

SASP

NEWS

December 2020

Another "Stay Home Stay Healthy" Issue



Looks like we won't be meeting for a while, due to Covid-19 concerns

Spokane Authors and Self-Publishers
P. O. Box 18573
Spokane, WA 99228-0573



Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!

Spokane Authors and Self-Publishers (SASP) began in 1998 when *Chuck O’Conner, Elmer Freeman, Joe Meiners, and Dan Vollmer*, Spokane area authors, formed a club in order to share knowledge and experience with those interested in writing and alternative ways of publishing. Today, SASP is a large non-profit organization dedicated to anyone with interests in any aspect of writing and art. Members include aspiring (and successful) authors, poets, journalists, illustrators, editors, publishers, printers, writing instructors, and many others. Monthly luncheon meetings provide inspiration and education by way of knowledgeable and entertaining guest speakers, and the cheerful camaraderie of people sharing common interests and goals. Membership is open to all who love writing, art, and interesting people.

Spokane Authors and Self-Publishers **meets** the first Thursday of each month at **Golden Corral**, 7117 N. Division Street, in Spokane.

Presentations begin at **2:30 pm**. The room opens at **2:00 pm** so members and guests can dine, visit, join, pay dues, browse, and perhaps buy each other’s books. After short break, members and guests relate their accomplishments, mention upcoming activities, and we draw for door prizes. Members and guests must be present to win.

Attendees are requested to buy lunch upon entering the establishment, and to leave an appropriate tip for the waiter/waitress.

Membership benefits include listing on the SASP website, www.spokaneauthors.org. Many members provide short biographies and links to external personal websites, creating more marketing exposure. Current members may list and describe their published works on the SASP website and offer their work for sale at meetings. (Visit the “members” page on our web-site to connect with members’ web-pages. Our “links” page connects to interesting on-line locations, including those of many SASP members.)

Guest speakers inform, inspire, and entertain with a variety of topics designed to provide knowledge about writing and publishing.

SASP members are encouraged to purchase or trade completed works of and with fellow members. They are also encouraged to donate copies of their work as door prizes. Winners of others’ work are expected to provide a review.

Note: SASP no longer transports name tags and display books to and from meetings. Your name tag is yours to keep and maintain. Please take books you provide for display. We provide space for displaying your books, but you must bring them to each meeting.

Submission Deadline: Items to be included in the next edition of SASP NEWS must be received by the editor a week prior to the next scheduled meeting. (Or when the next meeting would normally be held.) **(December 31th for the January 2021 issue.)**

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“Like” the SASP Facebook Page:
www.facebook.com/pages/Spokane-Authors-Self-Publishers/1640079982945679

“Join” the SASP Facebook Group:
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1646364128981815/>

OUR NEXT MEETING!

This pandemic seems to be dragging on longer than we expected. At this point it's hard to predict when we will be able to meet again. Until then, stay home as much as possible, wear a mask when out and about, and try to maintain your social distancing.

FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Hey there all SASPers and SASPerillas,

Again, congrats to all authors who are writing and getting their books out there. That includes you Joyce Wilkins, Michael Zargona, and Harland Eastwood.



Also, in the October newsletter we asked you to send us short stories or poems about the pandemic, but, as far as I know, we have received nada, so here is my first attempt at poetry – a

traditional haiku:

*Don't get the virus
Don't get it from papyrus
Or Miley Cyrus*
(Guess I should stick to prose.)

On another note: Did you happen to catch the interview with Michael J. Fox in Parade Magazine (Sunday, Nov. 22)? I thought this little nugget of wisdom might be of some use to us writers:

Parade: When it comes to communicating, what does writing do for you that acting doesn't?

MJF: I always try to find the humor in everything. I'm used to timing things with my voice and my body. Timing on a page is completely different. You have to set up sentences in a certain way to get to the punch line.

Hope you had a good (and safe) Thanksgiving despite the circumstances.

Happy Holidayze! Stay safe and spread kindness,

Jim

FROM THE EDITOR/WEB-MASTER

Like you, I've always looked forward to our December meetings. In celebration of the Holidays we have, for several years, had an open-mic session, allowing members (and guests) to share some of their work with us. However, with the Covid 19 Pandemic continuing, we won't be able to indulge in such an enjoyable afternoon. Thus, a few days ago I put out a call for members to submit something that could be included in the December issue of SASP NEWS. I mentioned I'd be willing to make this an expanded issue, something longer than the ten pages (including the cover) that I normally consider as maximum.

If anyone wonders, the ten page limit is based on the cost of postage for those few copies we mail. I've found, over the years, that ten pages, five sheets of paper can go for a single first class postage stamp. But since the majority of copies now go via e-mail, it does not tax our budget to pay a little more now and then and send out an expanded edition. Such will be the case for this issue.



Thank you to all who have or will contribute to our December open mic page edition.



OUR NOVEMBER 2020 MEETING

Due to the Corona Virus/Covid 19 pandemic, we did not meet on Thursday, November 5, 2020.

