

ONE-PAGE STORIES

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Caddy Camp	2
b Mil ff n H. Cf l eman	
Thoughts on Passing Seventy-five	3
b Df n Baf ef	
Four Years on Probation in the Navy	4
b Bll Bf f	
My Blizzard Sister	5
b Kafh Paf ffch	
Creative Isolation	6
b Kafhleen J. Z an ige f	
There Once Was a Railroad	7
b Df n Baf ef	
My Castle in an Abandoned Brick Mine	8
b Kafh Paf ffch	
Evergreen Gardens	9
b Jeffica Ff	
Sandy and Me	10
b TfmDf ffe	
[available page]	11
b TBA	
Would <u>You</u> Write for One-Page St or ies?	12



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Caddy Camp

by Milton H. Cushman

Woods Hole is a small hamlet at the southwestern tip of Cape Cod. It is the home of the Marine Biological Laboratory and the Oceanographic Institute. It is also the mainland port for ferries to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket.

The Woods Hole Golf Club is a private, hilly 18-hole course overlooking Quissett Harbor. The club was a sort of summer home for Wall Street bankers. There are woods surrounding each hole and a massive trap at the 4th which filled with water after a storm, necessitating caddies to wade in to search for errant balls. The 15th hole, a short par 3, has a green partly surrounded by the ocean.

In the 1930's, long before the advent of golf carts, private courses had a system of caddies to carry the golf bag, hold pins, find lost balls, etc. Woods Hole had a caddy camp to supply the necessary labor. The camp had a collection of bunk houses, a mess hall, and a commons with a library. I don't remember any showers or laundry, but there may have been some.

Campers wore simple uniforms of shirt and shorts and reported according to a posted schedule to the caddy master at the club each morning, seven days a week. We were not allowed in the clubhouse. Caddies carried one bag each round (two bags on weekends). We were paid \$1 per round (\$1.35 for doubles), of which \$.05 went to the caddy master and \$.05 for insurance. We got our \$.90 per round at the end of the summer.

We were allowed on the course after 5 pm. Over time, one would collect numerous balls and a few odd clubs from generous members. Women were not allowed on the course on weekends, but on Tuesday mornings there was a women's league with teams representing Falmouth, Mashpee, Osterville, and other courses.

The season lasted 8-10 weeks. Each winter, the caddies were invited to dinner at the Oakley Country Club in Belmont, a reunion, for a film, socializing, and thanks for the season, where we could wear long pants.

Thoughts on Passing Seventy-Five

B Df n Baf ef

In Feb f af 2020, I turned seventy-six years old. A milestone for sure, as I am in doubt of ever seeing the age again. Looking back, it has been a good run thus far. So, I thought I would reminisce a bit on how I got to this place in time.

My youth was spent in the Chicago area. At the time, we lived fairly well in the northern suburb of Lincolnshire. My parents came home from a trip to California in early 1969, at which time they announced that they were moving to Sun City, Arizona. My younger sister (19) and I (26) were told "If you want to go along, start packing." Looking at each other, our first response was, "Where the heck is Sun City, Arizona?"

In August we found out. A burb of Phoenix, Sun City would become our new home for the next 18 years. In 1984, I purchased a home in Phoenix, followed a year and a half later by meeting the mail carrier who would become my wife, Martha. That is another story, altogether. After 34 years of working for the State of Arizona, I retired. Martha and I decided we needed a change from the heat, traffic and population of Phoenix. The metro area had grown from the city of 200,000 in 1969 to about 2.5 million.

So, in 2002 we relocated to Prescott Valley. At an elevation of 5000 ft. Prescott Valley is not in the desert like Phoenix. We are subject to four mild seasons here. Returning to work part-time for the state, I made a 100-mile commute to Phoenix two days a week. Following two stints at part-time service, I retired for good. So now I am fully retarded.

We have now lived here for 18 wonderful years. When we arrived, some neighbors were bovine, as this is open range. No, not the Ponderosa Pine forests of next-door Prescott, but beautiful views of mountains in all directions and many varieties of critters to look at or watch out for, as the case may be.

So, now you have had a whirlwind tour of my 76 years. I wouldn't trade it for anything. Perhaps God will allow a few more years, or several. But, already I have enough memories to fill a number of virtual photo albums, and a few real ones. Perhaps I will relate other stories about this city boy turned wanna-be cowboy in the wild west.

Four Years on Probation in the Navy

B B I L B f f

Would I consider a calling as a military chaplain? That was the question posed to us seminarians at a convocation in 1960-61, my first year in seminary. The presenters were distinguished professors who had been active duty chaplains earlier in their careers.

