

The True-badour

A LITERARY NEWSLETTER

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The True-badour

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Publisher: **Ernie Lee**

Associate Editor:

Liberty Dove Fredericks – Atlanta, Ga
Contributing Writers:

Billy James Wall – St. Augustine, FL

John Howard Hatfield – Austin, TX

Bart Ambrose – Nashville, TN

Nancy Fierstien – Dripping Springs, TX

Carolyn Stovall – Kerens, TX

Gretchen Rix – Lockhart, 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.)



Hurricane Harvey kept us from doing our great Kroger debut. We hope to schedule our first visits in December to the Kroger stores in my home town, Bryan and College Station, Texas.

The storm also caused a cancellation of the Brazos Valley Book Festival. The festival is re-scheduled for April 14, 2018. Look for Ernie and Aim-Hi Books to be back in my old home town!

We've got some great download cards that we can sell to digital readers. All three books are available digitally for download to Kindle, e-Book, Nook, or .pdf. This handy little card has a code on the back allowing for the download at www.dropcards.com. They came out really neat with the Aim-Hi logo and all. If you have a book and would like more information contact me.



We can convert your book into a digital format and tell you how to sell your books through Drop Cards. It's really worth doing! The cards are much cheaper than printing a book – plus you can give promotional copies away with minimal expense.

I was honored to receive the A.M.C. certification from Texas



Authors Association this year. This continuing

education program provides training and tools for an author to learn how to market books. In a survey conducted by Texas Authors Association, 9 out of 10

bookstores reported they would give a contract to an author with the certificate over one that was not certified.



Also this fall, Ernie's short story, "*Heart Over Mind*" was selected for inclusion in Vol. 3 of **Short Stories by Texas Authors**. The book is available at the Texas Authors website at

<http://books.txauthors.com/product-p/tass3.htm>, or you can get a

signed copy from Aim-Hi Books at www.aim-hibooks.com/shop. I am

excited and proud to win this award – making me a triple award winner (Poetry, Novelist, and now Short Story writer!

The novel *Aquasaurus* was placed in the Texas Authors Institute of History this fall! The goal of the institute is to save the history of books published and created by Texas Authors. How nice to know that *Aquasaurus* will be added to that collection for future readers interested in Texas authors.

On October 27, Ernie presented at the Tye Preston Memorial Library in Canyon Lake.

Ernie discussed and answered questions about *Aquasaurus* and HIM.

The Lone Star Book Festival was in October in Dallas, Texas. We met a lot of great people, and shared good times with a lot of Texas authors, some of who you will meet in this issue.

It was a great fall 2017. I want to thank all of you for your support and interest over the past year. Here's looking for an even greater 2018! Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all!

Ernie

The True-badour



INTRODUCING

The True-badour welcomes some new authors this issue. I hope you enjoy their contributions as much as I did reading them the first time.

NANCY FIERSTIEN



Nancy is co-editor of Best Austin Poetry 2014-2015 and the editor of two other Best Austin Poetry collections published by the Austin Poetry Society. She has been a frequent contributor to Texas Poetry Calendars and to anthologies of the Austin International Poetry Festival. Her submission to the 2012 Blue Hole magazine (issued by the Georgetown Poetry Festival) was a Pushcart Prize nominee. Other work appears in *Lifting the Sky: Southwestern Haiku & Haiga*, in anthologies from the Tablerock Poetry Festivals in Salado and the Poetry at Round Top festivals. She served as a Local Featured Poet in the 22nd gathering of AIPF in 2014. Her monthly “Thirsty Thursday” venue has been open to poets, musicians and storytellers in Dripping Springs since September 2007. It currently meets on the third Thursday of each month (except December).

Nancy’s poem, **A Rich Re-Seeding of the Will to Live**, is below:

CAROLYN STOVALL



I live in Kerens, Texas, which is a quaint little town, where I am known as the "Cookbook Lady." I love to cook, and it has always been a dream of mine to write a cookbook, and share my treasure trove of recipes. I finally decided one day to get out all of my Texas heirloom recipes and start typing. After over a year, I finally finished my "A Texas Gal Cooks" cookbook. I have had amazing success with my cookbook. So... never give up on your dreams.

Editor’s note: You can see Carolyn’s recipe for Texas Pecan Pie below:

GRETCHEN RIX



First she wanted to be a horse master (not rich enough), then an astronaut (not smart enough), and then she settled on an attainable dream, writer. More specifically, novelist and short story writer.