MEMBER WEB-PAGE GUIDE

1. Name and photo/headshot
2. Brief biography
3. Links to web-site, blog, or other on-line locations.
4. Information about any books published.
 - a. Book cover shot/thumbnail
 - b. Brief description/blurbs/reviews
 - c. Amazon ASIN, ISBN or other
 - d. Locations where available.
5. Send as much information as possible to: daveeva@comcast.net,

authors@spokaneauthors.org, or
Spokane Authors and Self-Publishers
P. O. Box 18573
Spokane, WA 99228-0573
Check out other member web-pages at www.spokaneauthors.org. Click on the "Members" button and then on the member's page you wish to view.

Contact your web-master if your page needs to be updated or corrected. **A lot of them are still "bare bones basic."** Send information to your editor/web-master and let's get them up to speed!

MEMBER NOTES AND ACHIEVEMENTS

Hello, SASP Members:

If you haven't read *Years of Stone* yet, here's a chance to subscribe to my newsletter AND pick up your free copy this

December 20-22.

Just go to this link to subscribe to my newsletter:
<https://bethandwriting.blogspot.com/p/newsletter.html>

Years of Stone will be listed free on **Amazon December 20-22 only.**
<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B00LF3FY4S>

Thank you – and happy reading!

Beth

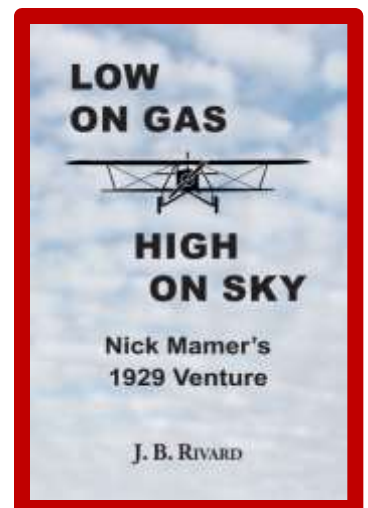
Hi Everyone,

Here's my invited post on the *Reader Views* blog on the subject of writing outside your genre. Here's the link or URL.

<https://www.readerviews.com/the-big-switch-writing-outside-your-genre/>

Also, ReaderViews is featuring my book in their 'Showcase' this week. Cool!

J. B. Rivard,
Author-Illustrator
Low on Gas – High on Sky
Finalist: ABF "Best



Book," IAN "Book of the Year"
Winner: "Reviewer's Choice"
www.illusionsofmagic.com/low-on-on-gas-high-on-sky-by-jb-rivard

UPCOMING EVENTS

Note: Many events have been cancelled or postponed to a later date because of the current Corona Virus/Covid 19 outbreak. If cancellation or change isn't indicated here, please check to see if it is still taking place.

Contact daveeva@comcast.net or e-mail authors@spokaneauthors.org to get your event listed.

On Going:

The **Inland Northwest Writers Guild (INWG)** meets the second Wednesday of the month at 5:30 pm at Perkins Restaurant and Bakery, 12 East Olive Ave., (downtown) Spokane, WA.

(Probably cancelled for the immediate future. If you are on the group's mailing list, you may have received an invitation to participate in an on-line meeting.)

SASP BOOKS ON AMAZON/KINDLE

Many SASP members' books are on Amazon and/or Kindle™ (We print short parts of the list on a rotating basis. The complete, and hopefully up to date list is available on the web-site, under "NEWS")

(Contact the editor/web-master at daveeva@comcast.net or at authors@spokaneauthors.org to get your Amazon/Kindle books listed)

To speed your search, add the provided ten digit numerical or alpha-numerical code (ASIN) to: [www\(dot\)amzn\(dot\)com/dp/](http://www(dot)amzn(dot)com/dp/)
Example: www.amzn.com/dp/B008TXC332
or: www.amzn.com/dp/1936178044
(Recently it seems Amazon is assigning its

own unique ASINs to the paperback editions of books, rather than using the ten-digit ISBN as they previously did. In the future we will attempt to point this out in individual listings.)

Chuck Lehman:

<i>Angels Three Six</i>	B00KMJXQR8
<i>The Big Woods</i>	B007SQ4CTE
<i>Asher</i>	B00HNZ6TTG
<i>Lazarus Arise</i>	B007R0NPW6
<i>The Shepherd</i>	B00HJBN4P6
<i>Rogue 6</i>	B01H7N8G2G
<i>Exposure: A Story of Survival and Intrigue</i>	B01H5W4V64
<i>The Apostle's Wife</i>	B07NJ4DFCW 179039239X

B. J. Campbell:

<i>Close Calls: True Tales of Cougar Bob</i>	1936178044
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Bob Manion:

<i>Santa's Heroes</i>	1936178095
<i>The Tree House</i>	B004IZLHLE
<i>The Tree House (new edition)</i>	1946882003
<i>Springer's Heart</i>	0978850742
<i>Summer Rain</i>	B00ZM3S2IM
<i>Vampire and the Cop</i>	B00ZM4BBOS
Retitled <i>Vampire Justice</i>	0996864415
<i>Sabrina's Promise</i>	0996864407 097885070X

Sandra L. Mason:

(Illustrated by Natalie J. Apodaca)
N is for Nativity 1517614880

Stan Parks:

<i>Jakob's Ladies</i>	1532910762
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Tiffani Harvey:

<i>A Journey to Independence</i>	1533499438
Revised and retitled <i>Freedom Seeker</i>	
<i>Growing Independent</i>	1533499926
Revised and retitled <i>Freedom Seeking</i>	

Fred Jessett:

<i>My Name is Tamar</i>	B00DH3REWO
<i>Drummer Loves Dancer</i>	B073H2RP7P
<i>Getting Past Point No Point</i>	1725865211

Lewis Meline:

Lies Exposed! The Truth about Diets...

