

Author's BAZAAR

ONLINE

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It seems appropriate that much of the storytelling in this issue of *Author's Bazaar* takes place in a winter setting after the country suffered through storms during December.

Sheryl L. Nelms writes of cold wind and dry ice, Kathleen DesHostel entertains us with a southern view of snowflakes and Joanne Faries takes us on a ski outing, which is a chapter from her forthcoming memoir, "Athletic Antics." You can read more about her writing [here](#).

Louise Fusfeld shares the second in a series about Wrinkie, a dog who survives a bout with rat poison. My brother, Richard Rea, describes a losing battle with critters common to his Ozark Mountain country.

World War II remembrances were written by Hugh Sin-

gleton, who regales us with a hair-raising story about an incident that occurred while he was a member of a helicopter squadron, and Paul King, who describes how he continued to beat the odds of washing out of the naval flight program.

Greg McKelvey, an innovative photographer, describes and illustrates how he employs a computer program to help create artful images he took during a trip to the Republic of Namibia in southern Africa.

You are invited to share the favorite photographic image that you took during 2013 in the February issue of *Author's Bazaar*. Send the image as an e-mail attachment and describe the image briefly as part of the message. My e-mail address is deanrea@comcast.net. The deadline for participating in this annual event is January 25.

Cold Wind in Wyoming

By Sheryl L. Nelms

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blown
down from
the Bitterroots
twelve
cumulus
clouds
puff by
in a
row
ponderosa
pines
moan and sway
geese
hunker
on open
water
waiting for
spring

FOTOS=FRACTALS=FUN

By Greg McKelvey

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Henry Raymundo and I snapped nearly 25,000 images during a recent month-long potographic workshop to Namibia in southern Africa where we toured the coastal sand dunes, the dry deserts and the rivers flowing from Anglodie in the Kalahari basin.

Part of the challenge is capturing that one photo of an elephant doing something interesting. Hence, the camera settings are AI Saveo and fast burst. Moreover, we did get some nice photos, keepers as I call them.

Henry showed me how he used this Fractalius program and got me hooked enough to give it a few mouse clicks. I like it as a way to make art from photos I took.

A fractal is the mathematics of irregular shapes or time. It is also cool art that is made from math.

In the 1960s, Benoit Mandelbrot, a French mathematician wanted to know the length of Britain's coast. How

would you really measure it? Building on the work of others, he named the new geometry fractal as he thought that each of the approximations of the coastal shape would look to be only fractions of the total. It was not until the powerful computers were available that he was able to see a photo of what he was developing.

This math as applied to existing images interests me. Take a good image, open and process in Photoshop and manipulate it with the Redfield company program, Fractalius, and change the image to an interesting art form.

How it works is to open the Fractalius plugin and then either use the preset templates or manipulate the slider bars to engage the mathematics of irregular lines. Have fun until you like what you see. It can be that simple or as complex as you wish. Make them into pencil sketches, quilt looking images or abstract forms. It is all in math and your eye.

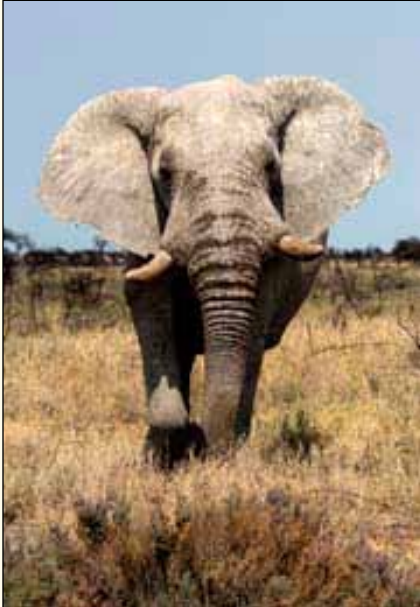
I am delighted with the results of the photographic workshop and more than pleased with the results. Thanks to Henry and the \$39.95 for the program, I am experiencing a different side of my photography. While Fractalius does not take the place of good photos, it is fun to experiment and to learn.

