

Self improvement can mean disaster if not disciplined

by Charolette Klinger

I've always envied people who are athletic. In addition to being healthy, athletic people are usually well disciplined. I wish I had a nickel for every time I've promised myself I'd start a regular exercise program. I could buy IT&T.

My usual self improvement routine begins on Sunday night by making a list. Lists, like diets, must begin on Mondays, without exception. It makes no sense to start something in the middle of the week. No one can make any progress in just three days. You must have the whole week ahead of you in order to show real results by Friday.

My lists go something like this: Monday: 1. Get up. (I realize most people wouldn't need to include this item on their lists, but we're dealing with a special case here.) 2. Do warm-up exercises. 3. Jog for thirty minutes. 4. Do warm down exercises...

My Mondays go something like this: 1. Alarm rings. 2. Wake up. 3. Decide I'm too tired (having been up

half the night making my list). 4. Promise to start next Monday morning. 5. Roll over and go back to sleep.

Most people with shortcomings like to have something to blame them on. I am no exception. I blame my lack of athletic enthusiasm on an unhappy

of tortures to my body and my ego. When teams were chosen, I was the preferred "alternate", the team member who stood by in case half the team was washed away by a flood or the star player was suddenly snatched up by the Mets.

I was always chosen goalie in

I took a beginning swimming class my senior year, and spent the entire semester learning how to dog paddle. When, on the last day, I watched from the wading end of the pool as my classmates dove from the high dive, I decided that my attempts to dog paddle had been foiled by the shallowness of the water. What I needed to do, I deduced, was to get into deeper water, so that my legs had room to stretch...

As you might have guessed, I didn't drown. After being rescued by my very pregnant teacher in her new wool pantsuit, however, I wished that I had.

My coordination has improved some over the years. I make fewer trips to the emergency room these days, and my knees have begun to heal. I've even thought about being one of the torch bearers for the 1984 Olympics. I plan to start training soon. Maybe next Monday...

Wake Me When It's Over

By
Charolette Klinger

childhood. I was probably the most uncoordinated child to ever walk...er...crawl on the face of the earth. My pre-teen years were spent mostly on my hands and knees, and I have the scars to prove it. I was always coming home with my knee socks torn and bloodied. When someone had the bad judgement to teach me to skip (a process I never completely mastered), my mother traded in her Clorox and bought me ankle stockings.

"Game" time in school was a series

soccer. I assume the reasoning of the team captains was that if (or, rather, when) I fell, I might fall on the ball, hopefully before it reached the goal. In softball, I was instructed to play outfield and told where to stand. I was twenty years old before I found out that the outfield wasn't behind the spectators' stand. The first (and only) time I hit the ball with the bat, I was so surprised, I ran toward third base. By the time I entered high school, I was so well rehearsed in the agony of defeat that the thrill of victory meant getting both shoes on the right feet.

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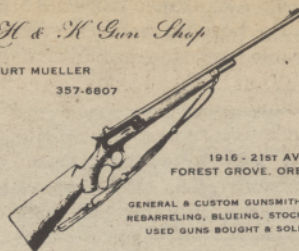
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Next Week:

My Neck Of The Woods

Study club meets

Vernonia Study Club members held the first meeting of the current year when they met on September 17 at the home of Mrs. Ralph Reynolds.

Reports on American humorists will be the study theme and Mrs. Mathilda Bergerson gave the first of these - presenting the autobiography of Will Rogers. The world renowned, gum-chewing, trick roping, cowboy philosopher, comedian, columnist and citizen of the world. A humanitarian and ambassador of good will, he could turn the most tense situation to one of mirth.

Rogers and his pilot Wiley Post died in a plane crash in Alaska in 1935.



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