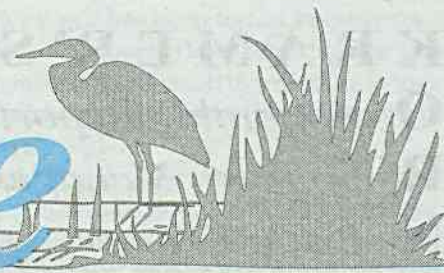


The Shoreline



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A Shoreline Community, Pine Knoll Shores, N.C.

Town Hall 247-4353



No more 'waisted' efforts

On love and near-loss

By Regan White

Editors Note: This article appeared in the Charlotte Weekly shortly after Bill's

surgeries were completed. It appears with the author's permission and that of her grandfather.

"If you don't use it, you'll lose it, people!" the Pilates instructor recently informed our crowded class as we strained and stretched.

"That's right!" one enthusiastic 80-year-old agreed with a quasi-comical fist pump.

"Yes, sir," she continued. "If you don't use it, you'll lose it."

I considered this as I tried to avoid thinking about the excessive mouth breathing coming from the classmates on my side of the room. Our teacher was referring to our muscles, the body's well-oiled powerhouses. As I struggled to touch my toes, I thought of my grandfather. I've always called him Pa, a nickname that caught on with the family in the days when "grandpa" was too much of a mouthful for me to get out with ease. Of course, the name carries a different connotation now that we live in the South, but no one seems to mind.

Pa's a writer, just like me. Once a newspaper man in the New York area, he now volunteers his wordsmithery for an Outer Banks paper called *The Shoreline*. In the last issue he contributed to before driving here with my grandmother for some health tests a week or two ago, my grandfather wrote a column called "Some Sole Searching About Waisted Efforts." The premise, while cleverly composed, laid blame for his

belly paunch on his penchant for penny loafers and other slip-on shoes. He mused that if he'd worn lace-up shoes most of his life, maybe he wouldn't have a rotund middle that makes it difficult for him to tie his golf shoes. He also pondered merely procuring some slip-on golf shoes to solve the problem.

If you don't use it, you'll lose it.

Pa wound up having a triple bypass on Friday. Sitting in his hospital room the morning of his surgery, as my aunt and I watched the minute hands of the clock tick toward 5:30 a.m., when they would wheel my grandfather away, I thought of that column. I thought about how sad it would be if those were his last printed words in this world – stubbornly justifying a health-compromising middle with a love for loafers. How like him.

If you don't use it, you'll lose it.

Love's a lot like that, too.

As I watched Pa finally sleep peacefully



My grandfather and I in Wilmington in the '80s. I'd like to say we look much different these days. We don't. I wish I could still wear those sandals and Pa wishes he could find – and still fit in – those pants again. Photo courtesy of Regan White

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Tribute to Bill

By Cierra Tomasso

According to the dictionary, a mentor is "a close, trusted counselor or guide." See also, Mr. Bill White. He has allowed me to be a contributing reporter for *The Shoreline*. For some reason, over three years ago, I decided to call and ask to contribute an article. I'd decided on *The Shoreline*, and then picked a person to call off the list. Lucky for me, Mr. White was on the list as "Editor," so I ended up calling him. He agreed to letting me contribute, and thus began my 'career' as a journalist.

During my time at *The Shoreline*, Mr. White has given me numerous assignments and deadlines, which resulted in me becoming a better reporter. He has always been kind and supportive. He is the main reason for

Continued on page 2

White Out!

By Charlie McBriarty

Yes, it is goodbye to Bill White, Managing Editor of *The Shoreline*. Bill and his wife Barbara have moved to Charlotte to be closer to family and their doctors. This relocation, while not totally unanticipated, occurred rather quickly for the Whites.

The first article in this edition, "No more 'waisted' efforts" by Regan White (Bill's granddaughter), chronicles Bill's medical saga that began in March. Suffice it to say, by mid-May Bill had recovered

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