



The pros and cons of fitness magazines

This week a client and I had a conversation about all the misinformation in the health and fitness industry.

She told me that in her old life, meaning before she was a member of Healing Strength Personal Training, she would read magazines and try to piece together a diet or a workout plan.

The only problem was that each magazine, and sometimes articles within the same magazine, contradicted one another. In one she would read that paleo was the way to go, and yet another told her that being vegan was the only true answer.

She read lots of bad news about eating red meats. Then she would read another magazine that said eating red meats was vital to get complete branch chain amino acids (BCAA), the basic building blocks of lean muscle.

It was the same with exercise. She'd piece together routines from different exercises she found, but in the end, the routines were ineffective and I would say unsafe.

Magazines must keep you interested in reading month after month. They purposefully go out of their way to create controversial topics and provide half-hearted solutions to tough problems. It's called marketing, and everyone is doing it.

After all, we all want a lean body and rock hard abs in just 15 minutes a day, right?

You see, if magazines really gave you the answer, they'd be out of business. They'd basically say to eat as many real, whole foods as possible. Limit sugars as much as you can. Stay away from processed foods.

Basically, the more "real" you can eat, the better. This is something I teach and encourage my clients to do from day one of their fitness journey.

As for working out... be active every single day. If you want a specific routine, focus on functional exercises – ones that mimic everyday activities like a row or squat, but remember to squat in a safe zone. Be aware of using your legs and hips through the movement and not your lower back.

Magazines can't tell you the whole answer because it's not really that complicated or sexy. So they sell you the sizzle instead of the steak and hope you don't mind.

My job is to educate you beyond the myths and to get you results. That's a huge difference.

I know quite a few fitness models who have graced covers of fitness magazines, and I can tell you that they do not look like the cover you see. They go into prep mode for a cover and once they get the shot, they go into recovery mode. Meaning they go back to doing healthy things like drinking water.

It's a weird world, my friends. Do you want to know the biggest misconception I get as a natural pro bodybuilder? For some reason, many people think we don't drink water. It is interesting to me to hear people say you guys dehydrate yourself and you don't eat fat or carbs and you starve yourselves to lose weight.

This is the biggest laugh! They seem shocked once I enlighten them on a sample regimen of what we eat for show prep, how much we eat and all the water we drink to go along with it.

For the record, I am never hungry or thirsty during show prep. In fact, I get tired of eating so much chicken, including the eggs. So the repetitive eating of some foods is, in fact, something that can be a challenge. But I never thirst, and most certainly I eat fats and carbs. Many people don't understand how we manipulate these very same fluids and foods to create a balanced and effective program to achieve an ultimate body transformation.

The point of this article is one thing: Most of us spend time and money trying to piece something together for our health. The results are nonexistent in most cases. This leads to burn out and frustration and the dreaded yo-yo-ing of the number on the scale.

So, as with anything, if you want to see results in the fastest, most efficient and safest way possible, work with an expert. Get on a plan and get the right program for your goals.

Until next time, train hard and eat healthy!

Train Hard, Eat Healthy

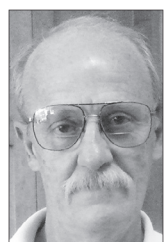


Kennett Washington

REMEMBERING JULY 17, 1967

A fateful day for Jacky Bayne

This is an edited excerpt from Don McCorkle's upcoming book, "The Buddy Plan," which is expected to be published later this summer or fall. The dialogue in the "Vietnam: The sickening sound" section are a dramatization from the book. Although McCorkle and Bayne entered the U.S. Army in 1966 together on the Buddy Plan, McCorkle was not present when his friend was injured.



McCorkle

This story begins as many did in Vietnam. The flight was finally ready. The engines revved, collective pitch pulled and the loaded helicopters lifted slightly to stabilize the craft and they were airborne. The noses were tilted downward to gain speed and soon they headed away from the staging area to the fields of war.

The soldiers had lined up to ensure each would get on the right machine and be deployed properly when they reached the destination. The last to load and the first off was young Specialist 4th Class Jacky Bayne and his dog Bruno, a beautifully colored blond and black German shepherd.

"If that dog falls out of the helicopter, then you had better be on the ground to catch it," the leader of the mission half-jokingly told him. To which Jacky gave a slight grin and replied, "Yes, sir."