It’s taken a long time, but Gretchen’s got twelve published books now, and is working on number thirteen and fourteen at this very moment. (Well, not really. Just number thirteen). She’s written sweet, fairy-tale based romances, one racy historical romance, a

weird western (that’s a genre name, not a description), murder mysteries, science fiction, and a lot of quirky short stories, mostly funny.

Middle-aged, retired, living in Lockhart, Texas with a sister, two cats, and a dog. Sometimes sells her books at book festivals, farmer’s markets, and at BookPeople (in Austin). Doesn’t write as much as she should because she still loves reading a lot and watching television.

B.A. in journalism from the University of Houston, grew up in Greenville, Texas, and has done a little bit of world traveling—France, England, Scotland, Disney World, etc.



GRETCHEN RIX

No-Man's Land

© Gretchen Rix

Of course they named it No-Man's Land. I mean, how could they not? A no-brainer if ever there was one.

But I could barely control my urge to remind them that *no man* didn't actually encompass all of humanity, as Sauron and his minions found out too late in *The Lord of the Rings*.

Whatever.

I digress.

No-Man's-Land was a series of tiny islands in the Pacific. Emerald green with greenery, these volcanic mountains poked their heads up long enough to escape the sea for at least twelve of the twenty-four hours of the day. This had been the best solution for all involved. No actual *real* country in the entire world had been willing to take them in.

Engrailed with coral colonies, No-Man's Land appeared to be a paradise, from the air. A bargain at the price. Just what was needed.

Seen head-on, you didn't have to wonder why they had (until then) been known as Temporary Islands #1-25. Temporary being the operative word.

Darryl the Vimineous Tree, who stood before me now, had complaints running out of his ears.

So to speak.

And yes, Darryl the Vimineous Tree was his name. Both his chosen name (but not by his parents) do trees actually *have* parents?

And his official name.

The vimineous part of his name was actually true. Vines everywhere, absolutely everywhere. Also true was the tree part of his name.

He wouldn't divulge the reason he chose *Darryl*, or the *the* either, no matter how hard I pressed him.

And he insisted on the "he" due to the Christian name he'd picked.

I mean, due to the primary name he'd picked.

His first name.

Not Christian. Sorry, not Christian at all. If Darryl the Tree (to shorten it to his nickname) had any religion at all, it had to be paganism.

Tree! Duh!

Back to the consultation.

I'm a real estate agent. Ginny McCallister. Office in Houston, Texas, where it was a sweltering early February morning and I'd just closed the deal.

Darryl the Tree was one of *those* trees.

The ones that walked. And I don't mean Ents.

Darryl was a macadamia tree from Hawaii, but for some inexplicable reason my brain kept translating his mind-to-mind communications into a Texan drawl. Probably had something to do with that famous superiority complex we Texans are all supposed to have.

Anyhow, Darryl peppered his comments with lots of Howdys and Y'all come back real soon, and every once in a while a few Bless your little hearts escaped his censorship.

The tree wanted solutions and he wanted them NOW.

There were thousands and thousands of macadamia trees tired of living cheek to jowl with humans (now that it was unlawful to kill and ingest us whenever it suited them) who wanted to immigrate to No-Man's-Land.

And only room for about a hundred per island.

After years of talks, and two hundred thirty-seven thousand, six hundred and nineteen emails passing between us, we were no closer to a solution than we'd been when he'd first darkened my office doorway.

"I cannot help you!" I screamed mind-to-mind at him. Same as I'd been doing morning after morning after morning. "What do you expect me to do? Build up the damned islands until you've got a mini-Australia landmass?"

My head almost exploded. Darryl the Tree screamed *Yipee!* and *Yeehaw!* and *Hell, Yes!* over and over and over, projected at me full blast until I thought I was going to faint. I felt a blood vessel burst in my left eye.

He must have realized what he'd done. All thoughts vanished from my brain in an instant. Mine as well as his. Until he rectified his mistake, I didn't even have the wits to close my mouth to keep flies out of it. And I'm pretty sure he left me that way just a little bit longer than necessary so that he could get that fly in there for me to spit out. But not before I bit into it. Nope, not before I bit into it.

Tasted nasty. Just like you'd expect.

So, Mr. Tree believed that my off-the-cuff idea to build up the island was the answer. Too bad I didn't have any clue how to do that. Dumping old oil rigs and broken down cruise ships in the shoals would probably work—about a century from now.

Or we could do a trash dump out there. That would build up a pretty good base to work from, if you could just get the trash to stay there. One or two good storms would send everything swirling out in the middle of the ocean.

