Castor Earl

Beckonin' bikinis

Sunshine... bikinis; beach... bikinis; American beer... bikinis; good food... bikinis...

Bikinis... bikinis....

Dang! Sorry fans. I sort of drifted off there for a minute recollectin' my recent trip to Florida to catch a few rays, as the young folks say.

I flew down to Fort Lauderdale for about 10 days to tan my hide and rest up for a long summer of takin' life easy. Speakin' of tannin' my hide, the missus says she'll tan it but good if I don't quit ramblin' on about the little bikinis those college girls were wearin'.

Oh, my, my, my... those bikinis. They were so skimpy that... Dag nab it! There I go again.

Even my fear of flyin' can't hold me back when the Call of the South gets powerful. It happens every years towards the middle of March, when I'm lookin' and feelin' my worst, run right into the ground after a long, hard winter of gettin' ready for summer.

I hear this voice callin' to me: "Earl, Earl, come to me." And I shout: "I hear you callin'. I'm comin'."

I tell the missus the voice is callin' again but she just looks at me funny and says I've got air bubbles in my think tank. I says no, it's the Call of the South and I'm ready to fly. After a few days of that, she gives in and books the reservations.

When I get there, I sprawl on the beach and all my troubles are just sucked right out of me. I got me a pair of them mirror-like sunglasses that nobody can see which way your eyes are lookin'. They come in real handy on the beach with all them bikinis all over the place, those tiny little... sorry.

At first, I'm white and sickly and some of the people with tans poke fun at me and call me "Snowbird." Soon I get as red as a lobster and start to peel and pain and wonder why I paid $500 to go down there in the first place.

Part of the fun is to tackle the big waves that come hammerin' on the beach. I got hoisted up by one big wall of water that slammed me into the sand and when I was down, she slapped me again. So now I'm black and blue, peelin', covered in salt and sand, and wonderin' why I listen to The Call every year.

Boy, that young bunch of rowdies down there sure knows how to have a good time, what with drinkin' and dancin', and general carousin' all night. It's enough to make a body wish he was a young pup again.

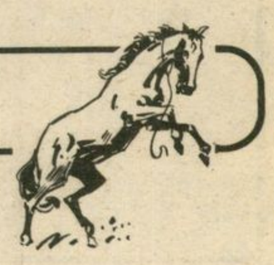
Would you believe that some lads cruise the main drag in tractor trucks? I mean the rigs used to haul big loads across the country. They unhitch the trailers and drive the tractors up and down, honkin' those loud diesel horns at the little ladies who seem to like all the attention. Wonder if I could get the same reaction if I drove the farm tractor down Bank Street?

Well, that's all I got to tell on my Florida trip. I think I'll take a ride into town and sit on the Sparks Street Mall for a few hours. I got to get more use out of these mirror sunglasses.

Some of these faces may be familiar to older Russell Village residents. They belong to fair directors of the 1920s. From left to right are Edgar Young, W.J. Hume, Andy Walker, Ernie Sutherland, Dougall Loucks, Lorne Graham, John Paul, J.M. Boland, H.H. Shepherd and Florence Shepherd. (Photo courtesy George Young).

HORSE BITS

With Lola Wood



Lingo lesson

Every horseman dreams of finding the perfect horse to make him rich and famous. Preferably, it will be in desperate shape, pulling a cart or standing neglected in a bare field. Being experts all, we will see pure gold under the bony exterior. After bringing it home, feeding and cleaning it up, we will discover — "Eureka" — the Godolphin Arabian. To help you in your search, I have had reprinted a few poetical points. These are all tried and true, so please take them seriously.

One white foot, run him for your life
Two white feet, keep him for your wife
Three white feet, keep him for your man
Four white feet, sell him if you can
Four white feet and a stripe on his nose
Knock him on the head and feed him to the crows.

Anonymous

— — — —

Classified ads for horses carry a grabbag of peculiar terms. I offer some translations.

Green broke — they got him started out but were afraid to finish.

For an experienced rider — like maybe Marty Wood (no relation) or Larry Mahan.

Family pet — he's a bear-cat to shoe and has never been punished or spoken harshly to.

Daughter lost interest in horses — during her eight months with both legs in a cast.

Ready to go on and do something with — he's green broke, but the former owner ran out of knowledge.

All-round horse — the owner tried everything but he's not much good at anything.

Plenty of get-up and go — he'll go all day with you pulling back on the reins.

Little light in back — he'll kick your head off with his hind feet.

Little light in front — he'll fall over backward with you.

Little ticklish about his feet — the blacksmith has refused to shoe him anymore.

Potential herdsire — the owner didn't want to pay the vet to have him gelded.

No kid with a horse ever turned to juvenile delinquency — mom and dad are selling the horse cause their 15-year-old barrel racer ran off with a 17-year-old bull rider.

Has the look of eagles — there's pigeons in the barn and they didn't have time to groom him.

If you come across any phrases which I haven't listed here, please call me, I'll be glad to help you out.

Please send me any questions you may have on horses. I'll give you the answer. Write me or reach me at 445-2976.

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