

A Division of Canadian Newspapers Company Limited
45 Guelph Street, Georgetown L7G 3Z6, Ontario

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Second Class Mail - Registered Number 0943

Page 6 - THE HERALD, Wednesday, February 22, 1989

Editorial

Don't let up now

Winter returned with a vengeance this week, and yet another life was lost in a traffic accident.

Drivers can be lulled into a false sense of security with the type of winter we've had. For weeks driving has been a piece of cake, on bare pavement, due to unseasonably mild weather and virtually no snow whatsoever.

But in one evening the snow returned and transformed the roads into a nightmare for the unsuspecting.

Winter has by no means ended. True, we've been fortunate with the driving conditions we've enjoyed. But conditions can change in short order.

Always drive defensively.

Top goons recognized



Editor's Notebook

Mike Turner
Herald Editor

It's interesting to see the great strides that are being made to fight violence in hockey.

Everywhere you look today people are up in arms (figuratively speaking, of course) over the way the game has evolved. Goon hockey is a thing of the past. Anyone who wants to see a fight should be looking in the boxing ring, not in the ice rink.

Did I say everywhere you look...?

Just this past Sunday, while perusing the sports section, I came across quite an interesting list of statistics there among the plethora of standings, scoring races, schedules and other assorted tidbits.

It was interesting the way this particular listing was presented. There among the results of National Hockey League summaries, and just below the league's listing of top scorers, was "NHL's Top Guns - 1987-88."

Now with a heading like that, all sorts of things come to mind.

For one thing, Top Gun has become a term to denote prowess, since Tom Cruise took to the air in the movie of the same name.

Being termed a "Top Gun" usually signifies a level of high achievement, either in sports or at fixing brakes.

In this case, I really wondered.

Eventually, I realized my pronunciation must have been off - Top "Guns" was actually pronounced Top "Goons." You see this important piece of hockey knowledge compiled by lord knows who, listed 11 players, and gave four statistics for each. First it listed the goals scored by each, followed by assists, and total points. The fourth stat gave the number of fights they were involved in during the 1987-88 hockey season.

The players were listed, in order, from the one who was involved in the most fights to the ones involved in fewer fights.

Jay Miller of the Boston Bruins led the way with a whopping 34 fights during the season.

Naturally, this is something we all really care about.

The thing I want to know about is first, who decided this should be called "Top Guns" in the first place, and second who thought we'd really be interested.

I doubt even the players sit around at breakfast and go over the stats to determine how many fights they'll have to get involved in to take a serious run at first place in these standings.

As far as I'm concerned, this hardly has a place on any sports page, and particularly when the sport it addresses is claiming to be trying to clean up its image.

Bob Probert of the Detroit Red Wings was tied for sixth on the list, and managed 62 points. The rest of the players listed were all under the 25-point mark.

If the only mark these players can make in professional hockey is in the fisticuffs department, maybe they should look at a different line of work.

It wouldn't be much of a shame to see the "Top Gun stacionian" out of a job.

I knew I was in trouble when the more I walked, the more tired I got. Writing is a sedentary job. Walk into any newsroom and you'll see the telltale signs - pale, drawn people who begin getting thick around the middle long before they reach age 40.

Don't be fooled by the few thin ones. They suffer from stress. The odd tanned and fit one has escaped the daily grind, rising to a position of power and influence that frees him from spending hours hunched over a computer.

The rest of us, sooner or later, are forced by fat or shortness of breath to trek off to the health club in search of a new body.

My pursuit of health began with a fitness test at the University of Toronto health club. In a narrow stuffy room, a cheerful young woman who looked like a track star measured my cardiovascular efficiency, strength, endurance and flexibility. I clomped up and down a small set of stairs to the relentless beat of a tape that seemed to get faster with each passing minute.

PCs turn to new ways

In the heady air of a convention, the political champagne flows easily. Later comes the hangover.

The Ontario Progressive Conservatives opted Saturday for a type of one-man/one-vote election for leader.

Now comes the hard part - making it work.

For several reasons, the rather happy band of delegates here in Toronto made what has to be seen as a remarkable decision.

To start with, it is only the second time that such a method has been adopted in North America, the first being by the Parti Quebecois in 1985.

Secondly, it required a two-thirds majority of the voting delegates to pass - yet there was no doubt going into the battle that a substantial minority was vehemently opposed.

Those against were led by youth and campus delegates, who are currently over-represented at leadership conventions and would lose influence under the new system.

Most observers and many party members thought the constitution committee's proposals would be lucky to win 60-per-cent support among the 1,000 or so delegates.