Reading my thoughts as I came up with and then discarded one idea after another was wilting the tree's leaves. Never had I seen abject dejection so ably illustrated than the posture of Mr. Darryl V.t. Tree as he displayed in front of me.

Mean-spirited money grubber that I was, I took a photo and posted it to the web with a snarky "oh, no!" caption that sent it around the world in fifteen minutes.

Where businessman and philanthropist Richard Branson caught sight of it right alongside the photo he'd taken of the floating plastic mass the size of Texas he'd seen from his spaceship on landing the day before.

He called. Wanted to talk to the tree even though I explained until I was blue in the face that the tree couldn't communicate unless he was tête-à-tête with someone.

So he made me translate.

Actually, all I had to do was to understand what he told me. With the tree right near me, he caught everything that was said. At first he hated the idea. Refused to consider it.

"Plastic bad," the tree sputtered through his connection to me. I passed it on to Branson. They went back and forth at it for hours before I finally vetoed any other chit chat.

I liked the plastic idea. Even thought of a way to make it palliative to the Texas-loving macadamia tree. A round-up.

Like with cattle, but substituting that floating island of plastic bits and pieces instead. The way Branson explained it, if ships could drag or push that mass of debris to the tree's new islands, all they needed to do was create a massive netting system and then cement the islands together with the plastic. Leaving stress points free, of course. This was an active volcanic area.

"Make it so," Mr. Darryl Vimineous the Tree commanded. Then he made me hang up on the billionaire. I will admit, that sort of felt good. Gave me a temporary illusion of power. And after all, as the *real estate agent*, I wouldn't have to deal with the continued—

By habit I picked up the phone and answered.

Like the Queen of England, Richard Branson was not amused.

I was wrong, of course. The tree had picked me out as his representative and his representative I remained. Four more years.

Our exchanges were constant. I almost lost the ability to talk to people. My office became a way station for emigrating macadamia trees. I morphed into the point man (woman) for the whole enterprise. Got paid a very good wage for my sins. But I bet I'd be known as the tree lady the rest of my life. Even had a tee shirt that said so.

No-Man's-Land grew by inches, by inches, by inches, and then jumped to feet, by feet, by yards, by miles, by miles. And then I gave up keeping track of the actual new continent.

Yep, it got that big.

That woman who made the Brown Betty apple pie so famous...she was appointed ambassador. Mr. Darryl Vimineous the Tree began calling himself the mayor of the continent, but of course that was wrong. Governor. President. King. He still insisted on mayor.

It was like a knife to the heart that I was totally left out. Left out of the accolades. Left out of the rewards. Pretty much left out of everything.

Except phone numbers carved into public bathroom stalls.

I had a certain reputation by now.

That's why when the first native Martian to make it alive to Earth called me, I wasn't surprised at all.

He wanted to annex one of the new artificial Martian moons for himself and his family and call it Bradbury Estates. Felt it was his due since Earthers had taken over Mars proper.

It took a while, but I talked him out of the *Estates* part of it.

Bradbury now houses fifty true Martian conclaves, and six of the damned macadamia trees. I was assured there was a house for me, too, if I ever wanted it.

---For Richard Branson, Elon Musk and everyone on Mars

WordShop

FAULKNER'S NOBEL SPEECH

by: **Ernie Lee**

William Faulkner's has a lot to say about writing. In his speech at the Nobel Banquet, in the City Hall of Stockholm on December 10, 1950, he voiced words of advice for all writers. I encourage you to read it in the hope that it is as inspiring for you as was for me.

Ladies and gentlemen,

I feel that this award was not made to me as a man, but to my work - a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will someday stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed - **love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice**. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without

hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things, he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure: that when the last dingdong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking.

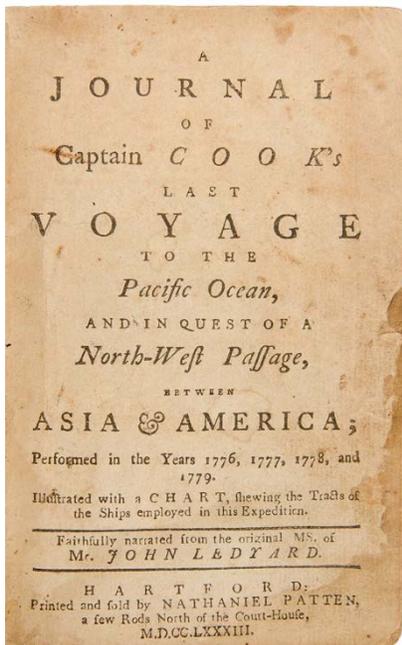
I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