0997915501

J. B. Rivard

Illusions of Magic:

Love and Intrigue in 1933 Chicago

B01EGSC8N8 0996836306

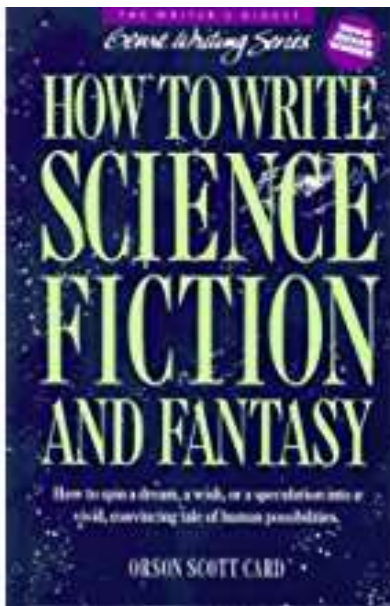
Illusions of Magic: The Movie

B0751RL53G 0996836330

Low on Gas: High on Sky

B07V2V48XD 0996836349

FEATURED BOOK REVIEWS



By Orson Scott Card

Reviewed by D. Andrew McChesney

I ended up with a copy of this relatively slim work because someone had donated it as a door prize at a recent Spokane Authors and Self-Publishers meeting. I read a lot of science fiction and fantasy and as well incorporate it in my own work. I thought it would be interesting to see what a well-known writer has to say about it.

Mr. Card begins by defining the genres, combining the two into *speculative fiction* while maintaining a sometimes narrow difference between the two. He also looks at genre as a

marketing tool, or as a means of classifying work and what shelf it will go on in the bookstore. He also looks at science fiction and fantasy standbys such as world building, possible scientific breakthroughs, and the creation of magic. I was a little miffed as he seemed to dismiss Star Trek's Warp Drive as being scientifically impossible.

Mr. Card also spends a little time offering advice on getting published. As the book was published in 1990, some of this might be a bit dated. He suggests that one seeking traditional publication need not look for a literary agent until offered a publishing contract. In more recent times one generally needs an agent in order to even approach a publisher.

On the whole, this is an informative and educational work. I feel that my time in reading it was well-spent.



By J. B. Rivard
(Illustrated by J. B. Rivard)

Reviewed by Johanna Urquhart
(Historical Novel Society)

1933. J. B. Rivard centers part of his novel *Illusions of Magic* around a true-life and

little-known historical incident: an attempted assassination of Franklin D. Roosevelt in Miami in February of 1933. The assassin, Giuseppe Zangara, had allegedly been trying to shoot Roosevelt when he accidentally shot Chicago Mayor Anton Cermak instead (Cermak later died of his wound).

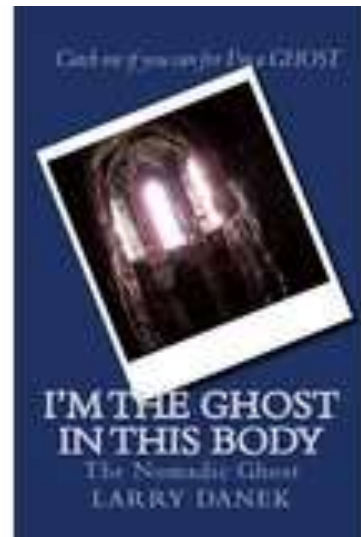
This incident is part of the dramatic backdrop of Rivard's fast-paced and punchy novel about struggling professional stage magician Nick Zetner. The backdrop – and the author's excellent illustrations throughout – furnishes a good deal of the charm of the book. Nick Zetner's adventures, part screwball comedy and part Dashiell Hammett, combine with the richly authentic atmosphere of the setting to create a quick and very enjoyable read that smoothly intermingles Nick's love life with a challenging case he takes on for a corrupt banker.

The book reads like a breath of fresh air – recommended.

Reviewed by Esther J. Hildahl

Illusions of Magic tells the story of an unemployed magician in Chicago during the Great Depression in the year 1933. He is eventually hired by a banker to get some compromising photos back after they were taken in a bank robbery. Thus, the adventure begins as he is drawn into the underworld of Chicago, which eventually leads to finding his lost love of twenty years. The setting of the story takes place during the fatal wounding of the city's mayor who took a bullet meant for Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I enjoyed reading this story. The characters are well-defined and interesting. The story is fast moving and exciting right to the end, which has a surprise ending. I also liked the book cover and the black and white illustrations. It was a good read.



By Larry Danek

Reviewed by Sue Eller

Not just another ghost story...

As the nomadic ghost was drawn into a recently expired body, I was drawn into his story. Author Larry Danek masterfully relates the tale of a spirit being who struggles to take charge on the physical plane and strives to tame the mental chaos of memories from past and present lives. This story could only be told from the perspective of the nomadic ghost himself, and Danek masterfully weaves a tale of cold-blooded murder and revenge contrasted with compassion for some down-and-out but decent people who need his help.

