

# ONE-PAGE STORIES

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# Dorothy and Her Cottage

BY CRYSTAL COON — COLUMBUS, OHIO

HISTORIC PRESERVATION AND CIVIC RELATIONS MANAGER OF THE GERMAN VILLAGE SOCIETY

**I**N THE FIRST HALF OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, German Village looked very different than it does today. It was more run down, full of old buildings in desperate need of repair, and was not considered a very nice place to live. However, all of that would begin to change in the '50s and '60s as a core group of people began restoring and preserving these beautiful homes.

One such person was a woman named Dorothy. In September of 1952, she bought a little cottage on City Park Avenue that was in rough shape. Soon after purchasing, she began the process of restoration, discovering handmade nails from the 19th century. As she continued to fix and preserve the little house, Dorothy made another discovery:



Dorothy's Cottage.

rough hewn logs just under the wood siding! She had bought a little log cabin right in the heart of the South Side!

The cottage had been home to many people throughout the years, including carpenters, plasterers, and families with seven children! It had been divided and lived in as double at one point and brought back to a single later.

Dorothy would continue her restoration of the little one and a half story cottage, and that would lead her towards a lifetime passion for the preservation of German Village. In 1960, the German Village Society was born in The Village, with Dorothy as a charter member and the group's first treasurer. The German Village Society, with historic preservation as its core mission, has continued to be an active part of the community, helping with efforts to make the South Side of Columbus a wonderful place to call home. After her work on the cottage, Dorothy and her husband Ralph would purchase and preserve several other homes in The Village.

# Memories of Schiller Park

BY FRANCES SCHNEIDER — COLUMBUS, OHIO

**T**AKE A WALK WITH ME.... We are at the entrance at Deshler and Jaeger. I see the asphalt walking path, once much wider, a loosely paved road to accommodate automobiles. As we traverse the parking lot, I see the “new” addition to the rec center, with its “new” gym. I remember getting reprimanded (and very muddy) for playing too close to the construction when it was built. The gigantic tree, well over 100 years old – a sequoia, I think – which stood just south of the rec center porch, is no longer there. I know many teenagers received their first kiss under that tree. Too bad it had to go.

The pond elicits many memories of ice skating and playing hockey. During winter break, we would burn discarded Christmas trees for warmth. I still smell the burning pine every time I walk by. Continuing on, I think of all the countless activities in which I was involved – cooking and sewing classes, 4-H, and Junior Achievement. I played softball, basketball, volleyball and gymnastics and learned many valuable life lessons.

Now I see the stone pillars that grace the entrance on Reinhard. The original pillars have been replaced, but my mind goes to the watercolor portrait of them, painted by my brother. Along Jaeger is the hill. Sledging was a major activity. Watching my friends try to go downhill standing erect on their sled, I was too scared to do so myself. I don't recall any of them do it successfully, always crashing on the way down.



Watercolor by George Schneider.  
(Original = 16 x 20".)

The playground was fun, but quickly outgrown. The giant slide turned into one hot, massive sheet of metal in the searing sun. One had to shimmy up the steep incline, trying to hold onto the hot metal long enough to reach the top. Often times my knees just couldn't take the burn. By the basketball court there was a cement swimming pool. One autumn, a friend of mine filled the pool with fallen leaves, “higher than he was tall.” He then dove headfirst into the leaves. Of course he hit the concrete bottom. He said it looked like so much fun when Snoopy did it. Oh well, he lived to tell about it.

We are back to where we started. Thanks for joining me today.

# Our Time in German Village

BILL BOYS — COLUMBUS, OHIO

**I**F YOU'VE READ THE FIRST TWO STORIES in this issue, you know there's a theme, of sorts. May is Historic Preservation Month for the German Village Society. The Village is a Preserve America Community, the first such in the state of Ohio.

Ruth and I were very lucky to be living here, although we had stayed with friends who lived here, then rented a vacation apartment here a year later. We loved the walkable, historic aura of this 233-acre neighborhood, one of the largest parcels in the National Register of Historical Places. Then we met seminary classmate Larry Kudart and his wife, Sandy, who invited us to buy their house! We were still living in Knoxville, Tennessee, with little thought of moving. But we did buy it (2013), and moved in full-time in 2015.