From *Nobel Lectures, Literature 1901-1967*, Editor Horst Frenz, Elsevier Publishing Company, Amsterdam, 1969
Emphasis: Ernie Lee



JOHN LEDYARD AND THE COPYRIGHT LAW

John Ledyard was one of those extraordinary men who seemed to thrive in the early history of this country. Born in Connecticut, he dropped out of Dartmouth to see the world. He achieved that goal with amazing experiences. For the next twenty years, he sailed the South Pacific with Captain James Cook, explored the Aleutian Islands, traveled deep into Siberia, and sailed down the Nile. By the 1880s, he was ready to write about his adventures. His first effort was the astounding story of Captain Cook's Last Voyage, which became wildly popular.



He worried about protecting his work because the United States had not yet adopted federal copyright laws. In an effort to protect his rights, he sued the state of Connecticut, as was the custom in those days.

Noah Webster recognized the need for national copyright protections, and had been petitioning the new government for such a law as well as going about trying to get the states to do so independently. None had done so by the time Ledyard filed his lawsuit. However, due in a large part to Ledyard's petition, Connecticut passed the first general colonial copyright statute. There is no doubt, that Noah Webster's lobbying had an impact as several states quickly passed similar laws.

When the states received the Constitution for ratification in 1787, it included a clause granting the federal government power to enact federal copyright law.



SONGWRITER FOLLIES

By: **Bart Ambrose**

One of the things I really like about Nashville is the writers' nights all over town. You can find one any night of the week and there are always new ones starting up. Here, gentle reader, from a writers' night veteran, are a few observations about writers' performances, some of the things they do, and an occasional suggestion for anyone who cares.

"I WROTE THIS HERE SONG, AND IT GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS..." Well, of course it goes like that! He or she wrote it, didn't they? They should know exactly how it goes! This line is so hackneyed it's painful.

"YAK YAK YAK, BLAH BLAH BLAH..." Telling the audience your life history before each song is not a way to gain fans. People don't really care to know how you got there, all of life's pitfalls you have endured, or all the minor details of why you wrote the song. There is some old advice that really applies here: **"SHUT UP AND PLAY!"**



Ernie & Bart at Nashville Songwriters Circle, July 2017, where I committed each of these sins Bart listed in this article.

"I WROTE THIS SONG WITH JOE BLOW 30 YEARS AGO..." First off, no one cares. Secondly, if you don't have anything newer, you probably aren't working at it much. Third, see above! **"I HAD A REQUEST, BUT I'M GONNA PLAY ANYWAY..."** Tired jokes are just that: Tired! If you don't have something creative and truly funny to say, then don't. See item above.

"I CAN'T REALLY SING OR PLAY, BUT I'M GONNA ANYWAY..." This is like telling the audience you are a rank amateur, but your ego is so big you're going to make them listen to you in spite of it! Never, never set yourself up this way. The audience will surely find reason to believe you!

"I JUST WROTE THIS SONG SITTING AT THE BAR, SO HERE GOES..." This is another way of telling the audience you are an amateur and setting yourself up for criticism. If you just wrote it 2 hours ago, or two days ago, keep it to yourself. It doesn't matter at all to the audience when you wrote it. They just want to hear a good song.

"I AIN'T PLAYED THIS IN A LONG TIME, HOPE I REMEMBER IT..." If you don't think you remember it, don't play it! And don't stop in the middle of your song to think about it, then start all over again. This is highly annoying to the audience, and marks you as an amateur.

"I JUST PUT ON NEW STRINGS, AND THE DANG THINGS WON'T STAY IN TUNE..." Duh! Never, repeat never, put on new strings just before a gig! There is nothing more irritating to an audience than listening to you spend half your time tuning, unless it's listening to you play out of tune. I'm sure you can think of others to add to this list.

Ernie's I-POD



You can hear **Bart Ambrose** music on ReverbNation at <https://www.reverbnation.com/bartambrose> . It was a pleasure performing with Bart in Nashville in July. I really appreciate his hospitality to an old Texas boy! His song *Two Times Tomorrow* just knocks me out! I think the boy's got some Texan in him somewhere!

