



I remember one year when I was 12?, 14?,
young.

It was a hot, soupy day,
and cousin Jill and I had permission to ride our
bikes down to the Ezra Heald bridge to swim.

The water was so cold and refreshing!

So cold, in fact, that we shivered in our towels after
swimming.

Felt wonderful -

until we had to ride our bikes back home!

Wound up just as hot and sweaty as before -
oh well!

Doug MacPherson