The Village, is governed by a historical zoning overlay that works to keep the exteriors historically consistent. Sometimes that seems like a bit of an obstacle. For example, our neighbors Ken and Tim can't put railings on their front steps because there's no historical evidence that their house ever had railings there.



Our house (l.) and our neighbor Greg's (r.), from the cover of the 2015 Haus und Garten Tour guidebook.

They often invite us over for celebratory meals, so they practically have to assist us up and down their steps now that we walk a little wobblier. And we can't replace our wood front porch flooring with composite-material boards for a longer lasting surface that doesn't need repainting, for the same overlay reasoning. But inside the homes and in back yards not visible from the street, those rules don't apply, so some of the modern *interiors* and *back yards* are marvels of modernism! If you ever get a chance to take the annual Haus und Garten Tour, in late June, you'll see for yourself.

Despite the limitations to altering the fronts and street views of houses, we applaud the historic overlay zoning because that's what keeps German Village beautifully historic, yet makes the Village suitable for modern living indoors. All of which helps support the preservation of German Village desirability. It really is like a *lovely village*, and less than a mile from downtown Columbus.

# Prayers Heard in My Classroom

MINDY MARFURT — COLUMBUS, OHIO

I’VE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO WORK WITH MANY children during my 30 year tenure for the public schools, but my favorite kids were a bunch of 6 and 7 year olds who made me laugh every day. One day, we were getting ready to play a game working on vocabulary skills, but one of my students, Ethan, kept banging on the circular table we were gathered around. I said, “Ethan, I kind of have a headache, so I would like it if you didn’t bang on the table.” Another child, Lindsey, said, “I think we should all have a prayer about keeping calm and helping Mrs. Mindy’s head.”

I said, “Okay. I’m all about a prayer session, but according to the rules of separation of church and state, this wasn’t my idea.”

So all eight of the kids bowed their heads, and some raised their folded hands above their heads and began to pray. Here is what I heard:

Lindsey: “Dear Lord, help Mrs. Mindy’s head. Help this white lady stay calm. Help us all stay calm.”

Jasmine: “God is great, God is good, let us thank him for our food.”

Tajinea: “Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

Ethan: “Oh, Jesus; Oh, Jesus; Oh, Jesus.”

Daevon: “Help us, Jesus; Help us, Jesus.”

Shania (singing a song from Beauty and the Beast): “Tale as old as Time . . . .”

I leaned over to her and asked, “Shania, are you singing ‘Beauty and the Beast’?”

“Yes”, she replied, “It’s the only song I know.”

As the prayers got louder, they tried to out-pray each other. I had my hands over my face to try not to laugh too loudly. They were adorable. As their “prayers” finished, I said, “Now Hallelujah! Did anybody else pray for Ethan to stop banging on the table? Cause my prayers haven’t been answered yet.”

Amen.

# My Introduction to the Navy

BY ANDREW JANTZ — ARLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

**T**HOUGH I WAS DESTINED TO BECOME a journalist in the Navy Reserve, my introduction to the military was, of course, basic training. My basic was at Naval Station Algiers, across the Mississippi from New Orleans. When I arrived at the base, one of my first thoughts was of partying in Bourbon Street in the French Quarter when I was off duty. I was quickly disabused of that plan. There was no such thing as “off duty” in basic. Every minute of every day was dictated by the senior petty officers (POs). My first evening we were given some beginning instruction on mustering. After a 15 minute meal we were given some introductory instruction on preparation of our uniforms. So we all spent the rest of the night ironing and polishing. We were instructed to muster at 5 am on the parade ground.



After a few hours of sleep we were roused and began readying ourselves. About five minutes before the hour we headed for the field to muster. As we turned the corner around a building, heading to the field, we suddenly heard all kinds of shouting and yelling from the petty officers to run. We ran to them and got into a crude formation. The POs, still yelling, told us that when we are told to muster at a particular time, we must be in perfect formation 15 minutes beforehand, awaiting the POs. We got the message.