Aubrey Ray Hobson has been a friend of mine since the **Indie Country Road Show** days. From Artesia, New Mexico, this old boy can sing a country song! One-Take Hobson! Listen to a few of his songs at: <https://www.reverbnation.com/aubreyrayhobson/songs>

While you are at it, take a listen to a good friend, **Chase Rogers**! He is another one of my Nashville friends, and I'm a big fan of his brand of country music. His lovely wife, **Kriz**, has contributed to *The True-badour* several times over the past two years. Please be in prayer for Chase who is experiencing some health problems. We wish him comfort and peace.
<https://www.reverbnation.com/chasereaganrogers/songs>

Another pair of friends from the old **Indie Country Road Show** days are **Mike Parrish and Sammy Hundley**, from Houston, Texas. These boys can rock the country. If you don't believe it just listen to the **Parrish-Hundley Band** at: <https://www.reverbnation.com/parrishhundley>

Ernie Lee can be heard at ReverbNation also. I've put up some spots from my book ***Where the Wild Rice Grows***, and my country music still charts pretty well on the ReverbNation local charts. Give a listen at:
https://www.reverbnation.com/aimhimusic?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav

WHERE DO THEY GO?

by: Billy J. Wall

Avian days
Not just a phase
Birds keep flying
There's no denying
When the land
It could be a bird in the hand
Question is my friends
When a bird's life ends,
Where does the body go?
Most folks don't even know
Take time to think
Because before you can blink
The bird body disappears
Never to reappear

Perhaps men so science
Can prove the reliance
Of bird cadavers vanishing
Into thin air, so astonishing
Scientists may know where
A bird of the air
Goes when it dies, might it compare
To humans who fly
To heaven, up to the sky
That's my thought
Which, perhaps, comes to naught
Friends, take a moment in time
To ponder this, and end it with a rhyme



A book review

by: Billy Wall

Desert Solitaire: A Season in the Wilderness, by Edward Abbey

Think of Edward Abbey as a twentieth century environmentalist with wit, strong opinions, and a beautiful writing style. These elements do not often combine, but all of them do in Abbey's book, "**Desert Solitaire**". The book chronicles one of his seasons as a part-time park ranger in the western desert of Utah in the early 1960s. First published in the late '60s, the book still reads fresh.

In "Solitaire", Abbey shows his disdain for the automobile, especially when it enters a national park. Better ways of exploring the park: "... try the little known and problematic advantages of the bicycle, the saddle horse, or the footpath."

Abbey says the paving of parks is shrinking the "magic" of the wilderness. He also advocates age discrimination: eliminate the elderly and the very young to control the park population. About national parks in general, Abbey suggests we do some re-thinking. "We are preoccupied with time," Abbey declares. "If we could learn to love space (as in the desert) as deeply as we are now obsessed with time, we might discover a new meaning in the phrase *to live like men*." Along with strong opinions, Abbey eloquently describes the desert, legends, and wild trips, both alone and with a companion. He paints brilliant word pictures of even the simple wonder of his beloved desert.

An example of Abbey's rich characters goes like this:

"Roy is a leather-hided, long-connected, sober-side man with gray hair, red nose and yellow teeth; he is kind, gentle, well-meaning, but worries too much, takes things too seriously."

So, to put Abbey in context we must say that he was (he died in December 1989 at his home in Tucson, Arizona) an American author and essayist, known for his advocacy of environmental issues, criticism of public land policies, and anarchist political views. Abbey also wrote the novel, "**The Monkey Wrench Gang**" which has been cited as an inspiration to environmental groups. "**Desert Solitaire**" is a fascinating read.

I give the book 4 stars. ★★★★★



Edward Abbey
1/29/27 – 3/14/89

Poetry

A Rich Re-Seeding

By: Nancy Fierstien

The art of the heart
is a call worth heeding.

Any heart-sick art
Is disease worth treating,
For the *art* of the heart
is a rhythmic pleading –
it zeroes right in
on each soul's needing

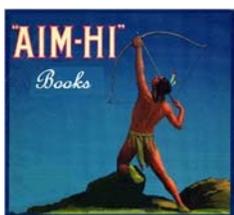
The art of the heart
aims to keep on beating.

even *if* lungs hurt
or *deep cuts* are bleeding
Oh, the art of the *heart*
is a rich re-seeding.
of the will to live
and it *will* need feeding.

This poem first appeared in Vol. 12 (2017) of the *The Enigmatist*, edited by Mike & Joyce Gullickson.

Have you a poem you would like to share in the *True-badour*?

Send it to Ernie at bardoftheblanco@hotmail.com. We would love to help you share it with our readers.



