

Editorial Page

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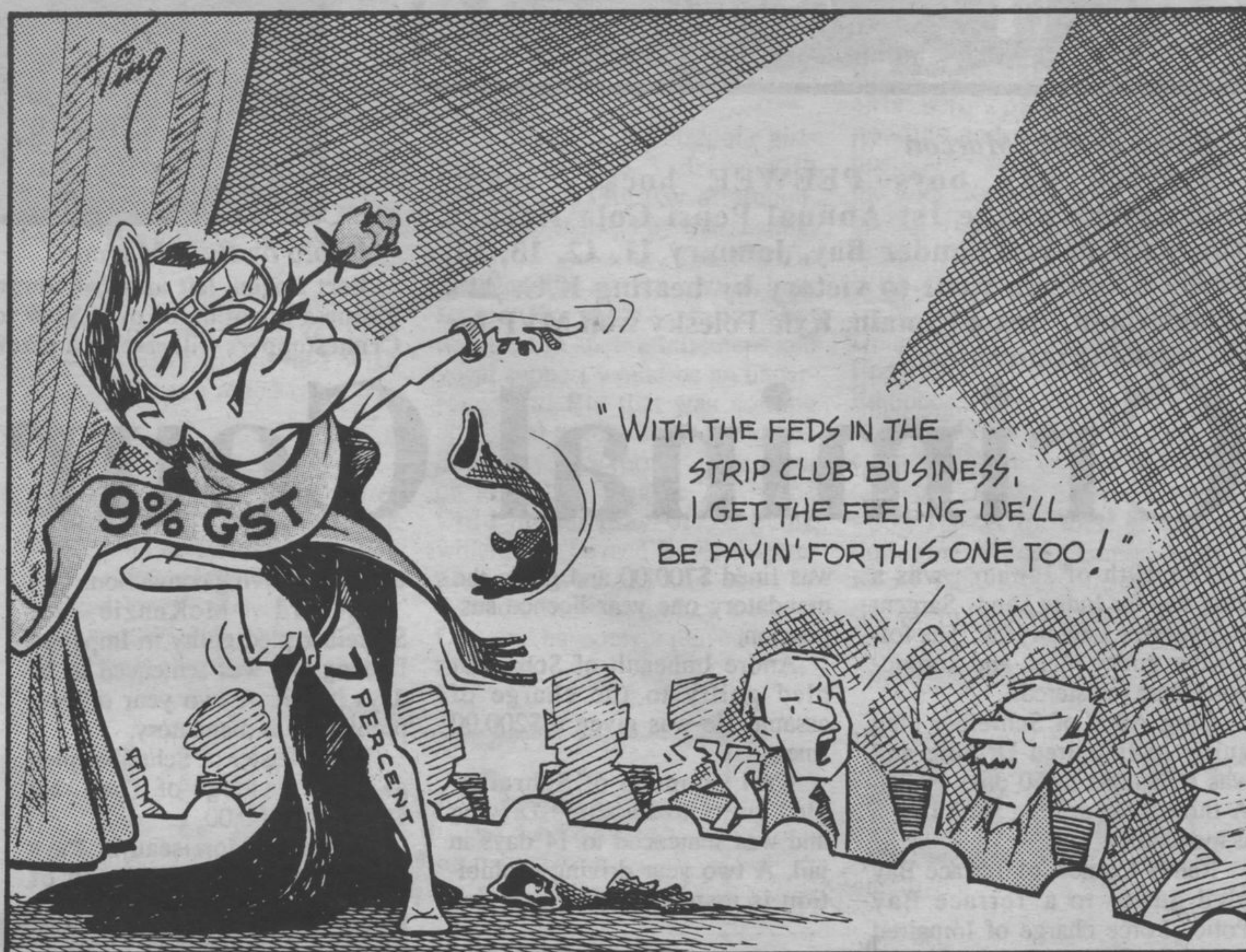
