northern Shores Favorite"	
10,000 Swim	500 EZ Choice	1650 Fly Warm-up	200 Swimmmmmm (ooh, it feels so good)
6500 Kick	200 EZ Kick	4 x 200 Kick	100 Back Stroke (aaahh)
7850 Pull	100 EZ Pull	5 x 300 Pull - no breath on odd numbered 50's	50 more strokes on the back (ooh. Aaahh)
2345 x 36 on 443	5:00 Rest	6 x 400 IM on 6:00	75 Back strokes (mmmmmm)
184 x 67 = 12328	2 x EZ 50 on 2:00	10 x 200 Choice on 2:10	HA! bet you thought we were gonna do breast stroke! (filthy mind)
7933 - 4680 = 3253	5:00 Rest	1000 Time Trial	
12 + 356 + 7 = 375	5:00 REST	2000 Moderate Cool Down	
200 Cool Down	Interval showers		

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The Continuing Adventures of Buck Bhoard, Bill Jawater, and Merrilee Downthestream, in...  
CHUMS IN THE TANK, Chapter 2....

Our story so far... Our hero, Buck Bhoard, is the top sprinter for Central. His rival, the scurrelous Bill Jawater, is now beating him in the end of practice wind sprints, and has developed into a heated argument, when Buck puts up his dukes to the defense of his sweetheart, Merrilee Downthestream. A full blown fist fight is averted when Coach Heese, the booming, but warm mentor of the team calls them out of the showers for the all-important "Fungus Inspection."

"Coach Heese seems to take a real interest in his work." thought Buck silently to himself as the round, old man puffed his way around the line of boys lined up for inspection. "Must be his military background."

"All right for today, gentlemen," bbomed the coach, warmly, "dismissed."  
Buck kept one eyeball on the sneaky Bill Jawater in the locker room, and the thoughts of Bill's strange new-found speed rattled around in his head beneath his touseled, blond hair.

That night, when walking to the library with Merrilee, hand in hand, Buck happened to glance into one of the smelly bars on Elm Street. Through the blue haze and cacophonous racket, Buck saw a familiar form: it was Bill Jawater, leaning against the rail in front of a dozen empty glasses, swilling a golden brew!

In a gesture of deep chivalry, Buck drew Merrilee away and shielded her eyes from the sight of blatent debauchery. "Don't look, Merrilee, it's not a pretty sight." Shaken, they made their way to the library, where they spent the rest of the early evening lost among Chemistry formulas and William Shakespeare.

This is page two of "The April Fool's issue. If you aren't in stitches by now, you are probably either dead or catatonic. Which is it America?"

After a full night of studying, Buck and Merrilee headed for home. They carefully avoided Maple and Elm Streets, where liquor was known to be served. "We don't need to see any more of that souse Bill Jawater," said Buck firmly, his tousled blond hair still on the top of his head.

"What can you do about it. Should you tell the Coach?" queried Merrilee quiscally, as she questioned the boy.

"I don't want to be a tattler," offered Buck. "But there's something very strange if Bill can break training like that and still go as if he were jet propelled in the competition pool."

Thoughts of beer and jet propulsion rattled through Buck's head (just beneath his tousled, blond hair) as he shook Merrilee's hand goodnight and trotted home. He would have to see about this mystery tomorrow at the Team Practice.

Next Month: Chapter 3!

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Groucho Marx said it best: "I wouldn't wan to be a member of any organization that wanted me for a member!"

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Do we have any interest out there for a "Find a Wife for the Old Sternwheeler Contest?" ...didn't think so.

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Don't forget to vote for Halcyon P. Stumpwhistle of the Twin City Stokers in the upcoming primary. Mr. Stumpwhistle has pledged to "Put a turkey in every garage." Well, Halcyon, Detroit has already taken care of that.

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DO IT YOURSELF STROKE HINTS This month: Fingers in the Freestyle.

First, with the fore finger in front, find a flowing, free flying feel with the fingers. With the fifth finger, flash the front of the hand forward in a fiery flight from the femur. Finally, fetch (if it's feasible), your feeble forearm frontwards on the favored flank, and if not fearsomely fatigued, feint the fingers fractionally forward like a fairy.

Next Month: "May"

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WHERE IS ERMA QUICKTURN? WHERE IS "SPLASH?" WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE? The answers to these and other questions will appear in next month's *T.V. Guide*.

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Little known facts of nature and the world:

1. *It would take 1,878,492 dwarfs to lift the Queen Mary.*
2. *If you filled Cooke Hall Pool with human teardrops, you wouldn't be able to see the bottom.*
3. *Sharks, with their primitive nervous systems, prefer disco music.*
4. *If every jogger in America were laid end to end, it might finally be safe to walk around Lake of the Isles.*
5. *A humming bird is able to beat its wings only 14 times in the time it takes to televise the NCAA and AAU Swimming Championships on ABC's Wild World of Sports.*

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MY FAVORITE EUPHEMISMS, by the Old Sternwheeler. AND OTHER DAFFYNISHONS by same.

Brain Bucket - *Motorcycle Helmet*

Blow Chunks - (also toilet chin-ups) - *to vomit (alcohol induced)* (Mom, I only read about AND HERE ARE SOME OF MY FAVORITE DESCRIPTIONS: this one, honest!)

- For the less than gifted:
1. *He's not playing with a full deck.*
  2. *He's not too tightly wrapped.*
  3. *He has only one oar in the water.*

When you begin a race too fast and don't have enough energy to finish strongly, that's the "Blast and die" theory of race planning.

When you are forced to read garbage like this month after month, it's called "Bad Taste".

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(some times those stars can't come soon enough, eh?)