Fast forward a couple of days, when my unit was in a classroom, waiting for academic instruction. The PO entered the room, and told us there was first going to be an inspection. That did not worry me, as I knew my uniform was in perfect readiness. We were all standing. The PO was inspecting the first row, and stopped before one man. He said to him, “Your shoes are improperly tied.” Then he looked at the rest of us and said “Give me twenty.” A little confused, we all dropped to the floor and did twenty push-ups. Then the PO told us that some of us might not understand why we all had to do push-ups because someone else tied his shoes improperly. I was in that puzzled category. Then he explained that it’s not all about making sure that you are ready for inspection. You must also inspect your shipmates in order to make sure that they too are ready. “You’re a team,” he said with emphasis. “You must look out for each other. Always. There might come a time when your lives are dependent on each other.”

# A Tragic Life Lesson

BY JULIAN HUTCHINSON — SPARTA, WISCONSIN

**I**N 1951, AFTER TWO YEARS OF COLLEGE, I flunked out. No big deal. There was a war on, so I was going to get drafted. And probably killed! Organic Chemistry and Physics weren't necessary. What a hoot! The \$130 tuition was a scam. No college for me. What a relief!

Now, in the late fall of 1953, after my army service, I was up in the north woods looking for work. A paper company forester finally hired me. He warned me I would start at the bottom using an axe as a "swamper" and living in a tar paper barracks. He said, "It is cold, hard labor from morning until night six days a week unless the temperature is lower than minus thirty, then no work – but no pay either." I asked about the salary, and he said it was \$1.06 an hour with deductions for room and board. The rules were no guns, no fighting, and no homosexual acts.



Logging Camp #10.

Another swamper was a mid-fifty-year-old man named Frankie Milwaukee, or Milwaukee Frank, depending on who asked. He could not read or write. He only knew that when a baby, he had been found in a dumpster. Frankie had elimination problems. Bad, bad problems. Nature would call, but the poor man had no time to squat; he remained standing, pulled down his heavy trousers, bent over, and sprayed out poop like a fire hose. When I would see brown droplets frozen on a twig, I knew Frankie had passed that way.

Toward spring, layoff notices were given. Frankie was the first to go. That night, when the temperature was minus twenty, we left him in front of a rundown hotel. As we drove away, I looked back and saw him standing alone by a four-foot-high snowbank, all his belongings in a pillowcase. I was told that after deductions, Frankie had been paid \$13.54 for his winter's wages. Now, his guts were shot. He had no family, nor would he have any Social Security for a long time.

I thought, that would be me thirty years from now if I didn't get an education. The next day, I phoned the administration office and re-entered college.

# Deja Vu on a Bicycle

By KATHLEEN J. ZWANZIGER — COLUMBUS, OHIO

I AM GETTING OLD, PERHAPS HEADING TO “ANCIENT.” Yesterday, when I was out for my daily (well, *almost* daily) walk, I was halfway up the block when I heard my cell phone notify me that I had received an email. Since I was expecting an answer to a question I had just sent, I stopped, moved even closer to the side of the street, took out my cell phone, and checked the message. I made a brief reply, then continued my walk.

At the first corner, I made a right-hand turn; at the second corner, I turned left. I noticed someone in a dark hoodie coming down the middle of the street. (I live in a residential neighborhood, with short blocks and infrequent traffic.) The dark-colored hoodie was pulled over part of the face. In his left hand, he was carrying a white plastic bag with an item or two in it while he was steering his bicycle with the same hand! In his right hand, he held a cell phone. Whether he was texting or merely reading a text, I don't know. Regardless, how could he see where he was going? There may not be much moving traffic on the street, but there are always several parked cars. I was amazed! He must not have had ear buds in or at least the volume was low enough that he could hear me when I said, “You are certainly more multi-talented than I!” He glanced at me and continued his ride.

