

Silver bream in Greece. Photograph by Kevin London

Letter from the editor

By Barbara Jennings: barbara.jennings@ctplc.com

Hello! We're finally back! Have you missed us? First of all, apologies for the long delay in getting BEC Chat to you. When nobody is swimming it can be slightly challenging producing a newsletter for our, um, swimming club 😊. But fortunately, thanks to some lovely correspondents who have heroically put pen to paper (or, more likely in these times, fingers to keyboards), we have a full BEC Chat for you to enjoy and more copy in the editor's desk drawer for another edition very soon! A heartfelt thank you! to this month's contributors, and also to Jonathan Porter, who has written a fabulous account of his first (pre-Covid) Ironman triathlon which will feature next month.

SLSC members are nothing if not resourceful, and during lockdown many of you have been using your spare time to help out charitable causes. Read about Sarah Ayling's mission to sew scrubs for the NHS, Susan Venner's charity climb and Luke Cunningham's table tennis marathon from page 3. If you've been raising money for charity during lockdown, do let BEC Chat know!

With galleries and museums closed, many of us have been venturing online for virtual tours of collections. Sadly, we can't bring you a virtual tour (even of the Lido!) but Natasha Broke has provided a wonderful memory of her visit to the Lido themed exhibition at the V&A right on the very brink of lockdown. Read it on page 7.

In lockdown we've all been doing a lot of remembering swims, and on page 7 Laura Davies reminisces about her best and worst swim memories. If you've got a particular favourite (or least favourite!) swim, we'd love to hear about it.

By the way, in case you're wondering about the mast header, it's a photo from our daily challenge in the Club's Facebook group. More about that next month...

Until next month, as lockdown relaxes and wild and outdoor swimming restarts, stay safe!

Ask The Librarian

Well, with no races because the Lido is in Lockdown, and therefore no results, we've been able to give our trusty advice columnist top billing to answer this very pertinent query. Remember, in this time of national crisis The Librarian stands ready to answer any questions which you send to the editor. Anonymity is assured!

Dear Librarian

Is there any point buying a new bikini when I can't swan around at the Lido in it?"

Yours

Frustrated Poseur (Ms)

Dear Frustrated Poseur

As so often, The Librarian is surprised at the question. A bikini? In a respectable lido? So, you are planning to display not just your arms and legs but, if you'll forgive the expression, your midriff? The Librarian likes to think of itself as an Information Professional of the World but really! This is shocking. There are plenty of respectable bathing dresses on sale out there that decently cover the knees and elbows. The Librarian can only hope that the Lido stays closed until November when the traditional club costume of greatcoat and leggings will be the standard uniform for members.



A Dip In The Life of... Margy Sullivan

By Flavio Centofanti

As lockdown continues, Flavio hasn't been able to carry out his wonderful interviews, so we thought we'd revisit some classics from the days when he did these interviews for Betty's Newsletter. This interview with Margy was first published in October 2011 and has been updated for BEC Chat.

"Swimming always makes me feel better. There are so many places to swim, so many different experiences.... A morning swim sets me up for the day, wherever I am."



Our pocket rocket. Photo by Nicky Smith.

You're fondly known at the club as 'pocket rocket'. Is that reputation deserved?

Olivia Palmer called me Pocket Rocket when I was training for Lake Zurich; the people I was swimming with were so much taller than me. I think it stuck as much because of my energy in the Club as my swimming speed!

Tell us about your early life

My family are ex-pats, I was born in East Africa and brought up on the south coast of Portugal, where my mum ran a small hotel on the cliff above a beach facing the Atlantic.

Career

40 years at Big Egg Designs, the furniture design and make company Egg and I formed when we met.

Current family

Married to Egg. Two grown up sons, Bils and Eddie, and three grandchildren, Hector 16, Elsie-Pepper 12 and new-born Mars.

When and how did you learn to swim?

As children we played in the sea (Atlantic), diving under the waves in the shallows. One rather rough day when I was about six, our family doctor (who spent the afternoons on the beach) took me out beyond the big rollers and let go. I can't remember not being able to swim. About 30 years later Jack Snelling (SLSC coach) taught me to swim front crawl properly.

When did you first swim at Tooting Bec Lido?