<http://www.redfieldplugins.com/filterFractalius.htm>

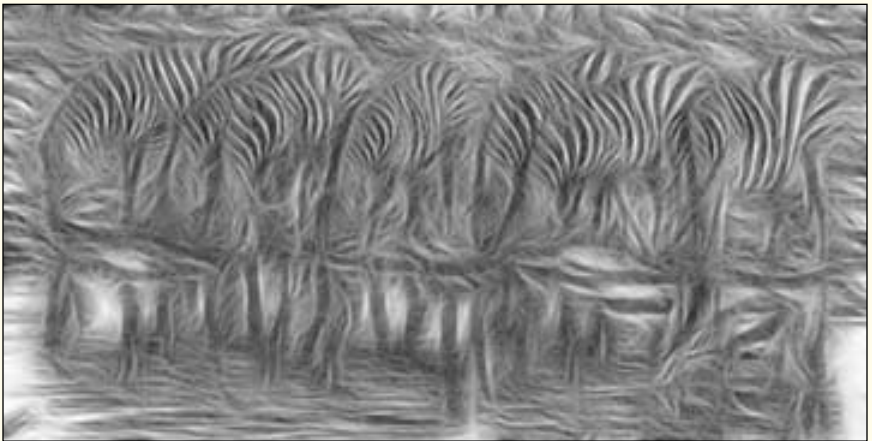
The sunset in Namibia to the artistic rendition. I like them both and both have a potential use.



African Elephant five meters from the vehicle.
Fractal Elephant!



Zebras at the watering hole, Black & White pencil sketch Fractal Zebras



Sand dunes.





RETURN FROM THE RIVER STYX

By Louise Fusfeld
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They say there's a dog at the River Styx who accompanies voyagers headed to the underworld. If this is true, Wrinkie got close enough to smell his backsides and to come back to tell the tale.

Wrinkie was not adopted, like most dogs, but was born into our family. He and his mom, Terry, patrolled the backyard gate, which was next to a sidewalk well used by ominous pedestrians. The trick was to wait until the unsuspecting marauder was right at the gate and then explode a

rapid volley of loud barks intended to unbalance the prey's psyche. Women gasped, children shrieked and men swore. As much as we loved our sweet doggies, we couldn't help but see that they created a sort of Terror Zone on Jacon Way.

One afternoon after returning home from a swim lesson, Mom told us the horrible news. Wrinkie had eaten rat poison and was in intensive care at the veterinarian's. He was hemorrhaging internally, and she didn't know if he would survive the night. We figured the poison had been thrown over the gate in a hamburger. Hamburgers are like sirens to dogs, and as Wrinkie wasn't tied to the mast, he must have just gobbled it down. There was a dog murderer on the loose. Who would want to kill our soft-skinned, little brown dog?

That night I had a strange dream. It was night and there was a full moon. I opened the front door to get a better look at the glowing, white orb. and Wrinkie, uncharacteristically, ran through my legs and toward the street. I tried to call to him, but no words came. When he reached the street, it had turned into a dark, slow-flowing river and a long, low boat with a huge, three-headed mastiff pulled up to where Wrinkie waited on the bank. Wrinkie stepped into the boat with reluctance but as if following the com-



mand of a loved one. The mastiff growled at him, then snarled. Wrinkie cowered, but stayed in the boat. Finally, the Stygian beast picked up Wrinkie by the scruff of his neck with his center head, shook him three

times and flung him back onto our front lawn. Wrinkie, shaken and bleeding, ran up the stairs and into the house.

Early the next morning my mother received the news that Wrinkie had survived the night. The vitamin K they had given him had helped to stop the internal bleeding, and he was well enough to go home that day.

Wrinkie not only survived the poisoning, but also lived to be 17, the equivalent of 119 people years. We believe he may even have outlived his poisoner. I hate to think of the reception a dog murderer would get by that three-headed mastiff on the way down the River Styx.



It wasn't just fun—was it?

By Hugh Singleton

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The entire HTU-1 squadron was mustered on the flight line behind the administration building a Saturday morning in the early spring of 1952. The chief of Naval Air Basic Training was aboard Ellyson Field to conduct a personnel inspection of his smallest training facility.

We had not yet reached our full complement, but we had sufficient manpower to begin training naval pilots to fly helicopters and to conduct rescue operations for the red-hot “police action” going on in Korea.

The importance of our function brought about the quick recommissioning of Ellyson Field, a World War II Marine Corps facility. Helicopter Training Unit 1 was commissioned and stationed aboard Ellyson Field. The Navy's only helicopter school began skeleton operations immediately.