Reviewed by D. Andrew McChesney

The ghost has inhabited many bodies in the past. Now he occupies the body of a young Chicago man mistakenly gunned down in a gangland firefight. When medical personnel pronounce the body dead, he uses his ghostly abilities to revive it and makes his way to St. Louis.

Aided by other ghosts that do not inhabit any bodies he sets out to eliminate those involved in drugs and other nefarious activities. Along the way he aids a number of people he has met, including a hit man sent by a drug lord to take him out. Once he has his affairs in order he realizes it is time to leave this body behind and move on to another one.

This proved to be an interesting read. Danek's take on the spirit world is unique and well thought out. It is the first in a series, with the third story, RUNAWAY GHOST being recently published. This reviewer looks forward to reading the remaining stories.

OUR MEMBERS SHARE THEIR WORK

About Years of Stone by Beth Camp Historical Fiction

In 1842, when Scottish Mac McDonnell is arrested for protesting evictions and transported beyond the seas, his fiancé, Deidre decides to follow him to Van Diemen's Land.

Even if he doesn't want her to.

Even if his sentence will last seven years.

They survive a shipwreck but are quickly parted. Deidre, alone, penniless, and without friends, must find her place in this rough and tumble penal colony.

Luckily, she's stubborn. With help from cabin mates, new acquaintances, and Lady Franklin, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of Tasmania (Australia), Deidre slowly builds a new life. But will she be reunited with Mac, the man she loves?

"The continuing story of Mac and Deidre's experiences as they struggle to find a life together amid overwhelming obstacles, is a 'can't put it down' treat." –Sally, Amazon Review.

"The fascinating characters and vivid historic landscape give a real sense of the life in early Australian colonies." –Merwyn, GoodReads review.

"The heartache and joy of Mac and Deidre's relationship keeps you glued to the page." –Karen, Amazon Review.

Excerpt from YEARS OF STONE Chapter One

"Don't push me," Deidre snapped. "I know my place."

The sailor ducked an apology and moved back along the line of women and children who waited their turn to be ferried ashore.

Deidre struggled to keep her balance as the Brilliant leaned to one side. Sea water sloshed over her feet, the foredeck tipped at a steep angle, and waves pounded the windward side. All around her, sailors scrambled to organize passengers and bring prisoners up from the hold.

Almost to Van Diemen's Land, the ship had run aground on an outcropping of rock some eighty yards from shore. Just a half-hour before, the Captain had sent Mac and several volunteers over the side, wrapped with ropes, in a desperate attempt to tie lifelines from ship to shore. Now, both the Captain and First Mate shouted orders.

Deidre swallowed the bile that rose in her throat and steadied Amalie, the little girl from her cabin. Rough hands jostled them back in place as another rush of water sluiced over the deck. Ah, Mac. You told me not to follow you. God protect us all. The wind buffeted her wet hair, and she shivered. She grabbed Amalie as another wave slammed the ship.

Far below, a sailor held fast to one of the ropes strung from the ship to the land. As soon as a passenger was lowered, the sailor pulled his way along the rope to shore, with the passenger hanging onto his back. Once they started underway, another sailor crab-walked down a rope ladder on the side of the ship to wait for the next person.

The ship lurched again.

The woman standing next to Deidre moaned and sank to the slanted deck.

"Not now," Deidre pulled the woman to her feet. "There's only one person ahead of you."

"Steady," called First Mate Banks.

Amalie burrowed into Deidre's skirts.
"I'm scared."

"Hush, child. Look there," said Deidre.
"That's where we're going. Mr. McDonnell will be waiting for us."

The cliffs lining D'Entrecasteaux Channel rose dark above the surf and a small line of rocky beach as two overloaded cutters ferried passengers to the shore.

Beth Camp attended eight high schools and worked her way through as many colleges on the west coast of the U.S. before earning her master's at the University of Oregon. Her careers as an international banker, a corporate consultant, and a writing teacher and English Department Chair at the community college level have fueled her passion for writing historical fiction.



A love of international travel led Beth to Scotland to research *Standing Stones* (2010), which introduces the McDonnell family as they struggle with eviction and relocation in Northern Scotland during the Industrial

Revolution. *Years of Stone* (2014), tells the story of Deidre who follows her fiancé, Mac McDonnell, a transportee sent to Van Diemen's Land in Australia. In *Rivers of Stone* (2017), Catriona McDonnell disguises herself as a boy to cross Canada during the fur trade era. Beth's now working on a fourth tale in this series, *Island Wife*, about Moira, the sister who stayed behind on the Orkney Islands.

During this time of pandemic, we're all finding it more challenging to travel. Beth compensates by diving into writing and research and working on a series of art crime mysteries, set in Scotland, France, and Egypt, all with historical underpinnings.

Connect with Beth:

Website: <https://bethandwriting.blogspot.com/>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/bluebethley>

Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/BethCamp.author>

Amazon Author Page:

<https://www.amazon.com/-/e/B001KD7GUI>

FOREST ENCOUNTER

I met her in the forest,
she was shy as she could be.
She peeked at me from behind the ferns
below an ancient mossy tree.

