

# Beach-lover laments lost summer

As I was driving to work today, I noticed kids standing along the streets in crowds, hugging lunchboxes and paper sacks, and jostling to be the first in line to get on the bus.

That was when I realized summer is really over.

I've always hated good-byes, and for some reason it's especially hard to say good-bye to summer this year.

Last year was the first summer I didn't spend poolside, lifeguarding, out in the sun.

It was the first summer I didn't get a tan — the first summer I didn't get to spend outdoors.

That was all right. "There's always next year," I thought mournfully.

But next year was this year, and it wasn't any better.

For me, I feel like I've wasted more time working steadily in the office than I do reading a book outdoors in the sunshine.

Attitudes change in the summer. In December, any day is a good day to pay the bills, clean the apartment, or go grocery shopping.

In the summer all that takes a back seat.

"I'll do that on a rainy day," I tell myself. "It's just too nice outside to do anything but be in the sun."

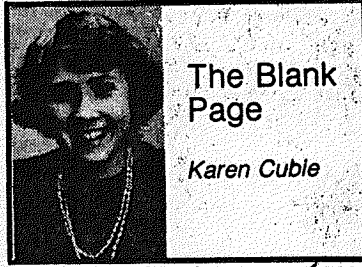
I love the smell of the beach. I love bright, colorful days accented with the mingled scent of sand, suntan oil, and salt.

I don't think I'd enjoy summer someplace where there are no beaches.

I like the feel of my face breaking the surface of the water, and I even like cold water. It seems warmer on cool days, and refreshing on hot days. Why would anyone want to swim in lukewarm water when the temperature outside is in the 90s? That's always puzzled me.

I even like swimming in the rain.

On warm, rainy afternoons, the kids in my neighborhood would don swimsuits, and prance around playing in the rain — until the first sign of lightning, that is.



The Blank Page

Karen Cubie

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When I was little, the only way my mother could get some peace and quiet any time of the year was to take me swimming or let me take a bath.

As an older child, I used to beg her to take me to the beach. That was all I wanted to do.

She, of course, had other things to do.

"Not today, Karen," she'd say

on a scorching hot day. "It's too hot for the beach today."

I never understood that rationale, but I guess for her it was too hot because she doesn't like to swim.

This summer, however, I spent indoors at the office, indoors fixing up my new apartment or moving, or indoors on the phone to insurance companies about my car.

The summer flew by, and I missed all the good beach days.

I barely have a tan, and my hair hasn't developed the white blonde highlights it used to.

When I was in school, September was the beginning of my year. It seemed as dreary, dull, and dead as January. I was back to school. I was inside. I never went to the beach anymore.

I thought when I graduated, that would change. Things wouldn't become different in September

anymore, I thought. There wouldn't be any real upheaval.

But this year I realized my idea of September hasn't changed. September, to me, is still January.

As times go by, the daylight time will get shorter and shorter. Soon, it will be dark when I leave home in the morning, and dark when I reach home at night.