It would be a year before the school was fully functional and almost that long before HTU-1 reached its full complement of men and equipment. Graduates of the school, however, began flying rescue missions in Korea in half that time.

I was assigned from boot camp to HTU-1 in June of 1951. Recruits learned to keep an “inspection uniform” ready at all times and that the uniform was to be worn only for personnel inspections. The shoes were as glossy as patent leather and the white piping was spotless, as was the white hat; most sailors were justifiably proud of their inspection gear.

On this breezy spring morning in Pensacola, Florida, my uniform was ready for inspection but, sadly, my hair was not. I was a yeoman; my job code was that of a court reporter and my work came in spurts. During the week preceding this personnel inspection I was busy with a court martial, which meant that I had no time to visit the squadron barber.

To be absolutely truthful, I had forgotten about the inspection until the base was secured on the Friday afternoon before the inspection on Saturday when I saw the line of sailors waiting to get their haircuts. My God, I thought. I am sunk. I cannot leave the base because I am on duty un-

til tomorrow at eight o'clock. I have no excuse to be absent from this thing, and my hair will never pass inspection. Awful scenarios flashed through my head. I slept very little that night.

To stand in formation was embarrassing because my long hair was immediately noticed by everyone near me. “You dumb recruit” and “you’re up shit creek” as well as less kind comments drifted past my red ears, and I steeled myself for a three-star rebuke when the admiral and his en-



tourage stepped smartly onto the flight line and began their ramrod pace down the first rank. I was in the second rank, and I noted the admiral's incredibly stern countenance as he turned into the second rank and approached my position. Here he comes! I mentally braced for the worst.

I was not a particularly religious kid, although I had discussed with my Dad how he felt about religion in general and God in particular. I did not consciously pray, but accepting that there is a God and that he knows what we need, I later had no doubt that He had heard my silent plea. As the admiral passed the man two spaces to my left, a puff of wind lifted my collar straight up, effectively hiding my hair. It remained upright until the group passed.

I stood there in wonder. While my expression remained unchanged, I grinned widely inside in relief. Call it luck if you will, but to this day I am absolutely certain that divine forces took pity on me that morning. You can be sure that I never allowed myself to get into such a predicament again, and I was present in the squadron chapel for church services on Sundays thereafter.

Narrow Squeak

By Paul King

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It had been chilly in Oklahoma in the spring of 1945, and members of my battalion were feeling cocky as we boarded a train headed for Corpus Christi on the sunny gulf coast of Texas. After all, each of us had nearly 100 hours of piloting experience, including spin recovery, night and formation flight, aerobatics and landing in 200-foot circles.

We were filled with hubris. We had mastered the open cockpit Stearmans in primary and thought the SNJs would be a piece of cake. Not so. Some of our buddies had washed out and more would fail in heavier, faster and more complex aircraft in Texas.

The SNJ had twice the power and velocity of the Stearman. Its glide path was steeper and it stalled at a surprisingly higher speed than the trainers we flew in Norman, Oklahoma. Now, we would have to deal with retractable landing gear, adjustable landing flaps, air-gasoline mixture

control, adjustable prop pitch, radio communication and instrument flying. No more head in the wind, seat of the pants, carefree romps in the bi-winged Stearmans.

Some of our buddies would be unable to take this formidable step toward wings of gold.

On the other hand, we were keenly aware of moving toward becoming officers and gentlemen. Billed hats replaced our soft campaign caps, and we no longer stood in a chow line but were served seated at round tables with white tablecloths by mess stewards. And the Navy's obsession with physical training moved from daily circuits of the grinder to pick your own activity: swim, play softball or toss a football, but do it daily.

SNJs were equipped with a loud horn, which blared when a plane reached the landing pattern with its wheels still up. Surviving cadets, just before they washed out, often told the squadron board: "I couldn't hear the tower on the radio. That danged horn was making too much noise."

Two ground devices also challenged us. One was the Dilbert Dunker. The other was the instrument trainer. Both employed a mockup fuselage and cockpit.

The instrument trainer alternated with flights with an instructor, the cadet in a hooded cockpit in an SNJ. But controls in the ground trainer didn't respond to the same

touch as those in the air and a few more cadets were banished from the flight program.

