

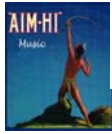
# The True-badour

A LITERARY NEWSLETTER

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**John Howard Hatfield** – Austin, TX

Describing and discussing the writing process through various genres, methods, and venues, for writers and readers alike.

(If you no longer wish to receive this newsletter, Unsubscribe by contacting [ernie.lee@live.com](mailto:ernie.lee@live.com).)

Wow, have things been busy around the old lake house these days! Finally finished *Aquasaurus*, got the proofs, and previewed the advance review copies. It looks great! **Baby Doll** scheduled a couple of book signings already. The press kits have been assembled, and several review copies have been sent out. I want to do a shout out to my cover designer **Trif Andrei** from Twin Art Design in Timsoara, Romania. He did a great job! On top of that, I'm about fifteen chapters in to the next novel *Him*. I'll tell you more about that later. Plus I had a great week in Florida! I saw the manatees and **Billy Wall** in the same week!

I'm excited to introduce you to my long-time friend **John Howard Hatfield** in this issue. Hatfield wrote a book called *There's a Moose in the Guard Shack*. It is not your flavor-of-the-month management book. I'll bet you enjoy it if you read it! I'm still laughing at some of his hilarious stories.

**Billy Wall** is back this month along with **Kriz** from Nashville, and **Doyle Fellers**. I have a couple of new friends I'll introduce you to this issue. **Amy Francis** always turns a a fabulous song. If you don't do anything this issue, please go listen to her sing. It will make your day! A new short poem from **Cynthia Juniper** is inside. Why don't you join in and send your poems, songs and stories to *The True-badour* at [ernie.lee@live.com](mailto:ernie.lee@live.com).



**John Howard hatfield** John Howard Hatfield is a retired materials management and manufacturing professional with over forty years in the military and manufacturing arenas. He spent time at sixty posts while in the military and has traveled to all fifty states (working in twenty-two of them). Howard earned a Masters from Central Michigan, a MS from the U.S. Army C&GS College, and a BBA from Texas A&M. He has more olive drab shirts than his wife wishes and enough hats to wear a different one every day of the year. He, his wife Patsy and his two dogs reside in Austin, Texas. I

don't think I'm speaking out of turn when I say that 50 years ago, Howard and I were classmates at Stephen F. Austin High School in Bran, Texas. Our friend Billy Wall is also a Bryan Bronco alumnus. Howard has shared a story with us, which you'll find below. Be sure to check out his book *There is a Moose in the Guard Shack* from Infinity Press, also available on Amazon. (And, I think he stole my hat!)

# The True-badour

## Conferring Degrees

John Howard Hatfield, © 2016

I woke this morning about my usual time up to Otis licking my hand—it's usually my face, but today it was my hand. Otis is my youngest, a just over five year old rescue hound that I picked up from the front of the PETCO store from one of those rescue groups that set out there pushing pups. Otis needed me and I guess I needed him also.

I got outta bed and started getting cleaned up. I've been pushing back my get-outta-bed time ever since I retired several years ago and now it occurs somewhere between 0730 and 0800 usually—no more of that 0430 anymore. That's long gone now; whether it was for a morning run (with my Uncle Sam's best) or a quick set of racquet ball with the most recent group of "never gonna beat me" guys from the current company I was working with. I just don't do that anymore.

Well anyway, I finished grooming and walked out to start squaring up the bed. This is about the time my wife usually shows, but not this morning. Just Little Gus, my six year old rescue hound and my best Pup—he's in a four way tie with several previous Pups and shows no sign of dropping out of the group. Gus is smart and hard to put anything over on. He learns quickly, so much so, that you have to start spelling out plans after he has heard the word(s) several times. Spelling doesn't last but about three or four weeks as he becomes a resolute speller after another three weeks or so. It now becomes a challenge to find words that resemble your desires and continually change those words before Gus's enigma calculates and deciphers.

Now Otis, that's another matter entirely. He usually stands at 39<sup>th</sup> overall best pup, sometimes dropping to 42<sup>nd</sup> due to his lack of brainpower—a definite disadvantage on his part. The term "wakes up in a new world everyday" was coined specifically just for Otis. His brain is comparable to a BB rolling around inside of a gymnasium—he just doesn't have it. But, when it comes to being sweet and lovable his rank at 39 is fairly maintainable.

I work on the bed with the two most ineffective arms available to me—one at 80% efficiency and the other achieving 15 to 20% efficiency. I got the blanket and managed to fold and store it away. Then I started on the covers; they're a bit more trouble to manage. In the long run, I probably finished somewhere between spread-up and made-up; best I could do. I located the decorative pillows the wife likes and positioned them accordingly. Done!