Probably in the 1980s taking the children swimming. There were lots of lidos then and I went to many. When Brockwell Lido (where my winter swimming started) closed in 1990, I discovered that Tooting Bec Lido stayed opened in winter.

What's been your best/most enjoyable swimming experience?

The best swims are almost always with friends, in pairs, in groups; these are times when all the best parts of swimming come together, pure joy. One such swim was 4½ km down the Essefjord in Norway. A spontaneous swim with friends, we started in the melting icy glacier water which lay crystal clear over the warmer green salty seawater below. At first only our hands reached the warmer water, then our arms, stomachs, legs, the clear water gradually thinning 'till it was like swimming through a sheet of icy glass, finally mingling completely. Snow-capped mountains either side with every breath, warm sunshine on our backs. Five pairs of arms stoking together, a lone fisherman watching in bewilderment. Perfect! Still one of my best swims ever, but I've had some tremendously exciting swims with Swimtrek founder Simon Murie, including across the River Tejo in Lisbon, a clandestine swim in the canal from Venice to Lido Island and across the River Nile in the middle of Cairo.

What's been your worst swimming experience?

A horrible swim 10 times round a buoyed course for three and a half hours in Dover harbour in 13°C water on a foul day. I don't think I enjoyed any of it, but there was one redeeming moment: meeting Tricky as we rounded the buoy for the 8th time and realising he hated it as much as I did gave me the final spurt of energy to get on with finishing it. And being caught in a rip tide in Devon in February, very frightening and very stupid.

What makes you passionate about swimming?

Swimming always makes me feel better. There are so many places to swim, so many different experiences. I love the sea, how it can be flat and clear and blue one moment, and stormy, raging and dangerous the next. I like to be where I can see water, hear water, feel water. A morning swim sets me up for the day, wherever I am. Swimming is the one thing I have missed most during Lockdown.

What makes you happy?

Friends, family, convivial times together, new experiences, shared moments of delight.

What makes you sad?

Neglected children, the underdog, selfishness.

What is your most used word/phrase/motto?

My favourite is my mother's: "don't leave for tomorrow what you can do today". (she's now 102 so it has stood her in good stead). Though I would probably use "you can do it!" or "never say never" more.

Tell us a funny story or about an embarrassing moment

I arrived late one year for the River Swim. Nancy Shaw had ordered a coach to take us to the start. It was on the main road with everyone on board. I jumped out of the car, went round the back for a modicum of privacy from the onlookers on the bus and quickly changed into my cozzie. I hadn't noticed two blokes walking up the pavement looking a little bit surprised!

What do you think about when you swim?

My stroke. Or nothing very much. Problems or worries sometimes, swimming helps sort it all out.

Swimmer or bather?

Swimmer, and very occasionally, bather.

What do you like most about the Lido and the SLSC?

It's the beach just down the road where my friends go and it's a wonderful community to belong to.

What single thing or things would make them better?

More sunshine. I love the changing seasons, but a good dose of summer sun is perfect!

What have been your most satisfying achievements as a pivotal club and committee member?

The Centenary celebrations for the Lido and the SLSC in 2006 when I was Vice President. They were years in the planning, lots of people got involved and they were bigger, better, more successful than we could have ever imagined and included the first Cold Water Swimming Championships.

Which led to SLSC being invited to host the World Winter Swimming Championships in 2008 putting the Lido on the international map. All the cold water swimming championships since have made me very proud, they just keep getting better.

The Lido Pavilion – I first had the idea in November 2011 and it took till June 2018 to get it funded, built and open. It was a huge endeavour by a small group of dedicated club members, made possible by the change in the SLSC's relationship with the Council as a result of the success of the Centenary celebrations and all the championships since – the Lido used to be London's best kept secret, it is now the jewel in Wandsworth's crown. What better way of safeguarding the Lido's future?



Opening the Pavilion. Photographs by Lisa Peake.

Why have you never stood as President?

There are plenty of people who can and should do it. Especially if it brings in new blood, open minds, fresh ideas, keeps up with the times, so long as they also respect the past.

Fundraising for Charity

During lockdown a number of members and their families have been helping out charitable causes in various ways. We focus on three of them.