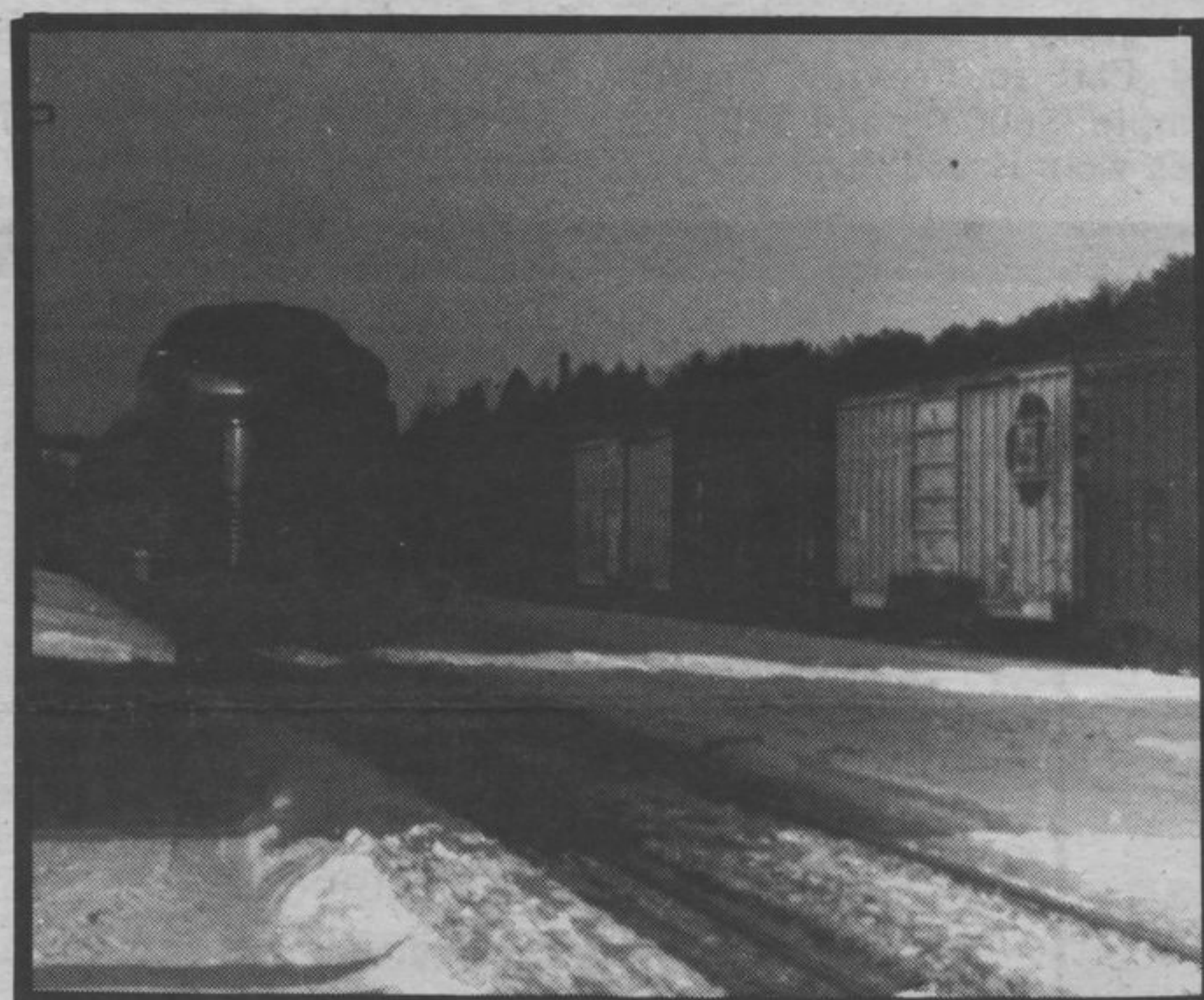
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Last train for the coast!

