Friday, 15 January 2016

### **Benchmark Special Edition**

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### **Executive Summary (1 minute read)**

CAS 2015/A/4059 World Anti-Doping Agency v Thomas Bellchambers et. al., Australian Football League, Australian Sports Anti-Doping Authority (CAS) - arbitration - players violated and were significantly at fault in violating cl 11.2 2010 Anti-Doping Code - World Anti-Doping Authority's appeal upheld (I B C G)



## Summaries With Link (Five Minute Read)

# CAS 2015/A/4059 World Anti-Doping Agency v Thomas Bellchambers et. al., Australian Football League, Australian Sports Anti-Doping Authority

Court of Arbitration For Sport

President: The Hon. Michael J. Beloff, QC

Arbitrators: Mr Romano Subiotto QC, The Hon. James Spigelman AC QC

Arbitration - Australia Sports Anti-Doping Authority brought charges of breach of Anti-Doping Code against AFL players - Australian Football League Anti-Doping Tribunal dismissed charges - World Anti-Doping Agency appealed - whether players used prohibited substance in breach of cl 11.2 2010 Anti-Doping Code - whether players could show lack of significant fault or negligence - whether players signed consent forms to receive prohibited substance and received injections they failed to disclose on doping control forms - held: players violated and were significantly at fault in violating cl 11.2 2010 Anti-Doping Code - appeal upheld.

WADA (I B C G)

#### The Ivy Green

By Charles Dickens

Oh, a dainty plant is the lvy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim:
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the lvy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the lvy green.



Whole ages have fled and their works decayed, And nations have scattered been; But the stout old Ivy shall never fade, From its hale and hearty green. The brave old plant, in its lonely days, Shall fatten upon the past: For the stateliest building man can raise, Is the Ivy's food at last. Creeping on, where time has been, A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

**Dickens** 

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