

The Nairobi Trio

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Probably no one else is old enough to recognize this title, which was a crackpot invention of genius Ernie Kovacs in the early days of television. If you google The Nairobi Trio and then go to the YouTube demonstration you'll see why it is indescribable, and why people my age all remember it.

Why the title came to my mind, though, when I looked at this photo....I'm not certain. This is Jeff Frank of First Stage Theater in Milwaukee, and me, and Stan Foote of Oregon Children's Theater, when we were working together in Milwaukee last week. We were proper and staid, not at all like the demented (and lamented) Nairobi Trio.

Charlotte Corgi was here yesterday, and I asked her owner about the other names in the litter; the ones she could remember were Babar and Clifford. Several readers of this blog have posted replies telling of various naming themes in their own lives. (I've explained in the past why I can't print comments, though I always read and appreciate them)

I had a friend once whose cat had kittens and she (my friend, not the cat) named the kittens Shirley, Goodness, and Mercy. For those who didn't figure it out instantly, I'll explain that she feared they would follow her all the days of her life.

I am sick, and it is very frustrating. Frustrating to be sick, of course, and feverish and coughing when you are in a lovely vacation spot, with friends stopping by, and you should be having fun

instead of feeling sorry for yourself. (and frustrating because my friend Deborah, who was going to come to lunch yesterday, couldn't come because she is on anti-rejection drugs after a successful heart transplant last summer, and of course can't be around any germs).

But especially frustrating because it makes me remember the old days (even before TV and Ernie Kovacs) when if I (or my sister or brother) was sick, Mom called the doctor; and he stopped by on his way home after office hours, and checked us out, and gave us medicine or whatever, and then sat in our kitchen and had a cup of coffee. His name was Ed, and his wife was Chris, and it was all very small-town and cozy and we went to their house on the 4th of July; I remember they had a freezer...quite new then...with lots of popsicles in it.

Waaahhh. I want Ed to stop by and fix me. Instead, I have to think about my insurance, and how it would react if I went to a local doctor here in Maine (if I could even find one who would see someone who is not a regular patient)

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