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*Ottawa Outlook, nee North Hero News and World Review …. ……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

Tuesday, July 27, 2010 c:/nhn&wr10, 10wc18 (2010 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card #12)

(Limericks are tabulated separately.)

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Couple days early, but emails been flaky … sending while sendings good.

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**Morning Walks, … One More Time.**

One who takes frequent walks falls into repetitive patterns. There will be five or so regularly used routes with a few innovative ventures thrown in once and a while. A canine companion quickly becomes familiar with all ‘*decision points’* Approaching one, the slightest hint with the leash will transmit the direction one intends to go. Sort of like, *“Golly, … can this dog read my mind?[[1]](#footnote-1)****[1]****”* Dog sense of direction is also very keen. As Jason, our previous Golden aged, he would come to a shortcut home and stop. Looking first at Ken, then down the shortcut it was obvious. *“I’m tired, let’s go home.”*

One who takes frequent walks also meets repetitive peers. These peers come in two main groups, Females & Males and eight categories: Walkers, Dog Walkers, Joggers, Runners, Pram Pushers, Rhythmic Dancers, Roller-Bladers and Exercisers. At the top of all these we would have to put , … The jogging, pram-pushing Mother with two young children and a German Shepard en leash. Impressive! One divers idiosyncrasy of the main groups is readily apparent. To illustrate, there is: *“The Women’s Early Morning Walking Club[[2]](#footnote-2)****[2]****”*. They are generally encountered en passant, or … as we like to smell the roses, lapped by, on a leafy section of the river path where they are heard before seen. Usually they are five to seven in a two or three row phalanx. They will be carrying on three simultaneous conversations. If there is one not talking she will pleasantly say, *“Good Morning.”*. Their male counterparts are: *“The Stone Faced Duo.”,* who pass in silence avoiding eye contact and *“The Man who Walks with Two Sticks”.* After about two months we and the latter have passed from: nods, then waves, to expressing a few words.. The *‘chatter rule’* holds true for Joggers also. Footfalls behind, no voice(s)? Ten to one, …males. Chatter? Females. Then there is *“Ma Bell”*. A solitary jogger with a wire in her ear and a mike pinned to her sweatshirt. She can be heard about 300 feet away talking to someone on the phone. The other party doesn’t ever seem to say much.

Runners of both main groups are kind of a lost cause. They are too busy working on their *‘pained’* expressions and checking stop watches to stoop to any sort of acknowledgement.

Dog Walkers are very apt to tarry a few minutes Dogs are friendlier than people and always looking to say hello. Wig-wag here and a sniff- sniff there, then circle two and on to the next.

Roller-Bladers are amazing. They stick to the bicycle path and have been seen to pass cyclists. Imagine, … thinking you’re doing well on a ten speed and being passed by a Bladder. And if it is a macho male and a femme Bladder, … how embarrassing We know a tour de France aficionado who would think nothing of running the femme into a ditch in similar circumstances.

Then there is *“Mata Hari*”, a slender Asian woman who walks backwards and does rhythmic swaying close to the river. She smiles and waves en motion. Finally *“Parking Lot Louie”,* shadow boxer *“Sugar Ray”,* *“Mrs Zip”* and tree man *“Tarzan”. .Louie* walks repeatedly up and down the parking lot backwards with wind-milling arms. *Ray* punches an imaginary opponent to death as he jigs and feints his way barefoot over the sandy beachfront*. “Mrs Zip”[[3]](#footnote-3)****[3]*** in black spandex, power walks and runs on alternate days. *Tarzan* does leg lifts while hanging from a tree limb in jack-knife position.. Fortunately these last male peers are too far away to consider conversation.

Oops, … and almost forgot, *“Brick Man”.* Met him one A.M., jogging with a brick in each hand. Curiosity won out. *“Why are you carrying bricks?” “In training. Going to Chicago to compete in a regatta on Lake Michigan.”*  Go for enough walks, … you’ll meet’em all.

In post walk contemplation of our encountered peers, a thought often crosses the mind. You know, … those people probably think:

*“Oh Oh, … here comes that beautiful Golden Retriever with ‘The Old Grouch’ in the yukky Harvard cap. Doesn’t he ever wash that thing?”*

Your “Ottawa Outlook’ for this month,

Lucile, Bailey and Ken. Re. dist.101

1. [1] That’s a frightening thought. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. [2] The names detailed in this epistle are those used by the writer in referring to his early A.M. peers. Afternoon walks may be a different ball of wax, i.e.Letter [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. [3] From the 1920’s song, *“Good Morning Mrs Zip Zip Zip, with your haircut just as short as mine.” (One of Ken’s mother’s ukulele songs.)* [↑](#footnote-ref-3)