For the Love of Scrubs

By Sarah Ayling

Well Hello! I have been asked to pen a few lines regarding my latest endeavours to resist the boredom of lockdown. I stumbled across a Facebook Page that the algorithms of that glorious institution thought I would be well adapted.

It was a small Facebook group run by an A&E nurse Ashleigh Lindsell who realised that there were loads of bored sewers itching to use up their stash of fabrics lounging in the cupboards of the country just dying to be made up into much needed PPE scrubs for our NHS doctors and nurses. There were 357 people in the group 'For the Love of Scrubs', and I thought I could nab a few excess duvets and knock up a couple of scrubs with their free PDF pattern. My boss at work offered the photocopier (yay!) and off I went. Things rolled along in a chaotic fashion for a few weeks as the group grew into thousands, then thankfully fractured into capable local administrators developing into the South London sub-group. Now everyone could concentrate on their favourite local NHS provider.



An example (actually from Lincoln) of the scrubs that are being sewn for NHS staff by the local groups

On the back of that small idea, the main group membership has grown to 53,212 'Scrubbers' and has been featured on local and National TV, as well as in the newspapers. There has been frantic and effective fundraising by individuals, probably because not only the hardworking Facebook team were on board, but there were furloughed super-duper management and marketing types in the group.

The main group got so much attention that it has enabled everyone to become involved from Burberry and other high-end companies down to the humble home sewist like me. You probably saw an article in the *Metro* (and online) or on the news somewhere.

Having lived opposite the Royal Hospital for Neuro-Disability in Putney, they were more than happy to receive my first batch containing zebras, pineapples and flamingos. I had a lovely email from Trudi the administrator there reporting that they had been so popular there was now a waiting list for staff wanting their favourite pair of scrubs to wear. Funding was in hand for the next batch which was a funky African designed Kente fabric. Trudi said they were reserving the most 'interesting' designs for their locum staff and the patients looked forward each day to see what outfit their staff would appear in!

As the large NHS suppliers came online then production also switched to Covid clinics and care

homes. Those unlikely to ever appear on The Sewing Bee could make cotton facemasks or scrub wash-bags to keep laundry separate, and there was always a need for pattern cutters and fundraisers. It's a great feeling of make do and mend, and the Group is full of useful hints and sewing tips. I would never have claimed to be able to make three identical trousers in the space of one day, but I can now proudly boast this fact!

There is still a massive need across the South London area and family, neighbours and friends have been incredibly generous both with Paypal-ing donations to me and have pulled together to provide stocks of fabric. I have also set up a Go Fund Me page: <https://www.gofundme.com/f/nhs-for-the-love-of-scrubs-help-our-nurses?>



Some of the water-themed fabric Sarah has bought with donations from her Go Fund Me page.

I have loved being a part of this massive but solo undertaking during this time of lockdown. It's been a real sanity saver. I have found solace in the hum of the machine and It has been a pleasure imagining all the staff running around in these outlandish outfits. It would be wonderful if you wanted to be part of this process and donate any amount, I pledge to spend the donations on water related fabric. Watch this space!



Zen and the Art of Climbing Mountains

Susan Venner, a long-time member of SLSC, decided after lockdown began to climb Mount Everest for charity, a height of 8,848m. As it is somewhat difficult to climb Mount Everest at the best of times, never mind under lockdown, she climbed it at home via her staircase. She reached the top on 8th May, meaning

she had climbed her staircase 1,475 times, a bloody amazing achievement and a famous victory. She wrote a blog about the experience, and I've condensed some of the entries here. Her charity was the NHS charities, and if you would like to contribute to this fantastically worthy cause, the link is:
<https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/susan-venner3>

Day One: Total flights climbed – 70
 Total height above sea level – 420m

Mt Everest is 8848m above sea level; my staircase of 37 steps rises a total of 6m so to climb the equivalent height of Everest I will need to climb my staircase 1,475 times. It's a daunting task and I probably haven't thought this through properly but I feel the need to do something to support the tireless and committed work of the NHS and all essential workers who are putting themselves on the line for us all. Why Everest? Well I think the general answer to that is 'because it's there'. Clearly, it's not actually there for me in my house but it is a good metaphor for a major challenge – which is what we are all facing.