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WRITING IS GIVING

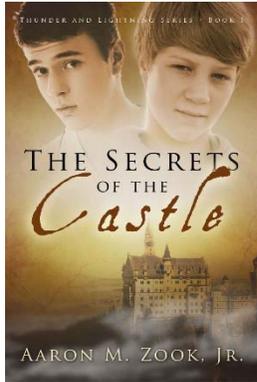
Writing+Is+Giving means that the simple act of writing is an act of giving. When we write something, we give information to someone, even if it is a question.

I have decided to **GIVE AWAY 2,016** copies of my book **AQUASAURUS** 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 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.

Books for Sale

A spot for shameless self-promotion

AARON ZOOK

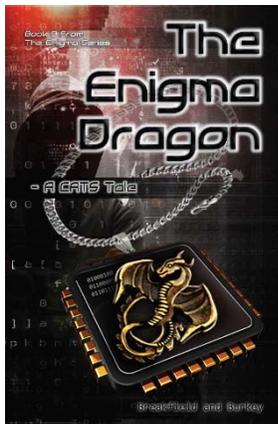


Title: The Secrets of the Castle

ISBN:

Available

ROXANNE BURKEY



The Enigma Dragon: A Cat's Tale

ISBN: 978-19468582-4-5

Available at Amazon and

<http://enigmabookseries.com/>

An episode of The Enigma Dragon series: In A Cat's Tale, the political climate is unnerving. North Korea is running missile tests, but where are they getting their deadly supplies? As Juan and Julie Rodriguez send their operatives out across the globe to track down these Analog Information Mules, they will discover horrible potential threats, and learn about each other along the way!

JOHN HOWARD HATFIELD

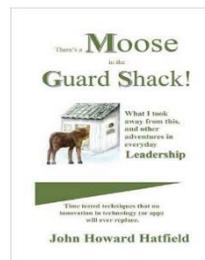
Title: There's a Moose in the Guard Shack!

Genre: Business & Economics / Leadership

ISBN: 978-14958-082-5-8

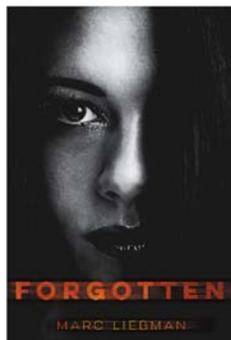
Publisher: Infinity Publishing

[Link: Infinity - Moose in the Guard Shack](#)



A management-leadership book like no other you have ever read. Hatfield shares his insights of leadership from military assignments in the great frozen great northwest of Alaska!

MARK LIEBMAN



Title: *Forgotten*

ISBN: 978-19441937-1-3

Available: Amazon, and

www.marcliebman.com

The *Forgotten* are six Americans who did not come home at the end of the Vietnam War. Four men - Navy Lieutenants Randy Pulaski and Jeff Richey and Air Force Captain Greg Christiansen and First Lieutenant Karl Kramer were known to be captured. The other two - Army Captain Ashley Smith and First Lieutenant Hank Cho - were already declared MIA. To the U.S. government, they are MIA until five years after the war ended when they are declared KIA. It is not until 1982 when the U.S. learns of their existence and two men, one a former POW and the other a CIA operative want the POWs dead. Their existence will send one to prison and lead to a court martial for treason.



**2017 Finalist
in Historical Fiction
Next Generation
Indie Book Awards**

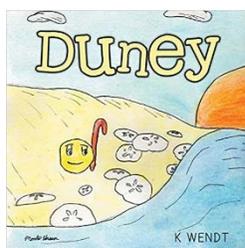


**2017 Finalist
In Fiction
Book Excellence
Awards**



**Five Star Rating
Reader's Favorites**

K. WENDT



Title: *Duney*

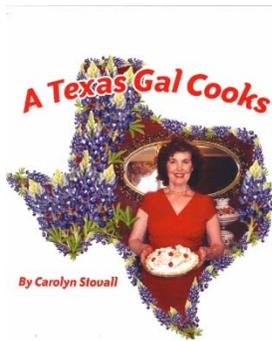
ISBN:

Available: Amazon, and

www.kwendt.online

Duney is written for children ages 7 and younger and the parents, grandparents and other loved ones who read to them. It is a wonderful adaptation of the age-old Biblical tale of David and Goliath and opens the door for discussions on self-confidence and faith in the face of great obstacles. It is also an excellent book for schools, day cares and Sunday Schools. It is simple, inviting story, and is widely available in print and e-book for easy access

CAROLYN STOVALL



Title: A Texas Gal Cooks

ISBN:

Available on Amazon, and

www.atexasgalcooks.com

Texas Pecan Pie

This pecan pie is one of Aunt Lena's recipes. She made the most wonderful pecan pies that I have ever eaten. I think that using the dark Karo, real butter, and chopped finely pecans are the secret to her pies being so tasty.