Indian Land: A mother's worry

The long day had given way to night. It was hot and sticky, as summers usually are in South Carolina. Windows were open in spite of the heat. People all about had consumed their evening meals and a brief time of relaxation was in order before bedtime. All seemed well, but a particular mother's heart knew different.

The umbilical cord of the womb is still mysteriously attached and she is sensitive to warps in the Great Consciousness. It whispers, "All is not well...all is not well."

It went far beyond a mother's normal worry. The pangs were from her soul. She paced the floor and her uneasiness was noticed by her husband, whose loving words offered little comfort. It was like nothing she had experienced before. She attempted to take away the feelings by doing small tasks. Nothing helped. She placed her face in her hands and prayed a tearful plea to her maker.

Vietnam: The sickening sound

The landing zone had been reached, the soldiers had dismounted the "birds" and the operation had begun. The routine was followed. Men were spread about, looking for any small movement, anything out of the ordinary.

The soldier with the dog scouted out ahead. Even though neither the soldier nor the dog had had a good night's rest, it was the orders of the day for them to be part of the mission. Perhaps it had been a lapse in judgment by the platoon leader or company commander. But soldiers often lacked sleep or proper rest. It was not unusual to push tired warriors.

Then, there was the sound, the terrible sound – the sickening thud of an explosion, followed by chaos.



courtesy of DON MCCORKLE

Jacky Bayne, center front, poses with his friend, Don McCorkle, center back, at the Veterans Day program at Indian Land High School in November 2016. The IL friends joined the U.S. Army together in 1966 on the Buddy Plan. Bayne was critically wounded in Vietnam on July 17, 1967, and twice declared dead. Bruce Logan, left, an Army graves registration specialist in Vietnam in 1967, discovered Bayne was not dead and the young soldier was miraculously revived. Roy Dunn, right, a Marine who also served in Vietnam, helped Bayne find Logan years later.

"It's from the direction of the point man."

"It's the dog and dog handler."

"I don't see them anymore!"

"Get over there and see what happened."

Risking their own safety, a young medic and soldier were quick to scurry to the aid of the handler and his K-9 friend.

The scene was not good. The smell of mud and gunpowder were still in the air. The mud in Vietnam had a unique smell. Now, that smell, mixed with the odor of burning flesh, made the stomach ache.

"Sarge, you need to get over here."

"I think it's too late."

It was too late for the dog; he was destroyed. He had taken the full force of the blast. For some reason, the cleverly placed trip wire eluded detection by the dog and his handler.

Indian Land: The telegram

Half the world away, the mother drifted in and out of states of restlessness during the long night. Each minute had been an hour. Each hour had been a day. The night had been like no other she has ever known. The hurting had been beyond any physical pain she had ever endured. It was a cry from the depth of her very being.

The morning finally dawned and she felt she must start the day's chores. She was confused. A thousand different thoughts tried to enter her mind. None were clear.

Soon someone would tell her...she knew.

The flash of the car lights in the morning dawn provided an ominous warning. She watched intently as they came up the driveway and her heart raced further still. The telegram was delivered and she began to read.

"The Secretary of the Army regrets to inform you that your son, Specialist Jacky C. Bayne, has been wounded in Vietnam, 17 July 1967, while on combat operations. His wounds are the result of an explosive device..."

To the wounded and those affected

This or a similar scene – the mother's worry, the wounding, the telegram and what follows – has been played out thousands of times during the course of our country's wars. We owe a special tribute to all who have suffered and continue to be affected by the wounds suffered in war. We also owe a special thanks to those who have cared for and continue to care for those whose lives were forever changed in an instant.

Bayne alive and well

In spite of being pronounced dead in Vietnam and having been diagnosed by the doctors at Walter Reed Hospital as someone who would stay helplessly comatose the remainder of his life, Jacky Bayne is as sharp mentally today as anyone I know. His recovery is nothing short of truly miraculous. Physically, he remains confined to a wheelchair, but he has a smile on his face each time he greets you.



Ragtime!

ERIC ROWELL/For The Lancaster News

Ragtime/jazz pianist Ethan Uslan talks to the crowd before launching into another tune at the Vivian Major Robinson Concert Series first Summer Classical Pops concert July 16. Uslan, who is based in Charlotte, is a three-time winner of the World Championship Old-Time Piano Playing Contest.