Day Three: Total flights climbed – 250
 Total height above sea level – 1500m

My aim today was to climb 117 flights taking me to the Shimla and the foothills of the Himalayas. However, it seems climbing 117 flights in one day this early on in my trek is a tad ambitious and I have had to retire for the day after climbing 87 flights as my legs and knees are screaming stop.



Family gathering in Karachi circa 1927; my grandmother is sitting in front of the piano on the left.

Day Five: Total flights – 380

Total height above sea level – 2276m

90 flights climbed today and I have reached Shimla at a height of 2276m. En route to Shimla I passed through Quetta, a city in the east of Pakistan where my grandmother was born in 1913. I don't know how long she lived in Quetta for but she lived in India (now Pakistan but it was India until partition in 1947) until she was 20. Most of the time she lived in Karachi but

she also lived in Agra and spent her school years at a boarding school in Muree in the foothills of the Himalayas. She loved the mountains and in the early years of her marriage to my grandfather (also a keen mountaineer and skier) they had many trips to the Alps. I was very close to my grandmother; we shared a birthday, the 8th October – though 46 years apart.

Day Six: Total flights climbed – 450
 Total height above sea level – 2700m

Today I am climbing from Shimla to Lhasa. This is going to be harder than previous days requiring a lot more climbing each day. The journey from Shimla to Lhasa is 1380m which is 230 flights to climb. It's going to take a while. I had imagined that by day 6 I would have gained some fitness and muscle strength making the climbing easier but it seems not; at least this morning's climb of 40 flights was not any easier than the previous days.

Life, to use a well-worn cliché, is a journey: and all journeys have a beginning and an end and variable middles. There are highs and lows in differing proportions but for most of us generally quite a lot okayish/middling/flat/normal. The key I have found when the middling bit does seem to be going on and on is look around you, I mean really look around you and notice what you see.

Today on my climb is one of those days. To say it's exciting climbing the stairs 1475 times would be economical with the truth. But it's a journey I have embarked upon and I will journey to the end.

Day Nine: Total flights climbed – 610
 Total height above sea level 3656m

I've reached Lhasa, capital of Tibet. I was here (in reality) 36 years ago in 1984 when I travelled to China and Tibet on a travel scholarship from my university. Ever since I was a child and had seen pictures of the Himalayas and Tibet I had wanted to visit it. It was a dream come true and the first time that I realised that it is possible to make some dreams come true. There were very few tourists in Lhasa back in 1984 and I had to get special permission from the Chinese government to enter the country.

As my journey up to the top of Mt. Everest is represented by my staircase of 37 steps, I have now reached the 16th step. Here is a picture of me on the 16th step, at what is the



equivalent of 3656m above sea level. The top and hat that I am wearing are from Lhasa; I bought them from the market in the city.

Day Eleven: Total flights climbed 801

Total height above sea level 4806m

I am under no illusion, climbing Mt Everest on the stairs is clearly not the same as climbing the actual mountain itself. So, on today's climb I have musing about just what the advantages and disadvantages are.

Advantages of Everest climb by stairs:

- No need for expensive equipment and clothing
- No danger of frost bite
- No need to increase my carbon footprint by flying to the Himalayas
- No need to camp on the mountain side
- No need to use oxygen
- No need for expensive travel insurance
- No risk of altitude sickness
- No need to queue to get to the summit
- Well that's quite a few advantages – and there's probably a few more that I haven't thought of yet.

Now for the disadvantages:

- Somewhat limited views and... umm, let me think – hmmm... err...

There must be more disadvantages, hang on give me a sec... umm err... no... can't think of any more...

Well that's pretty clear. There are a lot more advantages to climbing Everest on the stairs than climbing the actual mountain... or am I missing something?

Day Twelve: Flights climbed today 0

Today has dawned another beautiful spring morning.

I'm up early: its 5:45am BST and I am sorting my climbing gear and striking camp (tidying up my kitchen and making a cup of tea) and preparing myself for the climb up to Base Camp. My initial journey plan for the climb has a rest day scheduled for tomorrow, once I am at Base Camp. It will be an opportunity to reflect on my journey so far, rest and ponder life's mysteries. However, just before starting today's climb I sat down on a comfy chair and promptly fell asleep, waking up three hours later!