The Dilbert Dunker was another fiendish device, and it was all about survival while ditching a plane, which always was a hazard when botching a carrier landing or crashing at sea. A short tower connected a set of rails with a swimming pool. The pitch was about 45 degrees. A cadet climbed into a section of SNJ fuselage and strapped himself in. The operator released the dummy cockpit so it swiftly descended the track, abruptly inverting and sending sled and cadet, head downward, toward the bottom of the pool.



If the pilot releases himself before his Corsair pursuit plane hits the water, his head will slam into a gunsight mounted over the instrument panel. This will stun him at least and render him unconscious at worst. He must hold his breath long enough to loosen his safety harness, kick loose downward, sideways and swim upward to the surface.

My personal challenge came in crosswind landings at one of the six outlying fields, each dedicated to a different phase of training and scattered over a 20-mile stretch. Each field was equipped with paved runways and a control tower, and some had barracks to boot.

We had practiced this tricky maneuver in Stearmans, but the SNJ was a different animal. If a plane has a port-side crosswind, the pilot must head at an angle to his port-side. The angle will depend on the wind strength. Thus, his plane, still at an angle, must be on a glide path precisely paralleling the center line on the runway.

At the very last moment and just at stalling speed, the pilot uses his right rudder pedal to straighten the plane so that the landing gear is pointing straight and precisely aligned with the center line. A challenging maneuver. And that day, I didn't get it right.

My right wheel hit the runway. For one sickening mo-

ment my right wing dipped and banged on the runway as the plane lurched from side to side. But I got it under control and taxied onto the grass. Then I inspected the damage, which appeared minor, and radioed home for aid. Once again, as in my emergency at Norman, another plane showed up with pilot and mechanic. We swapped planes after they decided the damage was insufficient to declare it unflyable.

I was called before a squadron board the next morning, sweating and fumbling with a coin, my flight talisman. It slipped and rolled toward the table seating three solemn officers. An officer picked it up and said, "I think you'll want to keep this." Uh, oh, I thought. Big trouble.

But the board members were grinning. They told me that the Navy had invested considerable time and money in me and offered me extra crosss-wind training hours, followed by a check ride with an instructor. "We note that you saved a Stearman and were commended in Norman for your emergency landing," the chairman said. "We think you're a keeper."

Armistice with Japan came two weeks later after I conquered those pesky crosswind landings. Did the talisman help? I like to think so. I still have it, and it works at the poker table, too.

snowflakes

By Kathleen DesHotel
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A Northerner can catch snowflakes in his mouth.
Not here. Snowflakes seldom fall in the Deep South.
No snowmen or snow angels or snowball fight
Is predicted for our particular site.
We have freezes, sleet and even hurricanes.
Kids float boats in the streets after heavy rains.
The source of “snow” men in this fine southern town
Comes from wet mud in various shades of brown.
Nope, no 6-sided snowflakes in these parts fall.
If you live in the north, enjoy those flakes, y’all!



Black Walnut Caper

By Richard Gail Rea
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Nuts on various trees begin their final maturing here in the Ozarks during the fall. One of these trees is the black walnut.

When the walnuts fall from the tree, it is time to harvest the “fruit.” The nut has to be dehulled, the inner hull cracked open and the walnut “meat” extracted. The meat of the walnut is baked in cookies and bread or eaten raw as a treat.

For the novice, the outer hull is thick and hard. The inner hull is a rough, hard shell and usually takes a good solid blow with a hammer or some other object to break it open to get to the meat. Dehulling a walnut and “picking out the meat” is not a quick, easy or clean job. The outer hull leaves a lasting stain on hands and clothes.

It seemed only natural to have mature black walnut trees shade my present home in Fayetteville, Arkansas. True to the timing of the year, our yard becomes covered

with green-hulled walnuts. Just walk out the door, pick up a walnut, remove the green hull, open the inner hull and remove the meat for a treat.

To me, with the help of my two children, the idea of getting all the walnuts picked up and removing the outer hull one at a time was a waste of time and effort. An idea of mine was to employ a “modern method.”

First, we would pick up the walnuts and place them in the tire ruts of the gravel driveway, and second, drive over them for two or three days and rid them of their outer hulls. This we did. The evening of the second day I noticed what seemed to be a reduced number of green nuts. After a careful inspection I discovered the driveway was covered with hulls, but the nut meat was gone.