Now, to get dressed. The toughest part is the socks; not because of the limitations of my extremities, but the Pups. It's not easy to put on your socks with two mutts in your lap or struggling to get into your lap; it's just not! Try as I might, I'm getting nowhere. I finally manage to separate the two quarrelling Pups and return normalcy to the room. I lay one of my socks over Gus's head and refer to him as "sock-head". He doesn't like that much and rolls his eyes as he gazes at me from under the white sock shading his eyes. He takes it; I told you he was smart. He knows he's gonna receive dividends in the long run. Socks complete, I'm on to pants.

I next acquired a doo-a-doo for Otis to chase downstairs and tempted him a time or two before heading to the stairs for the trip down. I save up the toilet paper rolls just for this purpose. Otis thinks there's nothing better. Luckily, I've managed to acquire a plethora of doo-a-dooos because my granddaughter Alison saved their wrapping paper rolls and trimmed them down to size for just this need—she's such a help. That was a good thing 'cause I was running short of fodder prior to her stocking me up. (BTW—I don't know why spellcheck thinks doo-a-dooos isn't the appropriate plural of doo-a-doo; after all it had no problem whatsoever with doo-a-doo.)

I stand at the top of the stairs and trick Otis a time or two and finally chunk the doo-a-doo over the banister. He's off after the prize before Gus makes a move. By the way, Gus isn't going after the prize, this isn't his game. He's there for his morning hug!

As I round the corner I notice that my wife is sitting in her usual chair with a somewhat huge lump on her left shoulder. I wonder for a moment 'cause she always comes back up to help with the bed! Continuing on down, I asked her: "What's going on?"

She replies "My shoulder has been giving me problems all night. I've got the heating pad on it right now."

"Have you taken any Tylenol?"

"No! I've been researching the symptoms on the internet for the past 45 minutes."

"Where have you looked and what have you discovered?"

She says: "I think I've got a pinched nerve. I went out to both iDoc.com and Symptoms-are-you.com, entered my aches and hit "submit."

"What'd they tell you?"

"They ask for more data. I described the problem again and we came to the decision that it was a pinched nerve."

I said: "You know, I was reading an article the other day about this self-diagnosis over the internet and I think you've sufficiently proficient and accomplished enough to meet the requirements for DIM."

"A Dim. What's that?" She knows how much of an acronym fiend I am; probably one of the best walking the earth.

"That's a Doctor of Internet Medicine; a DIM." I replied. "And furthermore, due to your acute awareness with the sites you have visited and the mastery of the devices you utilize, I think you just might also be proficient enough to qualify for the additional identifier of 'With iDevice Technology,' WIT."

I watched as her mind's gears began to whirl and piece together what I had said; all the time hoping she didn't throw anything my direction.

All of a sudden, she immediately stacked her iPad and iPhone, got up from her chair, hustled straight into the kitchen and started my grits. That's the fastest I ever saw her move! *John Howard Hatfield*



# BackStory

the words behind the words ...

## A Poet-Private's General Thoughts

*Billy James Wall*

I once attended a poetry meeting  
From some, I received a friendly greeting  
Ignored, I was, by the general of these poetry-troops  
Like Patton, he caused his soldiers to jump through hoops  
A microphone he sharply provided  
As over his ranks he sternly presided  
His hawkish eyes blazed it seemed  
At me, as swiftly a misfit I was deemed  
Perhaps a bit jealous of me with my wife  
Sitting at my side quite beautiful in the café light  
"Open mic," this commander barked as he shot a stare  
I sat (under surveillance) in the general's judging glare  
A "grunt" or two read their poetry politely  
Then, unannounced and new to the ranks, I rose forthrightly  
And marched to that voice-volume enhancer of a mic  
To speak my poetry peace; I felt like a trembling tyke  
My voice first soft and aquiver  
My body feeling like a bowl of chopped liver  
Out finally a squeak dispensing my soul-deep musings  
I looked up and saw those piercing general's eyes refusing  
To hardly tolerate my shaking presence  
Sir General seemed cocked and loaded to shoot me down like a pheasant  
Applause filled the diner as I finished  
The general's unclapping hands made me squeamish  
What did I do wrong? Perhaps I broke ranks  
This take-no-prisoners general seemed ready to unleash the tanks  
My mysterious dismissal worried me not, no it was quite fun  
It thickened my armor and I stubbornly stuck to my poetry guns  
To this day, I enjoy much better poetry aim  
That glowering general is unknowingly partially to blame  
Perhaps he meant well and I too-fresh to the battle  
Misread this general's searing eyes and silent hands a little  
"Tough love." That's it: the look and the silent treatment, of course  
It worked, although I'm no tour de force  
A lose cannon perhaps in a quest most lyrical  
To heal a heart or lift it to thoughts hysterical  
Blessings to you fledging poets young and old  
Just one stuffy general could make you bold