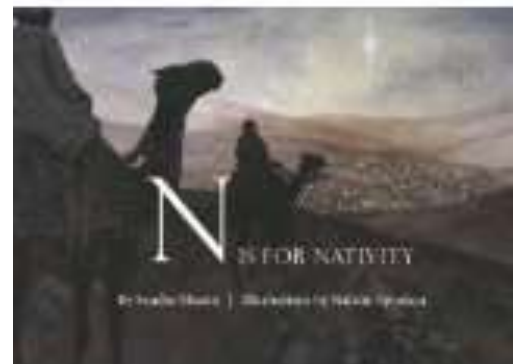
"How is it you can see me?"
She asked me in surprise.
Most humans cannot do this.
We're invisible to their eyes.

I leaned in close and *whispered*.
"I believe in *Wood Folk*,
and I'm quiet as can be.
I've seen the *Wood Folk*
in my heart
since I was only three."

She looked at me with wonder
and blessed me with a smile.
"I see you have a child's heart.
Come with me awhile."

Sandy Mason October 29, 2020

Sandy is the author of:



(with illustrations by Natalie J. Apodaca)

WINTER SURPRISE

By Esther J. Hildahl

“Are they here yet? Are they here yet?” cried all five of the little white bunnies with fluffy tails. Their names were Lilly, Milly, Tilly, Billy, and Sam.

“No, sorry, not yet,” Mother Bunny replied.

“But it snowed yesterday!” exclaimed Tilly and Sam at once.

“Not enough dears,” replied Mother calmly.

Lily looked curious. “What do they look like?” she asked.

Mother smiled. “It’s a surprise,” she said. “A winter surprise.”

“Hmm,” said Millie. “But if we don’t know what they look like or what they are, how will we know when they arrive?”

“Oh, you’ll know,” said Mother. “Don’t worry about it. You’ll know. Now go outside and play.”

The bunnies tried hard to play in the small amount of snow that covered the ground, but they were worried. When it was time to go inside, they looked up to see if there were any snowflakes about to fall. There weren’t.

Their home was a tunnel that ran under a large fir tree. When they entered the widest part of the tunnel, Mother was waiting for them with a delicious carrot pie and a bowl of lettuce topped with radish slices.

After a while, Billy stopped eating and said, “Maybe something happened to our winter surprise.”

“Maybe,” Mother said, “but have some faith that they will arrive soon.”

That night before they fell asleep in their little beds, every one of the bunnies wished with all their might for more snow.

Up above, sitting on the tallest branch of their tree, under the magic star high above her, the snow bunny fairy heard and took pity on them. Flying high in the air, she waved her wand all around, sprinkling the air and ground with silver and gold magic dust.

Soon large snowflakes began to fall to earth. All during the night, it snowed and snowed and snowed, covering the ground, the many branches of the fir tree, the nearby bushes, and the small hill at the edge of their open field.

Early the next morning, after eating their breakfast, the bunnies hopped to the opening of their tunnel. As they hopped out, they were thrilled to see lots and lots of snow. Near the bottom of the hill, as they watched in awe, the sparkly snow suddenly began to swirl around and around. When it stopped—there stood three snow figures.

Esther has served as Vice-President and as President of Spokane Authors and Self-Publishers. She writes children’s books, including....



WAR'S END

By Stan Parks

We had gone through the most devastating war in our history. American blood was spilled on beaches we had never heard of; Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, Normandy, Salerno, and so many others. The war is now over and the surrender has been signed on the deck of the battleship USS *Missouri*.

Seventy Five years ago! It's hard to believe that it's been so long ago, but I can remember vividly that day. I was the watch officer and we were underway from Okinawa to Tokyo Bay with members of an infantry group and all their equipment. They would be doing occupation duty in Japan after the signing of the surrender. The war was now finally over. We in the ship's crew found it almost too hard to believe because we were already making preparations for the invasion of the Japanese mainland. It was Sept 3, 0530 hrs., the day after the signing of the surrender.

It was dawn and the sky was getting bright. In the distance, rising above the clouds, the peak of Mt. Fuji became visible. It was our first indication Tokyo was near. Our ship would be outside Tokyo Bay in five or six hours. We looked forward to entering the bay, discharging our passengers, and maybe going ashore to see what had taken so long to achieve. As we neared the bay we received orders to stand off until we got orders to enter. The entry channel was swept of mines and with plenty of room.

It was a couple hours and then we saw the reason for our wait. Leaving the bay was the battleship USS *Missouri* followed by the *New Jersey*, *Iowa*, *South Dakota*, *North Carolina*, and the battlecruiser USS *Alaska*. Wow, what a display of firepower! If you have ever seen a battleship, you can understand the size and majesty of the vessel.

One of the men said, "I bet when the Japanese saw them come in, they were glad the war was over." We waited a while longer because there were destroyers and smaller ships that also came out.

Our ship was then ordered to enter Tokyo Bay, and what we saw was a grave yard of sunken ships. Everywhere you looked you could see sunken ship's superstructures of all sizes above the water. We worked our way into where we would dock, an area where we could beach. This was once the Japanese Naval Base of Yokosuka. There was six LST's in our convoy.

Let me tell you what an LST is. It is designated as Landing Ship Tank. It had no name like other ships in the Navy. It only had numbers. Ours was LST 53. They built 1058 of them. We were 328 feet long (that's longer than a football field) and displaced or weighed 2500 tons; about the same as a destroyer. We could carry and land, on the beach, tanks of all sizes, trucks, bulldozers, and almost anything needed in warfare. After the Normandy invasion Winston Churchill said we couldn't have secured the beachhead without LSTs to supply the men and equipment that were put on the beach. We had a crew of 110 men aboard. The huge bow doors could open after we hit the beach; and a ramp came down to discharge men and their cargo.