Clearly my body has a much better sense of expedition planning than I do. So, today is my rest day and I will ponder life's mysteries and rest from here, somewhere at an altitude of 4806m above sea level, on a mountain side in the Himalayas in the SW region of London.

Does Susan reach the top? You'll have to read her blog to find out! It's a great read – you can find it here: <https://zenandtheartofclimbingmountains.wordpress.com/blog-2/>

24 Hours in Tooting

Corinne Cunningham is standing for the Committee as soon as we can hold our AGM! In the meantime, her son Luke made the South London Press, by playing table tennis for 26 hours straight for charity. The Dulwich College student, 17, from Clapham, live-streamed the event on Saturday 16 May to raise money for Macmillan Cancer Support, following the support they gave his grandmother – who is now in remission – after she was diagnosed with breast cancer in 2018. Luke said: "I'm lucky enough to be healthy but I've seen first-hand the impact cancer can have, and the importance of the support provided by Macmillan. My grandmother had several rounds of chemotherapy, and was helped by Macmillan throughout, by counselling and support services. With that in mind and given my fitness, I want to help Macmillan so they can be there for those who are not as lucky as me, especially during the lockdown period, when people with cancer are likely to be more vulnerable."

Keen athlete Luke set himself the task to raise a target of £1,000, and absolutely smashed it by raising an amazing £4,447. He trained by practising every day in lockdown. In the run up to the event he created a light-hearted video to show what he'd do to entertain himself during the challenge, from reading books to eating meals – all while still playing.



An estimated quarter of a million people with cancer in the UK fall into the clinically vulnerable category for coronavirus and Macmillan is experiencing an unprecedented surge in demand for its services, including thousands of additional calls to the specialist nurses on its telephone helpline.

To see pictures and film of the preparation and the challenge, visit Instagram @Luke7Fitness. To donate to Luke, go to: <https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/luke-26-challenge2021>.

Swimming at its best and its worst

By Laura Davies

During lockdown I put a call out on the SLSC Facebook page for members to tell me about their best and worst swims for Facebook. Jonathan Porter's brilliant account of his Ironman triathlon will feature in next month's issue, but here is Laura's best and worst swims for you.

My least favourite swim is one I don't remember. I was three or four and at Okanagan Lake (in BC, Canada) for our annual summer holiday. The days were warm, the cherries were ripe and the peaches juicy. The lake water was clear and sweet.

I was a water-baby, the toddler most likely to end up in the lake, with or without supervision. Dad spent hours bouncing me in and out of the water, twirling me and doing motorboat noises, keeping me safe in his broad hands. My parents had to be vigilant as I splashed, played and face-planted in the shallows near the sandy shore; at any moment I was liable to stroll straight out to where the water was over my head.



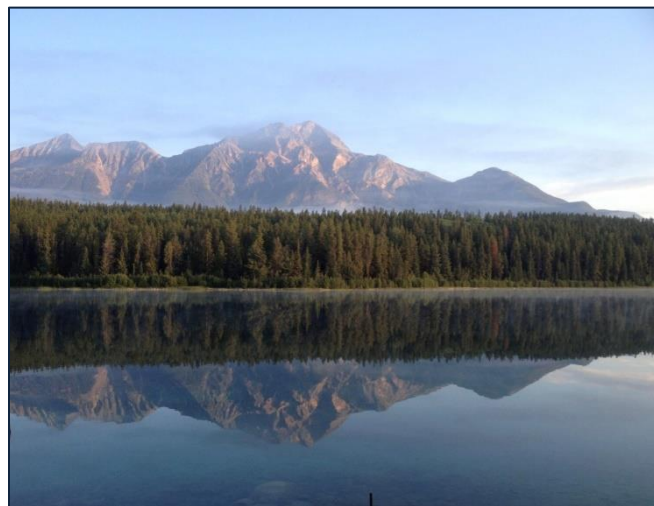
Laura as a baby

And then one day their friend, let's call him Ian, took me out into the lake. He dunked me in and out and spun me around and then decided to teach me how to swim. His way of doing this was to drop me into the dark water, out of my depth, and stand near while I floundered. Instead of floating, or kicking, I flailed. I went under. I couldn't get back up. I inhaled water. I was brought up coughing and choking and screaming, probably. I don't remember.