## The True-badour

# WordShop

You start strong in January, but how do you keep a resolution to write going throughout the entirety of 2016? Here's how, in 4 easy steps:

1. **Choose a time and place** for writing that are hospitable to creativity and quiet.
2. **Create a ritual** that encourages you to write. Put together a playlist. Light a candle. Don a certain pair of fingerless gloves that will keep your typing fingers cozy and productive.
3. **Surround yourself with other people's writing.** Classics and old favorites, sure, but in this new year, you need new influences, too. Discover a new literary magazine that's publishing the kind of writing you want to read. (Have you heard of [Journal of the Month](#)?) Reading begets writing, after all.
4. **Adopt a writing buddy.** Writing groups and critique partners are invaluable and when you're ready for a polish, look to them for a story shoe-shine, but to maintain a regular generative writing practice, choose a friend with good writing taste and chat on a schedule about words. Join [Journal of the Month](#) together and compare notes on the inspiring hot-off-the-press literary magazines you receive over a cup of tea, hot in winter, cold in summer. Send cheerleading emails to one another. Attend readings together. Better yet, do all three.

The point is that we are sensory beings who need time and space and communal support to live by our values, but most importantly, we need to take in art in order to produce any of our own. So go easy on yourself in 2016 by setting yourself up right from the start.

Best,

Jenn of Journal of the Month



Ernie's newest novel will be another thriller called, HIM

**FACT:** In 1885, one of the first serial murders in history occurred in Austin, Texas. Seven women were brutally killed. One of the suspects was a Malaysian cook who called himself Maurice. He was never captured, and the murders ceased when he disappeared from Austin.

**FACT:** In 1888, the Jack the Ripper murders began in London. Among the hundreds of suspects in the case, one was a Malaysian cook who worked on the ships whose name was Maurice. The killer was never apprehended, and the killings ceased when Maurice disappeared from London.

**FICTION:** This book is Maurice's story in his own words. Maurice is innocent, but he knows who the murder is – his lifelong friend. How far will Maurice go to stop Him?



You can hear **Kriz Rogers** music on [www.ReverbNation.com](http://www.ReverbNation.com) or by following this link: <https://www.reverbnation.com/krizrogers> . Her bio is listed below. She's a blue-eyed Swedish singing doll married to my friend **Chase Rogers**! You can hear Chase's music at <https://www.reverbnation.com/chaserogerscountry>

### **Amy Francis**

**Ernie Lee** can be heard on [www.ReverbNation.com](http://www.ReverbNation.com) at [https://www.reverbnation.com/aimhimusic?profile\\_view\\_source=header\\_icon\\_nav](https://www.reverbnation.com/aimhimusic?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav)  
And on MTV Artists page at: <http://www.mtv.com/artists/ernie-lee/>

### **The Light That's Leading Towards Tomorrow**

by: Kriz Rogers

I can hear footsteps following me  
I can see shadows chasing me  
As I walk this road of life  
There is so much that I don't know  
But I try to do what is right  
And keep away from the wrong

'Cause I know life's road's not straight  
And I have to watch my step  
So I won't stumble  
But when I look up and ahead  
I can see the light that's leading towards tomorrow

I can hear voices speaking to me  
I can hear angels singing sweet  
As I go I know someone follows each step in all I do  
So I hope I've learned from the wrong  
So I can do what is right

'Cause I know life's road's not stright  
And I have to watch my step so I won't stumble  
But if I look up and ahead  
I can see the light that's leading towards tomorrow



Yes, when I look up and ahead  
I can see the light that's leading towards tomorrow



Q. What do you call invisible messages left by animals for other animals along a trail?

A. Pee-mails.

Q. What does an avid shopper have in common with a person who's had multiple marriages?

A. They both go up and down the aisles.

Q. What is the significance of a long ago monkey, over many days, losing his fear of water, drawn in to a moat around his zoo habitat by days of doughnuts being tossed his way by visitor's.

A. The first Dunkin' Doughnuts.

*Editor's note:* You can blame this section on the illustrious Billy James Wall. He's got a million of them. Don't encourage him or he will pun-ish you again. Wait! What the heck am I doing?...