Shaking my head, hoping he would arrive at his destination safely, I continued my walk. My thoughts immediately reverted to about 35 years ago. I had traveled those same streets on my older son's bicycle to get some bread from the (now long-gone) bakery just another block away. I put the bread in a backpack so it would not interfere with steering the bike. Then I happened to see a small saddle stool sitting on the curb. “Oh, I think I could use that!” No matter that the webbing was ruined; I could fix it. It would work well as a desk chair. I picked it up and continued home, very carefully holding it out from my body. All went well until I turned into the driveway. The delicate balance was upset: one of the legs caught between the spokes and down I went. My elbow hurt! A neighbor took me to Urgent Care and my arm was put in a sling — just in time for vacation. I guess that's why I was so concerned about the young man in the middle of the street.



# Frequent Flyer

AUDREY HARKONEN — COLUMBUS, OHIO

**T**HE EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT (ED) TERM “frequent flyer” refers to patients with chronic illnesses, injuries, or issues causing them to visit the hospital often. Dorothy\*, or “Dotty,” a frequent flyer, was a small, plain-looking woman in her fifties. She lived in the low-income housing complex near the hospital as well as many of the local dive bars. While her frequent visits to the ED were not due to illness or disease, she was prone to injury. Dotty’s broken bones, cuts, scrapes, black eyes, chipped teeth were the result of inebriation and confrontation. On one occasion she was brought in by local police. Apparently, she had difficulty finding her house keys and sat down on the steps to rummage through her purse. She passed out due to alcohol intoxication and was discovered by police on a freezing January morning.

Regardless of the reason for her visits, she was an amazing ray of sunshine. Smiling, laughing, calling everyone “Honey,” she insisted she was fine, and we were making an unnecessary fuss. A “boyfriend”/ drinking buddy would take a poke at her, knock her off a bar stool and the ambulance would be called. As she was wheeled into the ED, she would greet everyone and assure us she was fine. She would even flirt with the attractive young EMTs, much to their embarrassment. For Dotty, a broken hip due to a fall was “nothing.”

We had not seen Dotty for quite some time. But then I heard laughing and giggling in the hall outside my office. A group of my staff and ED nurses were gathered around someone. The center of attention was Dotty. She wore a pants suit, probably from Goodwill, but clean and pressed. Her hair was washed and combed. She even had lipstick on! Dotty’s sister in Florida had offered to let her stay, but she had to be sober. For 90 days, Dotty had been in rehab. Her sister had sent the money for a Greyhound bus ticket as a test. Would Dotty buy the ticket or “drink” the money?

Dotty had bought the ticket after rehab. She stopped by the hospital on her way to the bus station to say goodbye. She wanted to thank us for taking care of her. She was on her way to a new life, a sober life, with her family.

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\*Not her real name.

# My 1963 VW Cabriolet

By TOM DUFFEY — REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

**J**UST OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL I JOINED THE ARMY for three years, two of them in Germany. While there, I bought a brand-new VW Cabriolet for \$2,300. It was a pretty car, the color of turquoise; had it shipped back to the States for \$100.



An image from the web of that model. Mine had a white top, though.

My former next-door neighbor was living with her parents, after a brief marriage and the birth of a daughter several months prior to my homecoming. I had a crush on her in high school.

My thought was to head west together, the three of us in the VW, through three time zones and find a 24-hour wedding chapel in Las Vegas. My best man was a cab driver; 20 bucks! A lady held the baby. They assumed it was mine. We then drove on to Anaheim and found a small apartment two blocks from Disneyland. We had a view of “Magic Mountain” from a second-floor window. I got a job in a sheet-metal shop helping to make heat shields for the early satellites. But she became homesick so we made plans to return to Ohio. Three days before Christmas the car and a small trailer was loaded.

Driving on the LA freeway doing about 65 mph, all of a sudden – Wham! – we’re doing 75 to 90. It was surreal like a dream. The trailer broke loose and the car careened up a steep embankment, flipping end over end back down several times, landing upright. The tires were flat. I could feel my head hit the ground through the soft top every time it rolled over. The horn stuck, which created a maddening sound effect. My first thought was to recover the baby, screaming in the back seat. Thank God, she seemed okay and in one piece. A witness told us that a new Pontiac smashed into the back of us. He had fallen asleep at the wheel and hit us at full speed.