After we discharged the cargo and men, we went ashore to see the devastation surrounding the Tokyo-Yokohama area. There were few structures standing. Some shacks were seen along a road that had been a street of the city. There were no people on the streets because they feared we would do them harm, but we were aware they were in the shacks. For what it was worth we were armed but saw no one. After a short while we returned to the ship, backed off the beach, and anchored to wait for further orders.

We had ten officers on the ship. The captain was a mustang, rather than an Annapolis grad. He had been a Chief Boatswain Mate in the peacetime Navy. He'd captained a tug boat so he had the required experience in seamanship to gain a commission as a full lieutenant: two stripes. He was in his 40's, and had been in the Navy more than twenty years. He was tough. He used the whole Navy vocabulary of choice terms but he was firm, fair, didn't put up with

any BS, and we all respected him. I learned a lot from him as well as from the men who were in my division.

I was commissioned through a Navy Midshipman School in four months. I received another three months amphibious training in Florida and replaced an officer who had made the Normandy Beach landings. Our ship had been in that operation and came back to the states for repairs and refitting before going on to the Pacific war. My boat crews made beach landings at Omaha Beach under fire. They were experienced. I had 16 men in my division when I went aboard ship at Norfolk, Virginia.

We were taking on ammunition for an invasion, but we didn't know where it would be. The captain called me in and gave me my first orders. "Parks, we need new LCVPs (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel) and we can get them here." He gave me a chart as to where I would find them and told me to get the crews to take our old ones there and exchange them. Simple.

The Norfolk Naval Base is humongous. I studied the chart and figured out where to go. My boat crews manned the four old LCVPs, four men to a boat. Caruso, short, Italian; probably in his 40's; with a crooked short black cigar in his mouth, was a Boatswain Mate 3rd Class. I showed him the chart and told him where we should go.

After about a couple hours of going up and down different channels off the Elisabeth River, I said, "Caruso, didn't you guys do your training at Little Creek?"

"Yes Sir," he answered.

"Then you should know where we can get these boats."

"Yes Sir."

"Then, take us there." He did just that. We got our boats and were back at our ship going over them.

I went up to him and said. "Caruso, you knew where to go for those boats. Why didn't you tell me?"

Caruso smoked those small black crooked cigars. He looked up at me and grinned. "You didn't ask me, sir. Here try one of these." He handed me a cigar and walked

away.

Caruso gave me my first lesson in leadership, my first lesson in the psychology of leadership. I got along with my men quite well.

We took on two thousand tons of big gun ammo and shoved off for the Pacific. We went through the Panama Canal to San Diego. Then as part of a convoy we headed to Pearl Harbor. Then we learned we would be going to Okinawa.

Just off of Okinawa was a small group of islands that were the first secured. Kerama Retto was the staging area and ship anchorage for the operation, and there were hundreds of ships there. We provided ammo for ships of all sizes until we were empty and then had other duties, beaching for men and materials. At dusk, we provided smoke screens to protect ships from the kamikazes who then came in hordes. We lost more ships to kamikazes there than anywhere else. Twelve destroyers were sunk, along with fifteen amphibious ships. Seventy-six others of various sizes were sunk or severely damaged. Many battleships and aircraft carriers were hit but survived. The Japanese used up to 1,400 planes in attacks. Okinawa was the bloodiest battle of the war in the Pacific. It lasted, from March 26th to July 2nd. 12,500 men were killed in action and another 7,700 died of their wounds. The Navy lost 4,900 men. There were 822,000 casualties in all.

We were relieved when the atomic bombs were dropped, and the Japanese finally surrendered. Invading the mainland could have meant losses of up to one million men.

Leaving Tokyo Bay we had orders to go to Olongapo on the island of Luzon. It had become a repair station after the Philippines were retaken and we had list of repairs to be done. The Philippines were now pretty much secure but there was still fighting even though the war was over.

I was now the navigator for the ship and was going over the charts of Luzon and I noted that Olongapo was near a place called Tarlac.

My brother was 16 years older than me.

He was a physician and when the war began he had been called into service immediately. They needed doctors and even though he had a practice and was married with four children, he was called up. He was a surgeon with the Army 36th Evacuation Hospital and early on they made landings in New Guiana and then the Philippines. The most recent was Lingayen Gulf on Luzon, the biggest and bloodiest landing in the Philippines. They ended up in Tarlac, which was about seventy-five miles from Olongapo.

I had a wild idea. I hadn't seen my brother in three years, and seventy-five miles wasn't that far from Olongapo. As we were scheduled to be there for a week, could I figure out a way to see him?

I had a pretty good repartee with the captain, so I invited him to look at my charts and showed him where my brother would be. "Captain, what's the possibility of me meeting up with my brother at Tarlac? Could I get away for a couple days? I haven't seen him in three years. My charts are up to date so I don't have anything pending."

He thought a while, questioning me; shook his head and then grinned. "Ok, take a couple days but no more than three."