Harper Lee Times Two

I've just read "Go Set a Watchman," soon after reading "To Kill a Mockingbird."

Thank goodness I read the Pulitzer Prize winner "Mockingbird" first. It's a beautiful yet haunting story of a small southern town dripping with prejudice against people of dark skin and even one person who, though white, seemed odd and somehow menacing.

"Mockingbird" is the sparkling gem polished to perfection by author Harper Lee and her brilliant editor. And that should have been that. Lee wrote no more novels.

But lately, of course, Lee's first draft magically showed up. First marketing of "Watchman" led adoring fans to think this was Lee's sequel to "Mockingbird," revisiting a grownup Scout and her hero lawyer-father Atticus some two decades later.

Not so.

In fact, "Watchman" is actually a first draft of "Mockingbird." It is Lee's first effort that, on second effort, blossomed into the beloved cautionary tale filled with some of the characters first seen in "Watchman." Lee's editor asked her to rewrite "Watchman" in a time a couple of decades earlier. In "Mockingbird" Scout became a spirited tomboy just shy of eight.

The rewrite was a beautiful idea, the result of which remains at once a charming and also heart-rending account of the "civilized" world's horrible treatment of the odd and different.

Some doubt if "Watchman" was ever supposed to be published.

I think "Watchman" should not have seen the light of a publishing day. It is rife with disillusionment. Not to say it is completely off base, but certainly more preachy.

Glad I read them both and read them close together. I found the exercise a fascinating study in how a literary masterpiece can spring from the not-so-fun work of rethinking and rewriting one's first foray into amazing storytelling.

Billy James Wall

# Poetry

## Structure and Form

I love words—I love stringing them orderly together  
in rhyme, rhythm, meter, measure and verse.  
Words to me are like pieces of a picture puzzle-  
anxious to reveal themselves, anxious to converse.  
I like big words broken into rhythmic syllables, or  
small words meticulously lined systematically to  
prompt readers along line-by-line to the final period.  
I love to inflame imagination and ignite curiosity.  
Punctuation and alliteration are games I love to play.  
I like using punctuation to set the pace and timing.  
I like words that reiterate and illustrate a word's full meaning,  
words enhanced and enriched by rhythmic rhyming.  
It may sound strange, but to me words without meter  
sound toneless, off pitch and annoyingly ordinary.  
If all a poet does is to string words together without form,  
a reader's time may be better spent reading a dictionary.

*Copyright © 2015, Doyle Morgan Fellers*

## Sermon in Azure Blue (Church Night in the Park)

The young boy knelt there on his knees  
Beneath the Texas Live Oak trees.  
As we listened to the preacher talk,  
He sketched out a cross in sidewalk chalk.  
Much larger than himself, he slowly drew  
A vacant, hollow cross is azure blue.

Next to the cross there on the ground,  
He drew a stick-figure man who walked around.  
He drew on a head of monstrous size,  
And colored in the nose and eyes.  
Then, when he had rested for a little while,  
Drew on that face a gigantic smile.

I wondered who the boy had drawn,  
As the preacher continued on and on;  
Maybe himself or perhaps his Dad.  
Whoever it was he was surely glad!  
Then he drew a box above the frame,

And labeled in there Jesus' name.

Holy Father! Full of Grace!  
A smile upon the Jesus face?  
What is this young world coming to?  
A sacrilege in azure blue!  
But the more I looked, the more I saw.  
This picture was not so wrong at all.

And finally did I realize,  
This boy had drawn our Christ alive!  
Not nailed upon the cross in pain,  
But walking around; not hung in shame  
But glorified in victory!  
That is what his picture said to me.

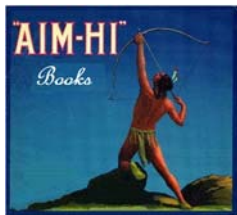
How would you prefer to see  
Our precious Jesus and that tree?  
Hung in pain and misery,  
Or walking around for all to see?  
Smiling as if he beat the band!  
And all this from a young boy's hand.  
A testament from an innocent view,





I would like to share in the *True-badour*?

[oftheblanco@hotmail.com](mailto:oftheblanco@hotmail.com) We'd love to help you share it with our readers.



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Each issue of *True-badour* will feature a randomly selected winner. This issue we salute: **Nancy Forsley of Rimouski, Quebec**

The *True-badour* is international!!!

Congratulations, Nancy! Many thanks for subscribing to *True-badour*!

Sue will be receiving a \$15 gift card to Amazon.