1 c. sugar $\frac{1}{8}$ t. salt

3 T. real butter, softened 2 t. real vanilla

3 eggs, slightly beaten 1 c. pecans, finely chopped

1 c. Karo dark syrup 1 unbaked pie crust

In a large mixing bowl, cream the sugar, and butter together. Add the slightly beaten eggs, Karo syrup, salt, vanilla, and the chopped pecans. Stir all of this to combine the ingredients. Pour this mixture into an unbaked crust. Bake slowly at 325 degrees for about 40- 45 minutes, or until done, and the middle does not shake. The edges will be brown, and firm.

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GRETCHEN RIX



Title: Ill Met by Moonlight

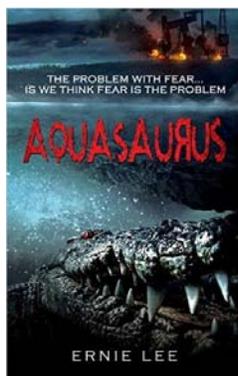
ISBN: 978-15403791-2-2

Available on Amazon or at

<http://rixcafetexican.com>

Trees don't walk. But here they do. In *ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT* they walk, they kill, they eat people, and then they— Nope. Telling you more would spoil the fun. Welcome to this horror collection about the walking macadamia nut trees of Hawaii. Believe it or not, you're going to laugh. A new addition to the humorous horror genre. Enjoy.

ERNIE LEE



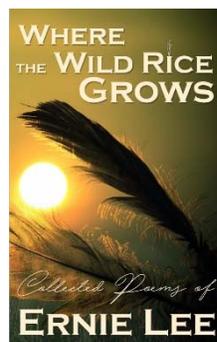
Title: *Aquasaurus*

Genre: Thriller / Adventure

ISBN: 978-09971284-2-0

Available on Amazon or at

www.Aim-HiBooks.com



Title: Where the Wild Rice Grows

Collected Poems of Ernie Lee

ISBN: 978-09971284-3-7

Available on Amazon or at

www.Aim-HiBooks.com

Available in audio CD

You can listen **free** to Ernie Lee's recordings of *Where the Wild Rice Grows* on www.youtube.com. Search Where the Wild Rice Grows Ernie Lee, and you should find a dozen or so recordings, narrated by Wes Elliot, and produced by Aim-Hi Music. It is the first set or Ernie Lee's poems put to music and sound effects. I hope you enjoy.



Title: Him

Suspense, thriller, historic fiction

ISBN: 978-09917284-5-1

Available on Amazon or at

www.Aim-HiBooks.com



Short Stories by Texas Authors

Available: www.TxAuthors.com

Amazon

& www.Aim-HiBooks.com

AIM-HI BOOKS CALENDAR: Here is the list of places I’m supposed to appear this fall. If you are in the area, please stop by and say hi! I’d love to see you, sign a card or a book for you, and get to know you better, or catch up on old times.

DECEMBER:	TBA	2 Kroger Stores	Bryan, Texas College Station, Tx
JANUARY:	25 th	Barnhoff Elementary School	Austin, Texas
FEBRUARY:	TBA	Kroger	Houston, Texas
MARCH	SxSW	(stay tuned for an exciting announcement)	
	24 th	Galveston Book Festival	Galveston, Tx

BONUS FEATURE:

By: John Howard Hatfield

Whiskey Sours (On a Bet)

For some time I have been wanting to get this on paper. Now seems appropriate.

During my time in upstate New York, while stationed at West Point, I had the opportunity to peruse a master’s degree in management and supervision—the Army didn’t much care where it came from or, for that matter, what field of study it was in. They just wanted me to get an advanced degree. The catch was that the classes the group of the four of us could get into were held at McGuire Air Force Base down in New Jersey—a four plus hour drive south. And, they were held on weekends only—that was the most difficult part—we worked the weekends, every weekend. The compromise—we would have to continue visits at our normal level and we could take off the weekends that classes met. For close to a year, we were looking at zero time off. We agreed, set ourselves a rotating car pool schedule and became students of Central Michigan University, but meeting at McGuire two weekends a month.

