

Barber Shop
5-28-2012 by Harry Zirkelbach

This first memory of Dad; he was bald. Nothing grew on his head excepting a fuzz and that was very limited. He had to shave daily, yet was a stranger to a barber. Understanding I would resemble my parents from an early age, I had no doubt that the youthful thick black head of hair would disappear once a full adult. No one discouraged this belief. Actually, I am pleased this was not an absolute. The bald head is not a piece of art.

Now another topic. Writing. Everyone who frequented a barber Shop or Beauty Saloon found the waiting chairs filled with reading material. Most is contemporary trash.

In 1959 the Navy Air Reserve announced the closure of the Naval Air Station Denver, discontinuation of all Navy activities there, including the Reserve Units. With military logic the installation was transferred to the Air Force Reserves, which had been co-users of the facility all along. Navy Air had abandoned Denver. In the coming decades the Navy would abolish Active and Reserve Air facilities in the interior of the country.

It happened that a cohort of Denver Navy Reservists, supplemented by a similar number from Albuquerque NM, were accepted to be part of a Reserve Squadron at Dallas Naval Air Station, effective 1 July 1960. These Aircrews, equipment would have an initial two week Training as VP 703, in Los Alamitos (Los Angeles) in mid August 1960.

Most personnel had not trained and operated together, ever. Yet under leadership, these multiple crews flew more than 70 hours, had an equal number of hours in ground training, became more than competitive with other Squadrons nationally.

On the final day of flights, the afternoon was given to a ball game, officer vs enlisted. Played with the same competitiveness all afternoon. The last run scored by the Officers was by the Executive Officer, who in false Bravado leaped up to land on home plate. Unfortunately he fell awkwardly, breaking a leg. Another command decision followed. He was lifted aboard the flight back to NAS Dallas, and on alighting there, he stumbled, and the Corpsmen there learned he was injured. Rather in the Hospital in Dallas where he was known, than in Los Alamitos, with strangers.

Where is this going? To learn more at that time, I chose to subscribe to Fortune, Forbes and the New Yorker magazines. Fortune was cancelled immediately; Forbes continued until Malcolm gave control to his son.

Our New Yorker subscription is in the 52nd year. Not every issue had been devoured but the writing has been uniformly exemplary, my teachers.

I have learned that writing, as in all endeavors, improves with employment. And the be higher the quality of what is read, the more readable the product.

So this comment. Choose what you want to write about, pick acknowledged leaders of than genre, read them for a few months, outline your message, and begin. Astound your friends, and that will surely annoy those who think they know you well.

Read the chapters here each Monday morn.

You know we are a good audience.

Oh yes, you and I could use a hair cut.