I did a real study of the area and got everything ready. We got to Olongapo and I anchored in Easy anchorage, 32. The captain went ashore and made arrangements to get work done.

The next day I got up at 0430 to leave for the base harbor-master. It was raining cats and dogs but I was at the dock in about an hour. I went into the harbor-master's office and got as much info as I could. To get to my destination I'd have to hitch hike. I got picked up by an Army jeep that was going to Manila and it took me to a crossroads called San Fernando. I no sooner got out and stood on the road to Tarlac and I was picked up by an Army command car with a couple colonels in it.

Looking at me one of them said, "What the hell is a sailor doing out here?" I explained and he said that they were going that direction and would drop me off.

It took a couple hours on rough roads,

but eventually I saw a sign identifying the 36th Evacuation Hospital. I entered the large tented area and asked for my brother. They told me to go past several tents to the doctors' BOQ (Bachelor Officer Quarters). I walked on to the field and saw some guys there. As I approached them they turned and looked at me.

One was my brother! He was a couple hundred feet away. He just stared and shouted to me. "Stan, what the hell are you doing here?"

He couldn't believe his eyes. We had a terrific reunion. He showed me the hospital and introduced me to the doctors and people he worked with. I was the kid brother. We ate together and they put a cot in his tent for me to sleep. I would leave the next day and suggested he could come with me and stay aboard ship for a couple days. It was approved by his commanding officer and he offered us his driver and transportation.

The next day we drove to the Navy base. I got a coxswain and boat to take us to my ship. It wasn't where it had been anchored. I had the coxswain pull up next to a large transport. I went aboard and on the bridge asked to use some binoculars. I scanned the bay and didn't see my ship. The signalman on watch said he saw some LSTs leave that morning.

"Oi vey!" I wondered if they left without me and I went back to the harbor-master's office. They told me my ship got orders to leave for Samar. *Now what do I do?*

They checked the schedule and found that a destroyer would leave the next day for Samar. I could go aboard and they would take me to my ship. I breathed a sigh of relief.

I spent the rest of the day with my brother, whom I wouldn't see again until I got home in six months. It was a great reunion!

I was treated well by the destroyer officers who were amazed at what I'd pulled off to see my brother.

I came up the gang plank of my ship. Tony Michotto was the OD. "Where the hell have you been? The old man is really pissed off. You better go see him."

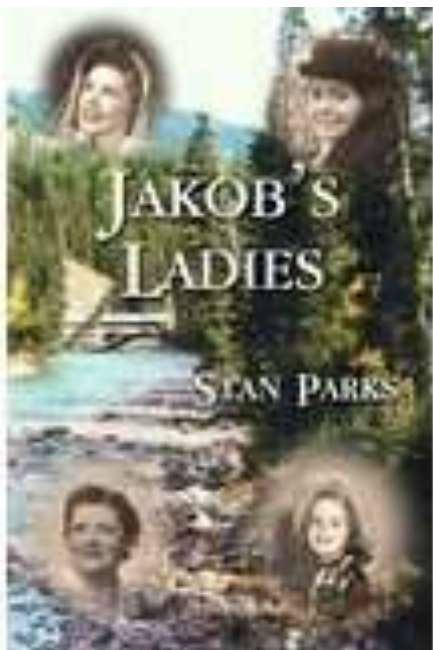
I was nervous about the chain of events and this didn't help. I knocked on the Captain's Cabin and heard him shout. "Come in." I timidly approached him. "Where the hell have you been?"

I stuttered a reply and got some stern words before he told me he was glad I got back. "We leave for Mindanao Thursday. Get your charts together."

The temperature at Samar was about 95 degrees. With the added stress the sweat just poured down my forehead as I left the Captain's Cabin.



Stan Parks served in the Navy during World War Two, practiced dentistry, and is the author of...



**Excerpt from
DARNAHSIAN PIRATES:
THE THIRD
STONE ISLAND SEA STORY
A portion of:
Chapter Twelve: "Reunions"**

By D. Andrew McChesney

(Pierce, Evangeline, Glenn Lewis, Tom Morgan, and Doctor Robertson are enroute from Stone Island to the Vespican mainland.)

The little brig that brought Dr. Robertson was an all-purpose vessel. It could carry a respectable amount of cargo, and it could transport a small number of passengers in relative comfort. Pierce, Evangeline, and Glenn Lewis shared accommodations with more space than they'd had aboard *Island Expedition*. The doctor and Tom Morgan shared a second cabin. There was more space available, and they approached Vera to see if she also wished to go. She declined, thinking it best to remain where Smythe could find her if he was liberated and found himself back on the island. She also thought it her duty to Stone Island residents to remain there.

May 18th, a week to the day after the brig tied up, her master gave orders that sent her back out to sea, heading towards the Vespican Mainland. Pierce was below helping Evangeline settle in. He manhandled the last of two chests into a more accessible location. Hearing the orders shouted on deck, he straightened and glanced at the door.

"Oh yes, dear. Go ahead and see how they do getting underway. I'll keep the lad here, though. He'd surely get in the way."

"Thank you, my love." Pierce put on his coat, grabbed his hat and left the cabin. She knew him well, understanding he wanted to be on deck and watch this crew at work. It was a natural, inborn curiosity to see how others performed, perhaps developed to a higher state by his years in the Royal Navy. Stepping into the brisk day, he hoped he would not be judgmental and would remember he was a

passenger only and not in charge of any on board evolution.

