

Toil and Tears. The Albuquerque Navy Reservists

*by Harry Zirkelbach 02-02-2017
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Harry Davidson was a Navy Weekend Warrior Reserve Lt from Albuquerque New Mexico. He participated with Patrol Squadron VP-883 at NAS Dallas 1960-65. Home in Albuquerque, his work as a Federal Engineer employee at Sandia National Laboratories. There, all were primarily involved in studies of military importance.

Many were controversial. Most were classified,
these never part of his disclosure of that daily life.

Some he could mention broadly. He intrigued us with bits of information, hoping we would disclose some thought that had escaped their study of the basic problem and experiment. Kept it interesting and complex enough to elicit our comment. Of course challenging, bordering on the odd, surreal, impossible.

One that captivated. The idea that space, time and matter could be controlled. Writers had long projected space travel over great distances at improbable speed, the human unharmed. This, one area of their inquiry. How to transport something tangible to a great distance, at great speed, then reassembled whole at a specific identifiable destination. It seems that the scientists at Sandia had accomplished something like this, but that still classified.

Harry's tales always left much to the imagination, which was exactly what he wished. New eyes on any challenge just might spark a new approach to the insoluble problem. While no amount of thought can make a square circle, there are imponderables that entice the mind.

Teleportation; the word itself hints at adventure.

Every Monday the 15 to 20 of Writers must leave their condo, travel to the Aspen Room of the Auditorium, be seated for the Presider's announcement "Let us Begin." Then sometime after ten AM, light repast and conversation, retrace the earlier steps.

In time it was revealed they Sandia had perfected the FAX message machine. Take a printed message, crunch the ink into who knows what configuration, send it electronically, and reassemble the ink in the same readable page. But, classified, they were trying to do something more tangible than send a mark on paper

Well in the years since, they may have progressed, did the improbable.

How are we to know that one individual here, sworn to secrecy, didn't come here to the elevator by teleportation. If you know of such a writer, respect that secrecy, and don't mention to any, that that person seems to be getting flabby because of that lack of exercise.

All researchers ask question, publicly and privately. Why? How come? Is Friday still payday? These questions, good stories that could be carried into a computer or on paper. Keep the mind busy, the flesh dexterous.

We possess immense powers, unrealized; for we are made in the image and likeness of God. Try to harness that "little god" in mind and fact, every hour.

One friend, Dick Breen, a tireless writer. In college loved to be lauded for his prose. But when others were praised, he went home wrote something on their topic ever better. Then Dick was no longer an original.

Each is unique. So when the topic is announced and acted out the next week, each does their best to be them self. And appreciate other's eye on topic.

Everyone entering the Writers Group is asked why they arrived here. It could be to write a poem, narrative, epistle, joke, personal history, and on.

For myself, I maintain a list of 100 narratives I want to tell, and where possible include one in the assigned topic, as today. None is obligated to have the same view on the purpose of the Writer gathering.