I bit eagerly. Three of my dad's siblings served in World War II – Women's Army Corps, Army, and Army Air Force. Even my father worked in the Army Corps of Engineers, albeit as a civilian clerk.

But I chose the Navy. It seemed my calling because I liked their uniforms better. First I had to appeal to my draft board back in Brown County, Ohio, to withdraw my student deferment so I could apply. On May 9, 1961, I took the oath for a commission as an Ensign Probationary, Chaplain Corps, U.S. Naval Reserve. Ensign is the lowest-ranking officer in the Navy. Probationary, because I couldn't officially function as a chaplain until after I finished seminary and was ordained.

One thing I *could* do in this status was attend Chaplains School, so in the summer of 1962 I and six of my classmates who also chose Navy reported to the Naval Education and Training Command, Newport, Rhode Island. My first day in uniform I worried I might meet someone I should salute but wouldn't know it. I happened to draw the duty on the very first Saturday of school. Somewhere I have a photo of a very young me wearing the armband "Duty Chaplain." Fortunately for national security nothing requiring action by the Chaplains School Duty Chaplain occurred that day. In one medical class the instructor mentioned "proctologist." Asking what that was, I was told it's a kind of rear admiral. There were enough Chaplains School students that summer that we were divided into two platoons, and a Marine Corps Drill Instructor taught us marching and other military commands. By the end of the eight-week school and after our graduation parade and pass-in-review he said we had done well.

I wasn't ordained until June, 1965, so I was an Ensign Probationary for *four years*! I sometimes wondered if I might have been the most senior Ensign in the entire Navy at that time. But it was a side-career that I enjoyed and learned a great deal from over the 32 years, 3 months, and 21 days before my retirement.

My Blizzard Sister

B Kafh Pafffch

Ba Cif , Michigan, Thf f f f d a , Janf af 26, 1967. The wind was fierce, out of the northeast. It was extremely difficult walking up the driveway. I entered the house with relief. We would have a long weekend and I looked forward to sledding out in the snow. My parents were tiling the basement floor for the Baptism party we would have for my new sibling, expected soon.

Later that evening at 9 o'clock my parents were still working downstairs as my younger brother, Rod (6), and my sister, Diane (almost 4), were asleep. Suddenly my Mom told me to wake them and help them get dressed to go to Grandma's. We grabbed some clothes; I remember grabbing a book but little else. We piled into the 1957 Ford, and we kids were dropped off at Grandma's porch.

So began an epic blizzard. Rachel was born in the hospital just after midnight. My Dad had to leave the car at the church parking lot (about a half mile from our house) and walk home. He had to finish tiling the floor, covering the glue laid down before we left.

We got 30 inches of snow. The blizzard caused statewide havoc, with frightening accidents, mass traffic jams, and stranded Michiganders. Residents were stuck in their homes. Businesses shut down. A few hours made it a massive icy ghost town. The situation was so dire that the National Guard was called out to clear roads and return the state to normalcy. Dad finally came to Grandma's on Saturday, walking, wearing deer hunting clothes! We hoped to go home, but the roads were shut and Mom was still at the hospital. I was mad that he didn't bring our boots and heavy clothes to play in.

In the morning of January 27 one of the nurses came in telling Mom the astronauts Gus Grissom, Edward White, and Roger Chaffee had died in a flash fire testing the Apollo 1 spacecraft.

Finally on the 31st we went home! It was Diane's birthday – she got a sister for her birthday. We piled into the car, even Grandma, but first stopped at the dairy for milk. The roads were still full of brown slush and Dad slipped and almost fell, cartoon-like.

A very surreal time. I was so glad to be home. I stared at my little sister. What an adventure!

Creative Isolation

by Kathleen J. Ziegenfuss

For a fine-fine-fine, rarely does one's life change drastically almost overnight. One week I was following my typical schedule of folding and mailing our church newsletter, ushering for a CAPA (Columbus Association for the Performing Arts) event (Peking Acrobats), driving friends to a doctor's appointment, volunteering at a food pantry, going to chime practice, and having a refresher session to work at the polls in Ohio's primary election. The next week the primary was postponed, all church and CAPA activities were canceled, and Ohioans were advised to stay home.

Rather than listening continually to the updates of numbers of people infected by COVID-19, we find things to keep us occupied. Some welcome the time to complete tasks which have suffered from procrastination. Some enjoy the "unexpected time" to do research in a new area, like learning how to deliver online classes. Some should use the time to do a thorough purging of closets and files (ONLY if there will be many rainy days!), but I prefer more interesting projects. My research involved a little French history—by watching "The Man in the Iron Mask."