# WRITING IS GIVING

**Writing+Is+Giving** means that the simple act of writing is an act of giving. When we write something, we give information to someone, even if it is a question.

I have decided to **GIVE AWAY 2,016** copies of my book **AQUASAURIUS** to Cancer Fighters; those who are fighting cancer now and who have survived a cancer fight in the past. **It is totally free.** All you have to do is follow these steps:

Go to [WWW.Aim-HiBooks.com](http://WWW.Aim-HiBooks.com)

Subscribe in the orange box on the web site.

Press the "Contact" button on top.

Send me a message with your name and e-mail address

Nominate someone (or yourself). I need their name, e-mail address, type of cancer and year (for my records only) and the format they need (mobi and pdf are the two methods available)

Hit send. They will receive a complete copy of my book in their in-box totally free.

As a cancer survivor myself, I want to reach out to those whose lives have been impacted by cancer.

Please help me accomplish this by nominating someone today. Maybe together we can brighten someone's day.

By: Ernie Lee



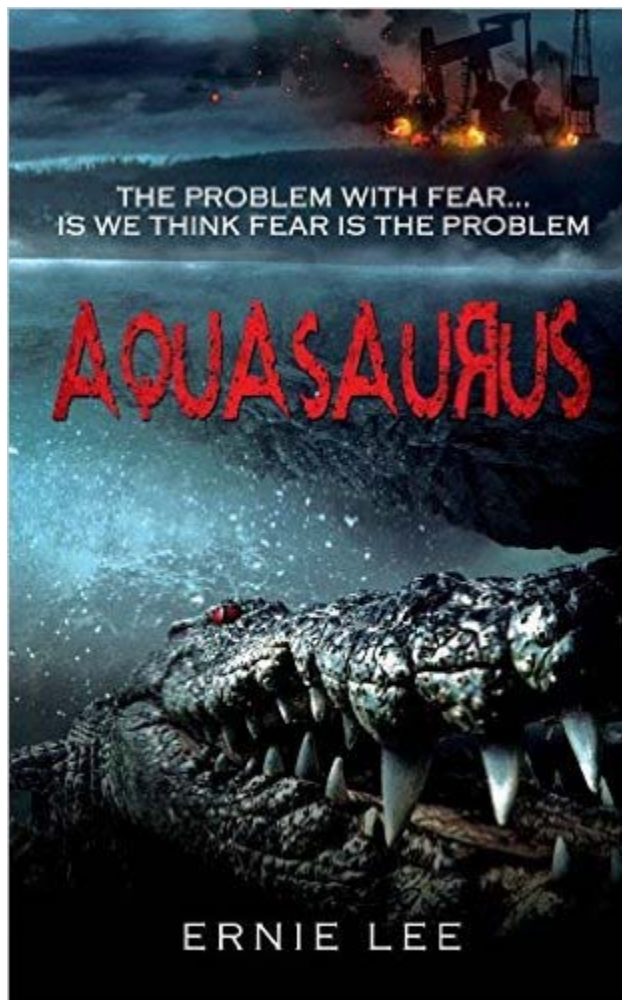
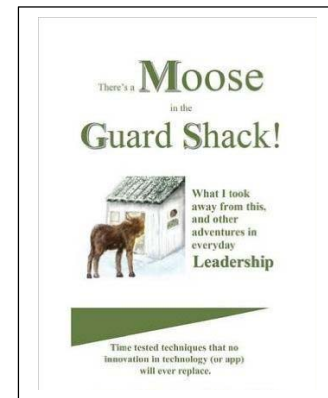
Title: There's a Moose in the Guard Shack! Author: John Howard Hatfield

Genre: Business & Economics / Leadership

ISBN: 978-1-4958-0825-8

Publisher: Infinity Publishing

[http://www.amazon.com/Theres-Moose-Guard-Howard-Hatfield/dp/1495808254/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1462068844&sr=8-1&keywords=There%27s+a+moose+in+the+guard+shack](http://www.amazon.com/Theres-Moose-Guard-Howard-Hatfield/dp/1495808254/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1462068844&sr=8-1&keywords=There%27s+a+moose+in+the+guard+shack)



Title: Aquasaurus

Genre: Thriller / Adventure

ISBN: 978-09971284-2-0

[http://www.amazon.com/Aquasaurus-Ernie-Lee/dp/0997128429/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1464481692&sr=1-1&keywords=ERNIE+LEE+IN+BOOKS](http://www.amazon.com/Aquasaurus-Ernie-Lee/dp/0997128429/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1464481692&sr=1-1&keywords=ERNIE+LEE+IN+BOOKS)