

Trabing

Mostly about People

By Wally Trabing



No Flu For The Winter Beach Set

I attended another meeting of the Winter Beach Fraternity one warm afternoon last week.

And got sun-kissed and sand-hugged.

Like I said before, these are not legitimate Roberts Rules meetings as the Lions club might hold; it is a meeting more like sea lions might hold by the mere virtue of being present among their kind.

The Winter Beach Fraternity is composed of a special breed of people who, as sure as the tide changes, can be found in the pockets of sunshine along the beach-front.

Brown bodies filled with leisure and ripe with talk.

Or sometimes a wave from a distant nook will acknowledge membership.

★ ★ ★

By the whiteness of my body it is silently accepted that I have been derelict in my attendance. This way no one has to take roll.

But I found everything in order. For one thing, none of the Fraternity was felled by the flu. No flu bug could stand the rigors of the winter beach; only I think the flu bugs just THINK this and stay away, because it is not rigorous, but warm and invigorating in the sun-drenched niches away from the wind.

The One Who Takes the Sea Temperatures was there — he dropped by my towel to comment on the sand which was swept away by the winter sea.

"It's coming back," said this large tanned man, sweeping his hand over the beach. "It always does in its own time."

"The temperature? Fifty-two degrees."

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Then The One Who Takes Sea Temperatures went off down the sand to chat with The One Who Collects Things,

urging him to sign up for Medicare.

They talk in a slow-walking huddle, pitching their heads back to laugh at the suggestion of sickness.

The big news is that the Queen is away; she of the tobacco-leaf skin, who skips her aged body down the beach with seaweed rope, like a wild bumblebee — towel to towel, tying our fraternity together with gossip and idle words — she is in Europe, visiting Bordeaux relatives.

The One Who Swims told me about her going and we both agreed she will be full of talk when she gets back to the beach.

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I am known as The One Who Runs, but not having been faithful to the Writer Fraternity, I had contracted the flu and was not in a running mood.

My mood was to let gravity pin my body to the sand; to squint at a few pages of P. G. Wodehouse; to bake an hour at 78 degrees, turning every now and then for basting.

We are not of the sit and spit breed on the wharf; our talk is more sporadic and more worldly; there are no ties, and if we wish we can turn it off until it becomes a drone, a lazy jumbled buzz.

The One Who Talks Nicely is far down the beach; her mood is aloofness, a cherished right.

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Absent was The One Who Comes From The Sea on his surfboard.

Also I did not see The Electric Man, who roams the sand with a weird looking gadget seeking money deep in the sand. He will return with the tourists who fumble their loose change away digging into pockets and searching foolishly in the sand.

Briefly I saw The One Who Talks Of Books, but he, too, had things to ponder alone. I saw him with Henry James' "The Europeans" I think. I'd like to hear what he thinks, and in his own time he will tell me.

All in all it was a pretty good meeting.

Live Oak Group Meets Thursday

Live Oak's upcoming school bond election and new membership will be discussed Thursday night at a meeting of the Live

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