I have spent many hours playing Scrabble, a family favorite, pitting my right hand against my left hand. Calculating the percentage of time the right hand wins is easy: 100 percent. Once "Lefty" was ahead the entire game until the very end: with only consonants of high point values remaining, she still lost. In one game 3 of the 4 corner "triple word score" squares were covered. I am still excited when I can play a 5- or 6-letter word.

My son and his family visited at the New Year. We discussed "The Gift of the Magi" and wondered if O. Henry wrote anything else. A couple days later I found *The Complete Works of O. Henry*. Plodding my way through it (with type similar to that in a telephone directory), I'm on page 577 (of 1317—not including critical and biographical comments).

Warmer weather has allowed me to spend time in the garden. Annually one of my favorite pastimes is checking to see how many daffodils are blooming. To see their cheery yellow blossoms, now punctuated by the alternating white and pink hyacinths, always lifts my spirits, even in this time of forced isolation and social distancing.

There Once Was a Railroad

B Dfn Baf ef

In cenffal Afi fna, northeast of Prescott, is a town called Jerome. The town's reason for existence, today, is tourism. Looking back, Jerome was a mining town built on the side of a mountain called Cleopatra Hill. From the mountain came copper, silver, gold and assorted lesser minerals. Two principal mines, the United Verde and the UV Extension, netted over \$100 million between 1876 and 1953.

Mineral-bearing ore came from the mountain. But ore must be broken down, smelting being the method of extraction. One problem arose. No water! So, the ore had to be shipped out from the townsite, over the mountains, to existing smelters. Mule-drawn wagons were the first, proving to be very expensive, given the small amount of raw ore that could be carried. So, eventually a railroad was built through the mountains from Jerome to a transfer point near what is now Chino Valley. Why transfer, you ask? Because a railroad existed between Seligman, Arizona and Phoenix. It was about 25 miles west of Jerome. The "baby" railroad that traversed the mountain passes was named the "United Verde and Pacific." Baby railroad because it was narrow gauge (36" between the rails) and "Pacific" because ... well, why think small.

The town of Jerome was plagued by fires due to the water shortage. Also was the mine. The town moved to make room for increasing the size of the mining operation. The railroad moved as well, from time to time for the same reason. On occasion, the town moved by sliding somewhat down the mountainside. Eventually, a smelter was constructed southeast of Jerome (an easier route by rail) in Clemenseau, which has become the town of Cottonwood. Thus came the end of the baby railroad and the transfer of ore. The United Verde & Pacific has disappeared into history, except for a forest road that follows the right of way, and can be traversed the entire length of the railroad. The old bridges have been replaced by fills for driving upon.

The Santa Fe built the railway down to Cottonwood, and today you can ride on part of the line. I have enjoyed the scenic trip several times on the "Verde Canyon Railroad." Watch from the train for deer, critters and nesting bald eagles. But, the UV&P is no more!

My Castle in an Abandoned Brick Mine

B Kafh Pafffch

When I was 4 - 6 years old, I used to follow my Dad around on the farm, in Bay County, Michigan. My favorite place was an abandoned brick mine on the property. We called it the brickyard. I could see our house and my paternal grandparents' house, barn, and outbuildings from there. My Dad used to clear out brush and I would wander around while he worked.

My "castle" was an area that had a hill of clay and brick chips mixed with slate just before the thicket of trees. I had plotted out the various "rooms" and walked the small paths from area to area. I made up stories about the rooms. Behind the hill was my "forest." It, too, had paths, one leading to an old outhouse that I did not enter. I used to wander the various clay paths under the trees, listening to the crickets, birds, and tree frogs.

To the south were three cement pillars about five feet tall that used to support a mini railroad trestle. My Dad said that is how they got the bricks from the kiln out to the road, a quarter of a mile away. All of this was used before 1920 at least. That was before he was even born. It was not real profitable, so they closed it after a few years.

Around the whole tree and brush area was a wagon path, and some apple trees. I used to walk that, too, and sometimes tried to scare myself by thinking I would encounter some old people along the way, then I would run back to the safety of my "castle."

It was very peaceful there. My abode and secret place.

Looking back, I realize that most of the kiln area had been filled in over the years with trash and garbage from our houses. So there was no real danger, and I was a cautious child.

I have long forgotten many of the stories I made up in that area, but I have fond memories of how I traipsed around in hiking shoes, jeans, and straw hat - Dad's little helper, always excited when there was mowing or work to be done there so I could explore my special place.