Looking around I saw a dozen or so squirrels lined up along the curb waiting, probably for the second helping that never came. As a matter of fact, I never picked up the walnuts again. I let the “fuzzy tailed” yard workers do their job.

Some 35 years after trying this “modern method” of dehulling the walnuts, they have become a nuisance again when mowing or raking leaves.

One day I noticed a bunch of walnuts lined the water run-off ditch along the side of the house. Walnuts had fall-



en and rolled into this one particular area. I knew they would have to be picked up and re-located before the next rain, or they would act as a dam and the water would run under the house.

So, the following morning I got up, checked my 80-plus-year-old

back and found it feeling fine. I got my gloves and a bucket and proceeded to pick up the walnuts. Well, you guessed it. When I got to the ditch, I was amazed. Not one single walnut was in sight. I checked around the ditch and yard and did not see one single nut. I did, however, see several bushy tailed critters in the trees and along the street curb watching me with expectant eyes.

Now where do you think those walnuts went?

DRY ICE

By Sheryl L. Nelms
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snow
slides
in

whirled
wisps
across

the
iced
surface
of Granite Lake

like
white

dust
devils

twirling

Tow Tumble

By Joanne Faries

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“Let’s join Ski Club,” said one of the gang: Trish, Helen or Joan.

“Why?” I asked.

“Cute guys.” That tended to be a typical answer, especially if it involved sports.

We amassed activities for our college applications, and Ski Club would show we were well rounded scholar-athletes. Hot chocolate hogs was more like it.

What the heck. I never skied before, and this would be an inexpensive way to find out if I liked it. I watched Olympics. How hard could it be?

Ski Club at North Penn High School was a loosely organized group of students. Dedicated to not being a clique, it was free-spirited and organic in nature. There were no formal meetings, no dues, no projects or fundraising ventures. The goal was a group discount at nearby Doe Moun-

tain during winter ski season. I doubted that Doe counted as part of the Pocono Mountains in northeastern Pennsylvania. It was more of a pre-mountain, but it was close enough for an hour bus trip after school.

In 1975 gas was cheap, and it didn't require an act of Congress to corral a bus. I think we paid a trip fee, which covered the bus driver and insurance. One basic in case of medical emergency form to sign, but that did not require a parent's signature. There probably was a Ski Club adviser. I'd have to dig out the yearbook later to see who it was, again not important because this wasn't a pivotal life-changing group. Some kids had their own gear, but most of us counted on rentals.

My memory is hazy, especially since I was a one-trip-



only member of the Ski Club. (I'm embarrassed to admit I did list it in the yearbook — totally bogus.) Trips were haphazardly timed. I

think someone checked conditions, and there would be notification on morning announcements that the next day

the bus would leave for Doe Mountain at three thirty. You didn't have to sign up ahead of time. Instead you loaded onto the bus with money and cold weather gear. It was a laid back group, not the super jocks since they were locked into basketball or indoor training for spring football or track.

Once the girls decided to go on a ski trip, we of course, had to shop. We had ski jackets already, after all it was Pennsylvania, and it snowed. However, it was imperative to get the right ski hat, gloves and matching scarf. We didn't want to commit a fashion faux pas or all match. So blue for one, purple for another, red and yellow. Minimal outlay of funds, but we were stylish. Helen even bought cool goggles.

Now we were looking good and pumped for powder. The energy level and noise on the bus was infectious. Everyone chattered, and we gleaned information without appearing too green.

“So, what do we do when we get there?”

“Get your tag and equipment, then stand in line.” This was said in an off-hand manner, like yeah, stupid, go ski.

There was a lot of discussion on powder, speed and tales from the black slopes. I seriously questioned if there was a wall of death on Doe Mountain, an innocuous name. How-

ever, sport talk involved one-upsmanship and bragging. I had nothing to contribute, nor could I question prowess. I kept my eyes and ears open, and got psyched to ski.

Members of the Ski Club piled out of the bus and were told to return at exactly eight. It was around five, so plenty of time for adventure. The air was nippy, but not raw, and the sun glowed deep orange as it slipped toward sunset. We followed the herd, were tagged, fitted for boots and skis and given poles.