Cut to me aged around eight, trembling and crying on the edge of a neighbourhood swimming pool, refusing to jump into chest-deep water. I was eventually coaxed in by the ministrations of Mrs Booth, a large, pillowy woman who wore a black shorty wetsuit and spent

hours bobbing in pools teaching children to swim. Thanks to her patience, I regained my love of water.

My best ever swim, if I'm forced to choose just one, would be early morning in Patricia Lake in Jasper National Park. I was alone, taking in a double view of pale pink sky and purple mountains. Pyramid Mountain rose up in front of me and also cast its perfect triangular shape before me onto the mirror-smooth lake.



Diving in from a wooden dock, I shattered the reflection but once I'd swum out into the middle and paused, embraced by the glacial water, the illusion reassembled all around me. I floated to disturb the scene as little as possible. I flipped onto my back, my toes poking out of the water, and soaked in the expanse of mountains and forest. I swam a gentle breaststroke, scanning the tree-lined edge of the lake for an elk or a bear or an eagle and listening to the silence.

Up the hill, above the dock, was the cabin in which my family slept. Later my boys would run and dive-bomb into the lake, screaming about the cold, showing off their moves, but just then, it was all mine. The water's beauty, like its chill, seeped into my bones, strengthening them for the day ahead.

A review (ish) of Into the Blue – the origin and revival of pools, swimming baths and lidos

By Natasha Broke

Natasha snuck in to see this exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum just before lockdown.

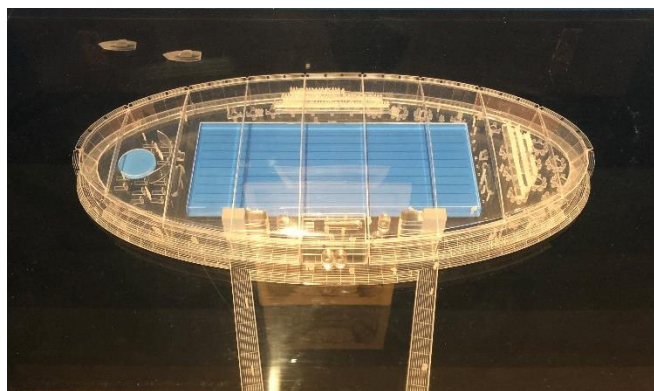
One of the few things I am very organised about is keeping a list of the exhibitions to which I want to go. It doesn't mean I get to see them all but it does mean that I know what is on (and until when). This is all well

and good but life throws curve balls (“Mann Tracht, Un Gott Lacht” is an old Yiddish saying: “Man Plans, and God Laughs.”). Anyone remember the diamond exhibition at the Natural History Museum that closed months early because of fears of a raid? I never got there.

The impact of the novel coronavirus took depriving me of exhibitions to a new scale¹. On Tuesday 17 March I was at a loose end and checked my spreadsheet. It was the week before the UK Government confirmed lockdown and most of London’s major museums and art galleries had already realised they could not stay open. The V&A’s website announced it would be closing the next day. I had no trouble social distancing on the tube or at the museum – there was no one about.²

I was drawn to the V&A by its exhibition “Into the Blue - the origin and revival of pools, swimming baths and lidos”.

It was a gem (bijou) little exhibition, and ranged from the early days of spas and lidos in the UK to plans for the present day, whether that be the restoration of disused lidos or the construction of new ones (such as the Thames) or Lidos in a Lorry. A search for the exhibition on the internet reveals that it was really an exhibition about the architecture of lidos etc... and as a result I discovered rooms of architecture in the V&A that I had no idea existed. There was a joyfulness and an ambition in the building of pools and lidos in the early 1900s which was really uplifting. Some of that seems to be present in the resurgence (think of the colours of Portishead Lido, or the sweep of the London Aquatic Centre).



Design for a Lido in a river

I am writing this in week 6 of lockdown. And I feel strange as I look back over the photos. I’m mildly cross with myself for not taking more pictures of

explanations. And I’m intrigued that I didn’t include more photos which show the popularity of the lidos (such those which illustrate [the Guardian article](#) or the [BMIAA](#)). At that stage I had no idea that we would be contemplating the possibility that the lidos and pools might be closed all summer.