*The day the dream died.
The day the nightmares started.*



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The News welcomes your letter to the editor. Use this space as your forum to comment on any issue of common interest.

Please address letters to:

The Terrace Bay/Schreiber News
P.O. Box 579
Terrace Bay, Ontario P0T 2W0

Please sign your letter and include your phone number

The 80s: a decade of exercise excess

I don't know how you plan to remember the '80s, but for me it will go down as the Decade of Exercise Excess.

The dubious pastime of whipping suet-y human carcasses into something approaching perfection gained cult status over the past ten years. Perhaps it was because so many Baby Boomers hit middle age all at once and discovered simultaneously that it had been a long time since they'd had visual, first-hand evidence of anything below their navels. Personally, I got tired of hearing my chins applaud every time I crossed a set of railroad tracks.

Whatever the motivation, a lot of folks volunteered to work up a sweat, and the '80s was definitely the decade to do it in. The '80s gave us the Jane Fonda Video, power walking, leg warmers, and a television phenomenon in which nubile bunnies hopped and puffed and rrrreached a strrrretched accompanied by fluffy instrumental music and

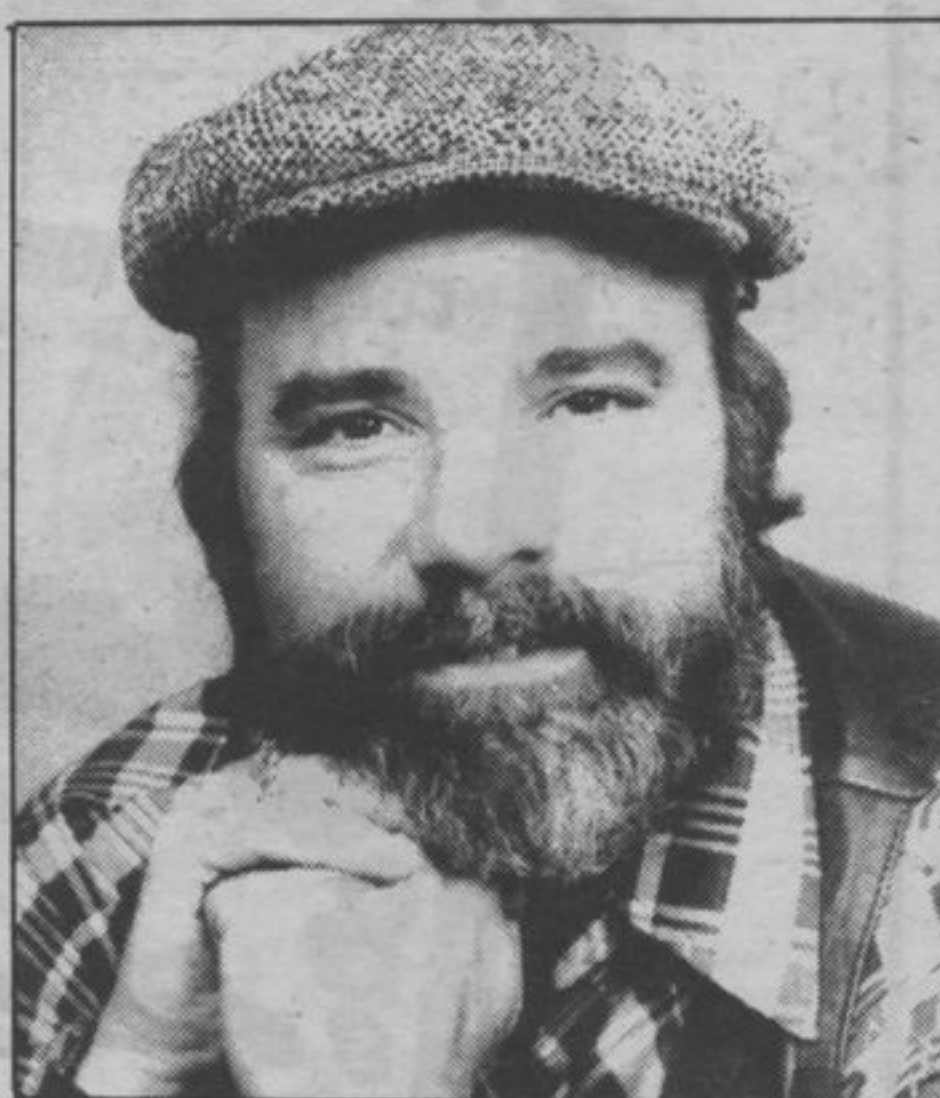
wearing nothing but a swatch of spandex and a brainless smile.

The '80s taught us that someone running through the park in the pre-dawn gloom was not necessarily a peeping tom in full flight; that a man jogging on the spot at a downtown intersection sweating profusely and wearing a black lycra body suit was not necessarily a purse snatcher or a cat burglar.

These people were not felons. They were Shining Exemplars. Heroes to be admired and emulated. They were worshipping at the Temples of their Bodies. And considering what the Swagarts and the Robertses and the Bakkers were doing under the altars of the regular churches, old Corpus United didn't seem like a bad place to bend your knee in the '80s.

Yessir, the '80s was the decade in which a lot of Canadian couch potatoes decided they were tired of being unable to cut the mustard as well as a sixty-year

old Swede. So we dug out those high school runners from the back of the closet and resolved to Shape Up. But once we had those runners laced and we'd stuffed ourselves into a pair of track pants, we had a problem:



Arthur Black

where to go to--you know--get perfect? Nobody wanted to expose their physiological imperfections to the world by jigging around the local high school running track or wheezing through a creaky set of pushups on the lawn.

Fear not. The '80s had the answer.

The Fitness Club.

Oh, sure, fitness clubs have been around for more than ten years, but they really came into their own in the Eighties. The old clubs had been as a rule, slightly seedy, smelling of sweat and liniment, presided over by a bald guy who smoked cheap cigars, handed out towels and answered to Knobby.

In the '80s the Fitness Clubs went Yuppie. Gone were the clanky old barbells and punching bags hemorrhaging sawdust. In their place were very shiny, very expensive machines. Machines that were good for nothing but exercise.

Man used to tote that barge and lift that bale. In the '80s he worked out on a Nautilus. We used to take Sunday afternoon bike rides or row around the bay. Now we wait in line to work up a sweat on stationary bikes and rowing machines.

And then there's the Life

Fitness Lifestep Model 300X. It features padded foot pedals, adjustable hand grips, variable drive and a computerized LED screen for continuous feedback on your progress.

Wanna know what you actually DO on the Lifestep model 300X? Well, you ummm...climb steps.

That's it! You just climb a set of steps that keep rotating so that you can climb them some more.

You can do the same thing every lunch hour climbing the stairs at work.

Well, why not? Simpler is usually Better. Doctors now say the best overall exercise isn't sprinting or pumping iron or marathon swimming--it's walking. Fun, too. No overpriced outfit to buy, no membership dues, no locker combination to remember.

A brisk walk gives you fresh air, a change of scenery, a good cardiovascular workout, plus, if your route takes you past a Fitness Club with windows...
Your morning chuckle.