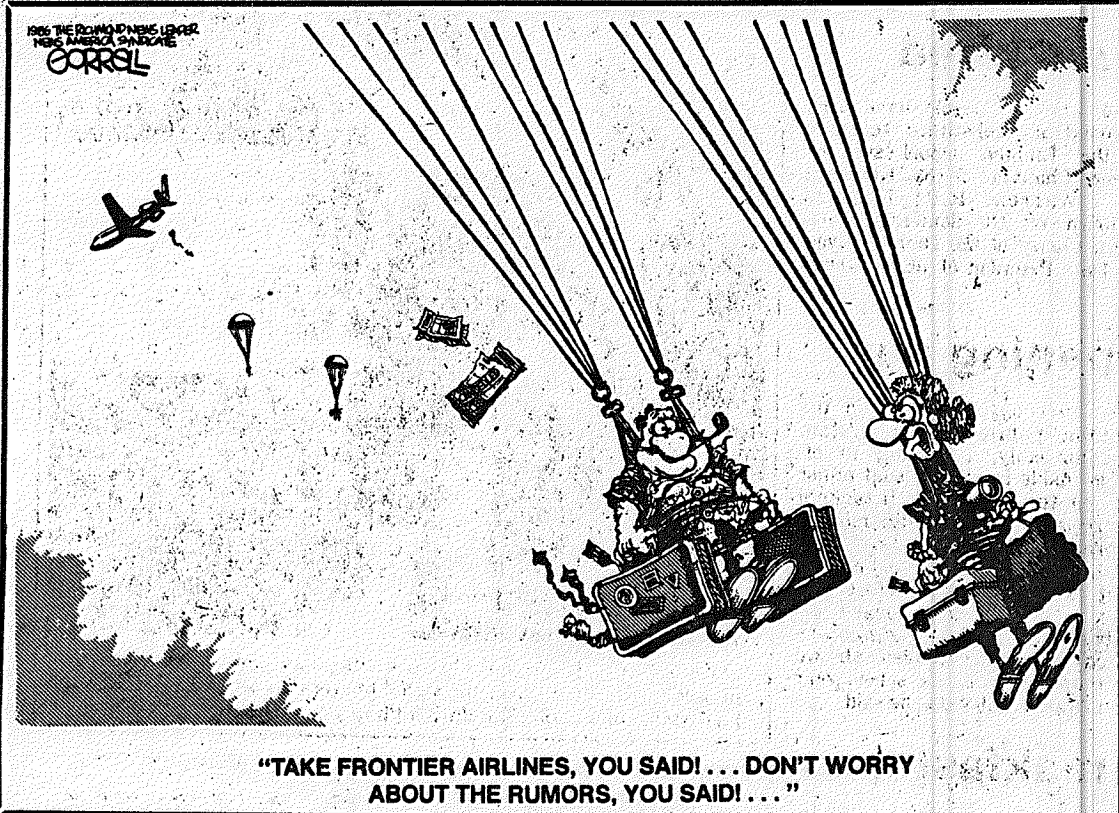
Last year, it was dark even when I reached the office 45 minutes after leaving my apartment.

After seeing kids at the bus stop with books, lunchboxes, and new clothes, I probably won't go swimming again.

But this year, I can't tell myself it'll be better next year. I'll have more time for sunshine.

Maybe I'll have to say good-bye to summer for good.

But maybe I should just become a teacher.



# 'New' Bennett in education role

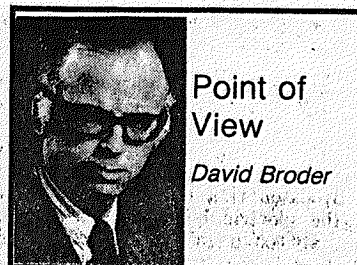
WASHINGTON — Back in February 1985, when William J. Bennett had barely been installed as the new secretary of education, I offered the unflattering judgment that he was a strong contender "for the dubious award as the James Watt of the second Reagan Cabinet."

Bennett earned that distinction by his rhetorical assault on the college student-loan program and his ardent defense of David Stockman's misconceived effort to slash its benefits. Bennett, the new boy trying to prove his creden-

the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus.

His performance conveyed the impression that this fellow was a lot less concerned with improving the quality of the nation's schools than with proving to President Reagan's most conservative followers that despite the misfortune of being a Ph.D., he shared their fervent faith in school prayer, tuition tax credits and American policy in Nicaragua.

I have seen a lot of Bennett lately—at education meetings. not



Point of View

David Broder

people and is instead lending his support to worthy local, state and national efforts to upgrade educa-

He went on to define, in compelling language, the three tasks Americans expect their schools to perform, tasks so vital that "there is no one more important than teachers to the way of life and the system of government that Americans have chosen":

First, the nurturing of individual abilities to help each child achieve his or her potential, recognizing that "a fulfilled life" is the real definition of freedom.

Second, the transmission to a