In fact, it passed with 75-per-cent support. Many undecided participants apparently were swayed by the debate on the floor, where most of the party's heavy artillery (including potential leadership candidates Dennis Timbrell, Tom Long and Mike Harris) lined up in favor.



Queen's Park

Derek Nelson
Thomson News Service

It was also forcefully pointed out by some delegates that if one-man/one-vote were rejected, the media would see it as a repudiation of reform. No one wanted that to happen.

Most opposition arguments were weak, centring on mechanics and bypassing the self-interest that actually motivated many of the younger delegates.

Still, all the criticism wasn't shallow or without foundation.

MPP Bob Runciman, who may run for leader himself, made the point there were a lot of unanswered questions, such as how a party \$4 million in debt is going to be able to finance a one-man/one-vote election when it is widely acknowledged to be more expensive than a normal "delegated" convention?

LEAP OF FAITH

Even some who argued for one-man/one-vote agreed they were taking a "leap of faith" in hoping it would all work out.

Mind you, the Tories didn't opt for a purely democratic system, where every party member casts a ballot directly for leader. That gathered only about 40-per-cent

support on an amendment.

Instead, they chose more of an electoral college approach, centring the process on Ontario's 130 provincial ridings.

The feeling was that there should be some balance between ridings with large memberships and central location (read Toronto) and the smaller ridings (read outside Toronto).

Each riding will now receive 100 votes to cast for leader.

All members of the party in each riding will vote for the candidate of their choice and the votes will be allocated proportionately.

For example, if there are 500 members of the party in a riding, and 250 vote for Candidate A, 200 for Candidate B and 50 for Candidate C, then the riding would allot 50 votes to Candidate A, 40 to Candidate B and 10 to Candidate C.

Voting would likely be done in the riding and results sent to a central location for final tabulation.

Call it fax democracy.

Nor will the Tories repeat their error of the 1985 and 1986 campaigns of closing the party off to new members as the leadership race began, thus keeping out new blood.

New members can now sign up until halfway through the campaign.

A lot of the technical detail is left to do. What will people do between ballots, and how long will it take? Do enough party people have election training to prevent any major foul-ups?

It is all quite fascinating and, perhaps, even revolutionary.

Canada's Protected Wildlife.....

TRUMPETER SWANS.

SEA OTTERS.

PEREGRINE FALCONS.

THE SENATE.

The perils along the exercise trail



Your Business

Diane Maley
Thomson News Service

NO SCORE

After three minutes, she tested my pulse. I could continue. She put on a faster tape and I knew I was done for. The results were not good. After six minutes of clomping up and down these stairs, my heart was turning over at a rate of 200 beats a minute, far beyond a

healthy speed.

The same thing happened with the other tests. If my cardiovascular efficiency was below normal, so was my strength and endurance. Flexibility, I had none. So off I went to the trainer, who would draw up a program for me.

"Program?" he laughed. "You

can't do a program. You're a mess." He told me to try the exercise bike for five minutes a day, turning the resistance control down to zero. After that, I could do 10 minutes of simple stretches.

Day by day, I could work the time on the bike up to half an hour. "Come back and see me in a couple months, when you can do something," he said with a cheerful sneer.

My limited endurance posed a question: why walk to the club to pedal the bike for five minutes when I could have my very own? I headed off to the nearest store. I spent the whole day looking for the best deal. I settled for one that had been marked down from \$349.99 to \$279.95 at a major department store. That was my first mistake.

A couple of days after I got the bike, after much squeaking and clunking, the pedals stopped turning. The store accused me of wrecking it with my 10-minute daily workout.

NO CHEAP WAY

"You should have gone to a specialty store," the man on the

phone at the specialty store purred. "I know," I said with remorse. "Do you have a bike that costs about \$350?" I asked.

"Yes, but remember, you get what you pay for. A decent bike will cost you \$700," he said. But he couldn't deliver it for a week, and I needed a bike now. I needed to puff and pant for 10 minutes or my whole routine would be shot. I was jumping up and down with frustration.

Jumping up and down? I tried it. It felt good, it got my heart pumping, it was free. But it was high-impact aerobics, hard on the feet, ankles and knees. I phoned the fitness store. "What you need is a Rebounder," the man said gleefully. "It's like a trampoline, but you don't bounce as high. It cushions the impact of jumping. It's good for your calves. Just \$149.95."

"What about the thighs?" I asked.

"For that you need a bike," he said. "Mind you, a bike only takes care of the lower part of your body. What you really need is a whole-body exerciser..."