The next day, I called his insurance company. They sent an adjuster to meet with us. It was now two days before Christmas and he knew we were anxious to go home. The first thing he did was wave around medical release papers for us to sign. As it turned out, we got enough to buy plane tickets back to Ohio with a little left over.

The marriage broke up soon after. We got back together fifteen years later but that did not last either. So it goes.

# You Couldn't Make This Up

BY JULIAN HUTCHINSON — SPARTA, WISCONSIN

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, MY FIRST WIFE AND I were driving south on I-94 after visiting our son in Hudson, Wisconsin. Both of us, being creative and both recently becoming involved in a community theatre play, had minds cruising almost as fast as our newly purchased, shiny, used red four-door Caddie.

We had been notified in the last twenty-four hours that she was the set designer, and I was the special effects dude. It had to be one of those rare moments when two red-hot, smokin' minds work in conjunction, and tongues can hardly express thoughts quickly enough. We saw a big Black Angus sign coming up announcing food and fuel, and we jointly declared the need for both. I dropped Patricia off at the door, filled the tank, parked, and then located her in a booth, where we enjoyed pie and coffee while continuing to create an Academy Award winner.

Upon leaving, I gave her the keys so she could get the car while I settled up and answered nature's call. With a brain still occupied with optical illusions, I hastily replaced the credit card in my billfold and, without paying attention, pushed open the heavy restroom door.

But something was amiss! There were no urinals – only a row of closed booth doors. Oh my God! I was in the ladies' room! I spun to leave when the front door began to open. At this point, I lost all power to think. As the door opened, I stepped behind it! She entered a booth, and I started to leave. However, another booth door opened, and a lady strode to a lavatory sink. I was paralyzed with fear! As the lady washed her hands, she looked into the wall-to-wall mirror. Her eyes met mine, and I saw intense fear!

I quickly ran from the ladies' room and joined my wife by our car just outside. Her eyes showed panic. I asked what was wrong. She nodded to a group of people standing by a big red car looking at us. "I got confused and tried to get into the wrong car. The keys wouldn't work. Then those people came. Shouting!" I realized they were now trying to figure out what to do about the pervert who had sneaked into the ladies' room and his wife who had tried to steal their car! I yelled, "Let's get out of here!" We drove back to the interstate, laughing and keeping a close eye in the rearview mirror, afraid of seeing the flashing lights of the state cops.



## Contributors Welcome

You needn't be a NAPA member, but members are definitely invited.

**WHAT KIND OF CONTENT?** Your own original prose, unpublished elsewhere – fiction or non-fiction. Personal narratives, anecdotes and memoirs especially welcome. Other genres considered except poetry.

**HOW MANY WORDS?** About 350 to 400 words. (Less if you have an image to fit in with your story, and I encourage them.)

**CAN I GET SOME EXTRA COPIES FOR MYSELF?** Certainly. Just let me know how many you would like. (Free.)

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

**WHERE DO I SEND MY SUBMISSION?** To Bill Boys, email at [williamboys@att.net](mailto:williamboys@att.net).

## Another Source for Zine Ideas

Your public library is likely to have books about zine design, zine making, and zine specimens. I haven't read any of these myself, but just saying: there are print resources besides the videos available on YouTube.

I searched the catalogue of my Columbus Metropolitan Library and these four were among the seven that popped up:

*Whatcha Mean, What's A Zine? The Art of Making Zines and Mini Comics*, by Mark Todd. (All copies in use, even!)

*Stolen Sharpie Revolution: A DIY Resource for Zines and Zine Culture*, by Alex Wrekk.

*Copy Machine Manifestos: Artists Who Make Zines*, by Branden Wayne Joseph.

*Language Barrier: Zines, Comics, and Other Fragments*, by Hannah K. Lee.