Evergreen Gardens

B Jeffica Ff

I've fiddled around with artsy-crafty projects for several decades, often seeing something I want to make or something that gives me an idea. When I complete the first one of the project I've chosen I'm usually pleased with my work. As time goes on and I make more of them I come to realize that the first one I made just doesn't make the cut anymore. My technique and style improve with each one.

During these Covid-19 shelter-at-home days I've been spending a good deal of time on my latest art discovery. Who knew how many pine, fir, cedar, spruce and other cones or seed pods could be turned into something so colorful, floral and beautiful? Some are painted to look like daisies, succulents, little five petaled flowers, zinnias, pansies, roses, marigolds, grasses and ground cover.

I have gathered and been given materials picked up off of the ground. They're cut, cleaned, trimmed, painted and glued onto a wooden backing placed in a nice thrift store frame. Being near-sighted helps while working with teeny tiny materials. My neck, on the other hand, takes a beating. I have to take breaks and do neck exercises. My kitchen peninsula is a total mess with little dried cones, seed pods, bottles of craft paints, brushes, hot glue and tools for the job. It's a good thing I live alone and I'm the only one who has to put up with my mess.

I hope you're working on something you're passionate about. Be careful out there! If you're in the trenches taking care of people in one way or another, then I thank you and wish you well.

Finished sizes: below, 14x6"; right, 8x17"



Sandy and Me

B TfmDfffe

I f af fhffffl affef WWII. I was living with my grandparents in Cambridge, a small southern Ohio town. Mom was away working at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio. On the other side of the alley lived a girl named Sandy and we were good friends. In the summer of my fifth year, I wanted to put together a surprise for her in the way of a milkshake at the soda fountain at the corner grocery store, which was only two blocks away. I set about doing this by gathering pop bottles and some prime produce from Grandpa's garden to peddle around the neighborhood.

On the special day, Sandy's Mom got her ready. At the appointed time, I rode my wagon down the brick sidewalk: one bare knee on the hard red metal bed, the other leg pumping alongside. I crossed the alley and parked in front of Sandy's house. She was all ready to go, even wearing a pretty bow in her hair. We agreed that she would ride and steer and I would push. I remember, as I leaned in to push on her shoulders from behind, that my nose was close to her shining hair, and it smelled so clean. It was two blocks to the store so she had to get out so the wagon could be pulled down and back up the high curbs at the time. Then, she could resume the ride. We made it to the store, parked the wagon by the door and had a swell time. After paying for the shakes, I had a few extra coins for some delicious and carefully chosen penny candy – a small brown bag for each of us.

Sandy took her seat for the push back home. When she got out in front of her house, she smiled and said, "Thanks." I went on up the brick sidewalk to home.

I contacted Sandy in 2011 for her permission to submit "our" story to the magazine *Looking Back*, which published it in fuller form in February 2012. We've kept in touch. She still lives in Ohio.

Last Christmas, 2019, I got a card from her, signed "Love, Sandy." I signed my card back to her, "Love Tom." It's still, in treasured memory, "Sandy and me."



Tom (age 4) and Skippy.

Your One-Page Story Could Have Been Here

b Yff

Send us one
for a
future issue!

See p. 12
for how to.

Would You Write for One-Page Stories?

We are looking for one-page stories/articles. You don't have to be a member of NAPA to submit pieces, although members are definitely invited. (Here's an easy place to practice and present your short-short story writing efforts.)

HOW MANY WORDS? About 350 to 400 words. Less if you have a photo or graphic to go with your story.

WHAT KIND OF CONTENT? We are looking for original prose, either fiction or non-fiction. First-person stories, anecdotes, memoirs would be welcome, but other genres would be considered as well, as long as they are your own original pieces.

CAN I GET SOME EXTRA COPIES FOR MYSELF? Certainly. Just let me know how many you would like. No charge.

WILL I GET FEEDBACK? I'll be happy to share with you any feedback I might get from others about your story.

WHERE DO I SEND A SUBMISSION? To Bill Boys either by email at williamboys@att.net (to save retyping) or by postal mail to 184 Reinhard Ave., Columbus OH 43206-2635.

OTHER QUESTIONS? Please ask; I'll get back to you.

Tips on writing short, short stories

Yes, it's challenging. The web has many sites, and particularly YouTube has videos, often less than 15 minutes long. Your library might have full-length books on the subject, too.

One succinct formula that I found on YouTube ran this way —

Find your key emotion. The revelation, the heart of the matter, the core meaning — all the same thing when it comes to short story writing. ...

Start with a hook. ...

Write the story. ...

Write a strong ending. ...

Reread your story. ...

Edit yourself. ...

Ask others for editing help.