Now all we knew was to get up the mountain, and then point 'em downhill. We had no guides, no cute guys on the bus chose to spend the evening with us. The serious skiers already had done a run. We were stiff-legged and uncoordinated, our skis crossing. We almost tripped over ourselves. We managed to get out of the way of the regulars and looked at a map of the mountain. The chair lifts took skiers to the blue and beyond levels. To go up on the green, you had to ride the towrope.

A huge cable system churned and circulated from bottom to the top of the mountainside. Skiers held their poles in their left hand, maintained balance and held onto the cable rope with their right, keeping skis in the grooved path. In essence the rope did the work. At any point, you could let go and push off to your left to ski down. Sounded

simple and looked simple, but my heart fluttered. Balance and coordination, plus dependence on the right hand were a bit problematic.

“I’m going up,” Trish proclaimed. She maneuvered into line, and the rest of us followed. We had time to get ourselves situated and watched the people ahead. Worker bees kept the line moving and made sure people were spaced apart so there was room for skis. It was my turn to grab hold and go. My skis skittered in the tracks, and that made my body twist. The rope seemed to lurch, and it was hard to



hold on in slick ski gloves. The ski poles in my left hand wavered and slipped.

My worst fears came to life. One pole escaped me, and I instinctively grabbed it. I fumbled the move completely, and my skis criss-crossed. I slid wonky from the towrope and fell to the wrong side of the mountain. I cratered into chunks of ice and packed snow boulders. I flailed, flipped

to my stomach, flopped some more and could not get up. Meanwhile, I heard the dreaded whistle, horn and collective groan of all skiers on the rope. It came to a halt, and the ski patrol arrived to rescue me. This was utterly embarrassing. No spotlights, but I held up the whole mountain. Lean stud ski dudes (all still wearing shaded goggles) managed to get me upright and asked, “You want back on the rope?”

“No, thank you. I’ll try to ski down from here,” I said. “Thank you.” I was situated on the correct side of the mountain away from the towrope line. It ground back into motion to plenty of cheers. A few jeers blasted from unhappy skiers who moved past me. But soon the rope bubbled along, unlike me. I was rooted to my spot, unnerved by the whole experience. I knew my face flushed, and despite the crisp night air, I sweated profusely. My friends were long gone. I had urged them to not hover. “Go ski. I’m fine. Move away from this disaster.” They obliged.

I never had a lesson, so I imitated ski motions around me: chunked the ski poles to the ground to push, and began to pick up speed. Wind rushed through the hair sticking out from under my cap. My glasses offered some protection from fading sun glare, but I squinted and my eyes watered. Too fast, I was going way too fast. My brain urged me to stay on the slope. Do not glide into the hinterlands.

Lights were on, which made weird shadow interplay as people slalomed or raced. Sounds muffled by the snow — the swoosh; swoosh of sharp edges cutting the powder. Mustn't fall.

I managed to snowplow my skis and to slow down so that I inched down the slope. Little kids raced by me, clad in cute snowsuits, no poles needed. Inwardly I seethed at my pathetic lack of skills. I tried to ski to the side, to not hinder traffic and to stay upright. I owed it to the ski patrol members to not give them another rescue. Finally, I arrived at the bottom, exhausted. Joan waved to me. She and Helen sipped cups of cocoa. Trish skied another round. We checked the time and killed an hour. I thought it was midnight by now. Only six. Two hours to go.

Trish rejoined and urged us to try one more time. I mustered the strength and managed to not fall off the tow rope. There were a few precarious moments, but I salvaged my dignity. We took our time, and yes, I guess you could call it ski. We glided down the lowest slope on two sticks.

At eight we boarded the bus and slumped into our seats. A few guys discussed their ultimate runs, but conversation tapered off into a collective weariness. Coming out of fresh cold air into a steamy bus, my eyes drooped and I snoozed. My feet were lead and muscles I'd never used before ached.

The next day at school, we proudly wore our ski jackets with the Doe Mountain tag. True Ski Club members had stacks of them attached to the zipper. My lone tag hung forlorn until spring when my mother threw it away prior to stuffing the coat into the washer. She didn't understand the symbolism, not of utter failure (time healed that wound), but of athletic endeavor.

Doe Mountain proved daunting despite its sweet gleaming white snow and pristine demeanor. I ignored Ski Club announcements for the rest of the winter.