Of all the things I miss in lockdown, I miss swimming the most, swimming alone and swimming with my family and with friends old and new, swimming with strangers, in big groups and small. Revisiting this exhibition, like reading some of my extensive library of swimming books brings a bitter-sweet virtual pleasure. Maybe the answer is to buy myself a lorry.



Lido in a Lorry

The RNLI

By Rosemary Beaver

Some of you may have seen that I posted on the Club’s Facebook page about the RNLI. I was able to raise money for them this year – and so was invited to the CEO’s briefing on Wednesday night. This is where I heard the shocking news that they are £45,000,000 short in fund raising this year – largely because of their dependency on legacies (impacted by executor/legal processes suspension and the 25% crash in investments) and hugely on face-to-face fundraising in their shops/piers/beaches/regatta days (little old lady fund raising!). They have decided not to launch a new lockdown campaign, because they feel it will be crass to compete with the NHS and poverty fundraising. They don’t feel that this would be right, given their emphasis on community and volunteering. Instead, they have cut their budget – already short by £30,000,000 – by suspending all work to build new lifeboats/refurbish stations and all other head office

compared to what many people have experienced, but I hope you will forgive my self-indulgence.

² Because by then almost everyone in London had proved they were a lot more sensible than I was

¹ I appreciate that the coronavirus has no animus and therefore is not intent on depriving me of anything. I also recognise that missing exhibitions is “small beer”

costs, furloughing staff etc. Their crews and volunteers are still working, as most of them are volunteers prepared to take the inevitable risk to themselves and their families, given that lifesaving can only be done by exposing themselves to Covid. Their call-outs were only down 25% in the last two months – and they expect the next months to break records as everyone floods to the coast! Humbling heroism.

But the critical point is that despite everything they can only afford to put lifeguards on the 70 most dangerous beaches around the country – rather than the usual 225 beaches.

They have issued this water safety advice, below, and it includes advice about looking after children, swimming and rip-tides.

<https://rnli.org/pages/beach2020>

I am sharing it for those members who might be sea swimming this summer.

If you would like to donate to the RNLI, you can do so here:

<https://rnli.org/support-us/give-money/donate>



Swimming Podcasts

By The Editor

If you're anything like me, you'll have been passing some of the time during lockdown listening to podcasts. We may not be able to go swimming at the moment, but we can listen to people talking about swimming! Here are some podcasts about outdoor swimming to keep you going.

SwimOut is a new open water podcast from Hunter and Vicki, two London based outdoor swimmers who met while training to swim the English Channel in 2019. "We believe swimming is more than just a past-time, it's about ecology, creativity, conquering personal demons and redefining the limits of endurance. Our podcast is about the heroes, the eccentrics, the spaces, the untold stories and adventures of wild swimming."

https://anchor.fm/swimoutpodcast/episodes/Taster-Episode-One-eecep2#_

Wild Swim Podcast Swimming tales of adventure! From lidos to lakes, rivers to the sea, this podcast celebrates the joy of swimming in the great outdoors. <https://wildswimpodcast.podbean.com/>

The Swim Wild podcast. "The podcast for the wild swimming community. Interviewing members of your tribe about iconic swims, personal challenges, the friends they have made, the impact on their health and well-being and finding a deeper connection with the natural world. Testing out the theory that, whenever and wherever we swim outside, we emerge from the water better versions of ourselves. Each week we interview a member of the wild swimming family. Whether they swim neoprene or skins, are fair weather dippers or ice milers, whether they prefer lake, river or sea, each interview brings to life the reasons they love this sport and how it has changed their life." <http://thecreativechilli.com/swimwildpodcast/>

The Outdoors Fix is a podcast about adventures outdoors; it includes a lovely episode from Suzanna Cruikshank, an open water and wild swimming guide in the Lake District. I can tell you from personal experience that she's an amazing guide and a great person, too! <https://theoutdoorsfix.com/suzanna-swims-becoming-a-wild-swimming-guide-in-the-lake-district/>

And Finally



SLSC member Norman Urquia has been having fun creating some 'Strava Art' during his lockdown runs. If you feel like emulating him, do send your pictures to BEC Chat!

