

# Do Type A Personalities Really Take Vacations?

It's only in the midst of our annual vacation trek to the mountains that I wish I liked golf.

At no other time, I must point out, does the pursuit of a little white ball over acres of green grass hold any appeal for me. Of course, that may be sour grapes, because I lack the coordination and strength to alternately whack that ball and nudge it into a hole in the ground.

I did try once, at which time my exasperated coach (ex-husband) simply shrugged and said, "Forget it!" But no, it's more than sour grapes. It's a thorough and basic dislike for the game.

However, at vacation time, I realize that if you're a golfer, especially an addicted one (is there any other kind?) you can not only love every moment of a leisurely week, but can turn it into a triumph.



Marjorie Megivern

Even if you don't do well on the links one particular day, you are out there for hours, whacking and nudging away, giving your all in a project recognized by society as worthwhile. You then return to the clubhouse so physically drained you are justified in partaking of several portions of liquid refreshment.

Also, you have something to talk about all evening, even into the

next day. Your vacation becomes, not an idle and fruitless interlude, but an exercise in improving your game!

However, this avenue of recreation is closed to me, as is tennis, and, let's face it, any other sport. I am a rabid non-athlete who pursues the avocation fervently. Therefore, when I "go on vacation" and am plunked down for a week in a mountain hideaway labeled a "golfer's paradise," there's a real problem.

You see, my non-athletic nature is complicated by the fact that I also am not capable of relaxing. Ever. I could not become a "couch potato" because I couldn't sit still on a couch long enough to take root.

No television program ever filmed could pin me in one position longer than, oh, an hour. Were I a

child, I'd be labeled "hyperactive" and put on Ritalin. As an adult, I'm a "type A personality."

But back to vacations. What does a type-A non-athlete do on a vacation in a remote mountainous area where there are few tourist attractions and no consignment shops? (now THERE'S a sport I can get into!)

My husband Jim and I have a lovely time-share chalet, purchased when this was a red-hot vacation idea. (Now, you can't give them away.) It is nestled at the foot of Mt. Mitchell and all views are gorgeous! I spend at least ten minutes of every vacation admiring them. But, when you're spending an entire week in this low-key paradise, can you honestly make a life out of staring at mountains?

Jim, a type S (for scholarly) personality, eats this up. He can bask in mountain-staring for hours and watch TV almost that long, but what he does best is study: read great solemn tomes, then write and think and write some more. Solitude is his favorite condition, and don't bother him with idle chatter.

Meanwhile, what I'm longing for, in addition to good conversation (these darn birds and chipmunks have nothing interesting to say!) is WORK. I long for the deadline, the brisk dash to the office and back to the street every hour to move the car (my version of exercise), the crowded schedule of meetings, rehearsals, interviews and computer time.

I don't often confess this, because everyone who hears it begins edging away from me as from a contagious disease, but I LOVE work. Responsibility thrills me the way a hole-in-one pleases the golfer, the way an episode of "Home Improvement" (gag!) delights the

couch potato. How can one of my ilk find happiness on a stress-free, no-distractions vacation?

The answer I've discovered is simple. I take work with me. I save up articles required by the *Beacon* to peck out on a portable typewriter. I save scripts to read, lines to learn and my own script to revise, and pull these out in the thundering silence of our mountain retreat.

I do take along a novel, too, and feel so guilty about trashing my mind, I throw a "meaningful" non-fiction work in the bag, too. (Usually I get into its first chapter and finish the novel.)

Actually, this works. It makes for a pleasant week and I even learn to appreciate the differentness of these quiet days from the frantic pace of my working life. We linger over breakfast; I watch the "Today" show (can anyone really take Katie Couric on a daily basis?) and take a brisk walk over the 1/8-mile of roadway that isn't steeply inclined (but I DO miss searching my tires for the meter maid's marks).

I prepare all our meals, a switch from everyday life that gives Jim cause to rejoice over our return home. We occasionally get in the car and briefly explore the region, with its quaint towns and picturesque countryside.

But there are still many hours to fill and there's only a high school production of "Over The Cuckoo's Nest" in the way of local culture. At these times, while the competent vacationers are playing golf, I hunker down over the typewriter or my research or scripts and have almost as much fun as if I were at home.

And I watch the returning golf addicts with disdain, I may not have a hole-in-one to talk about, but I have succeeded in escaping madness by turning my vacation into.....well, WORK.

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## Cooking With The Mayor

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said. "I keep busy with golf and town business; that's all I can do. But I like to cook fish. Flounder is best in this recipe."

### TANGY FISH FILETS

- 2-3 pounds fish filets
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 cup butter
- Juice of two lemons
- 3 Tbsp. white wine
- 1/4 cup Parmesan cheese
- Dash of paprika

Sprinkle fish with salt and pepper. Melt butter and saute fish in it. Place in 450-degree oven ten minutes, baste with butter. Sprinkle

juice, wine, cheese and paprika on fish and return to oven for five-ten minutes.

Franky Thomas, mayor of Leland, Brunswick County's newest municipality, said immediately that he's a cook, and a good one, but, "I don't use recipes," he insisted. "I'm a slumgullion cook; I just start putting things together."

In fact, Thomas claimed this spontaneous approach also rules his political life. "I never know what I'm going to say, even the first words, when I get up to speak," he said. He then proceeded to describe the following spontaneous dish put together in his kitchen:

### RICE/SAUSAGE, SLUMGULLION STYLE

Take air-dried sausage and put it in the frying pan. Cook a pot of rice, then add a can of stewed tomatoes, chopped up, and sprinkle hot sauce in the rice mixture. Combine with the fried sausage, which has "a little tingle in it." Eat and enjoy, without giving it much thought.

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