As the vessel set minimum sail, Pierce assured himself he had left everything well in hand. Cartier had temporary command of the Organization's Maritime Service's three vessels. His appointment was based on time in rank while in French service. He had been the equivalent of Master and Commander for over two years before defecting and joining the Organization. Hotchkiss had been promoted to Master and Commander more recently, just in time to resign his commission as the Admiralty distanced itself from operations of the British Island Expedition Organization. Pierce had full confidence in both of them and made the choice based solely on seniority. Townsend, the second lieutenant took temporary command of *Island Expedition*.

Pierce had left orders for the small squadron. Having been in the water longest, Cartier's *Rose Marie* would be dry docked, allowing Sir Ronald a chance to check her underwater lines and perhaps make minor changes to increase her speed even slightly. A good bottom cleaning and some fresh copper would also help. Meanwhile Cartier would to take the other two vessels to sea for a time. Crews needed work and drill to remain sharp.

The brig's crew performed admirably as they crept out of the bay. They took the longer way, sailing north past the two islets that extended the enclosing peninsula. There was a bit more sea room and in the end, exit could be achieved with the same number of major course changes.

As passengers they had access to the common area of the cabin, meaning they took their meals there, and could help themselves to coffee and the like, should it be available. Part of the fare paid for meals, and Pierce paid extra for the privilege of coffee and other beverages. In fact he donated a quantity of coffee beans to the ship's larder.

Three days out and the weather was remarkably good for the time of year. They were running large, wind on the port quarter. Pierce thought adequate sail was set, but thought they could set a bit more. It frustrated

him when sail was shortened at night, but he understood the reasoning behind it. Merchant crews were small, with ship owners unwilling to pay for more hands than necessary. Sail was shortened in advance, in case changing weather conditions would demand emergency action later. By then the required processes might be too much for a miniscule crew to handle.

That afternoon they sat together at the table in the great cabin. The sunlight streamed through the stern windows and moved in time with the regular motion of the ship. The stern lifted gently as they rolled to starboard. The stern sank beneath them as they heeled gently to port. This was repeated to the point they hardly noticed. The motion was soothing and in the case of Glenn Lewis, sleep inducing. Evangeline turned back from checking him and smiled with satisfaction. "He sleeps so deeply. So peacefully."

"I sleep well at sea," said Pierce. "Unless it is so rough one expects to be pitched to the deck or a call to shorten sail."

"I too sleep well when afloat," said the doctor. "I wonder how my Father sleeps at sea. Would the motion aid or detract from his dreams?"

"You talk about his ability to dream and see things, and when Edward came home he told me a little of it. Yet I do not understand." Evangeline smiled and went on. "I'd know more, if I may?"

"I don't understand it myself," replied the doctor. "I do not have the gift, or the curse, depending upon how you view it. Father has tried to explain what it is like, but having never experienced it; I cannot grasp what he goes through. He says the Ancient Ones guide his spirit to where he can see what is going on."

"How did he gain these abilities?"

"No one knows, but it is believed to be hereditary. It seems to run in families. My great grandfather had the gift, but it didn't manifest in my grandfather. There are no signs I possess it, but my brother seems to."

"I remember you saying he would inherit the position when Shostolamie is gone," said

Pierce.

“Yes, but his abilities seem limited and somewhat erratic. We might have to wait a generation or more for anyone whose abilities are close to my father’s.”

“Would that prove a disadvantage?”

“Yes, but going back there were times with no dream chief for generations. When that happens we hope to be and on good terms with a People who have a serving dream chief. Sometimes those without find themselves at the mercy of those with. Hunting grounds have been lost and later regained, as have prestige and power.”

“Are there other dream chiefs about these days?”

“I hear there are some far to the East, far beyond the most isolated settlements of the white man. But amongst the Original People in the West, Shostolamie is the only one.” He paused. “That is, my father is the only one we know about.”

“I’m not sure I understand any more than I did earlier,” said Evangeline. “But thank you for trying to explain it.”

“When you are there, Father might be better able to tell you. If you cannot interpret his sometimes rudimentary Kentish, Mother can help. She does not have it, but she understands his abilities better than anyone... certainly better than any other white man or woman.”

“I see.”

“Are these powers reserved for men, or do women ever have the ability,” asked Morgan.

“There are stories of women having the gift, back before the white man came, but I know of none now. Certainly they might pass it on, even if it doesn’t manifest in them.”

“Understandable.”

“I imagine young Tom wonders if any children with Cecilia would have the knack.” The doctor good naturedly addressed the others.

“It would put a father in a rather unique position,” said Pierce.

“And a mother,” added Evangeline.

“One would be honored to be the father

of a dream chief,” said Morgan.

Dave writes Age of Sail/Naval Adventure Stories having a touch of Science Fiction in them. He previously served as President of Spokane Authors and Self-Publishers. Currently he is Treasurer, Web-Master, and Editor of SASP NEWS.

Now retired, he resides in Spokane, Washington with his wife Eva, a Blue Quaker Parrot named Stormie, and a miniature dachshund named Coco. Both Dave’s Corvairs have found other homes, and he still hopes to purchase a winning lotto ticket.

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