Our classes began on Friday evening running from 6 to 10 P.M., and then again on Saturday and Sunday from 8 A.M. through 6 P.M.—we felt lucky to get an hour off for lunch. We finished a class every month and started another the following month if we were lucky enough that what we needed was offered at McGuire back to back—most of the time we were. Papers were due every day class met, sometimes two, and there were exams scheduled on each Saturday and Sunday—we never saw a letup ever.

One particular Friday during our second month, we arrived early because one of us had some problem with a future class schedule and his change of station date had been moved forward. While he worked out the scheduling problem, the rest of us made a *command decision* and headed over to the Officers' Club. We had time to kill prior to class starting and *drinks* seemed to be the appropriate filler.

Upon arrival, it was obvious that we had the undivided attention of the bartenders as it was still early in the work day for the Air Force—I know I'm stretching the believability envelope when I include work and Air Force in the same sentence but you get the idea. The bartender that walked down to the end of the bar we took up residence on was a kid named Bill, the son of an Air Force Sergeant Major on the base. Bill joined our conversation pretty quickly—we and a few dirty glasses were the only game in town.

My current drink of choice was a Whiskey Sour largely because one would seldom be surprised by *bad* Whiskey Sour. I had my share of strange mixes, but hardly ever a bad Whiskey Sour. Most tenders made up a batch (or two) of Sour mix before shift—an easy task. I had little doubt that I would get what I expected.

The Boss ordered a club soda, commenting on class that evening and my partner, Dick, took a chance on his usual, a straight shot of Rye. I ask Bill for a Sour, hoping to not be surprised. As I recall, we had at least one (maybe two) more rounds prior to leaving for class.

As the evening class drew to a close, Dick mentioned: “Howard, you really opened up tonight.” The Sours had had an effect. I wondered if I might have made a *positive effect* on the professor. Only time would tell.

On Saturdays we routinely lunched at the O Club on the breaks but never imbibed during the school day. Prior to going out for dinner that evening, we stopped by the O Club once again. Bill just happened to be on duty again this evening.

“Wada ya have?” he said addressing the Boss who responded with a whatever—I don't remember, but I do recall it wasn't club soda this time. He didn't ask Dick nor I. He just walked over and started preparing the drinks. Returning, he set us up with a whatever, a shot of Rye for Dick and a Sour for myself.

“OK,” I thought to myself: “*the kid that knows how to work for a tip!*”

After a couple of swigs and when Bill had returned to our end of the bar, I mentioned to him: “Everybody's sours don't always mean sour.”

“Not sour enough for you sir?” Bill responded.

“Not quite Bill. You oughta work on that.” We departed for dinner after that round and didn’t see Bill anymore that weekend.

Having decided that the early arrival was a good plan, we were in the O Club bar shortly after 1 P.M. the next Friday when our classes were scheduled.

Bill met us at our usual end of the bar, cheerful as usual and looking fairly glad to see us. He turned to the bar-back and pointed, visually advising us that he had two pitchers of sour mix already prepared: one for the routine customers and “another for me” he commented. Quickly realizing what was about to take place, Dick ask for a Whiskey Sour also. I looked forward to my usual.

Bill returned with the drinks and proudly stated: “I bet that’s sour enough for ya, Sir!”

Dick took a swig of his while I looked over my drink and studied the situation. Dick shook just a bit and immediately shivered a bit also. Then he ordered his regular shot of Rye and pushed the sour back over to Bill. I took a swig and provided my critique: “Well, that’s better Bill, but I’ve had several that I can recall being sourer than this.”

Bill looked to be grinding his teeth and his back looked to be arched as well. “I betcha I can make it so sour that even you can’t drink it Sir.”

“That’s a bet Bill. What’s my incentive?”

“No charge if it isn’t sour enough. How’s that?”

“I’ll take ya up on that bet, Bill.”

There it began. Bill said he practiced during the weeks that we weren’t in class; all the while I would work on my palate. I’m fairly positive I spent less time preparing than Bill did, but he was always ready when we walked through the doors of the O Club bar; two and sometimes three pitchers on the bar-back.

For the next seven months, Bill prepared his concoctions and I shook my head back and forth: “No Bill! That’s close but not quite there yet.” He would arch his back and stride off mumbling under his breath and come back a little later with another drink; always the same result.

Bill would even try to get Dick to judge his concoction and frequently Dick would, continually having the same results as the previous times: “Way too sour for me Bill!”

Because my uncle (Sam) paid for the schooling, our only expense was the getting there and back, our rooms at the BOQ for the weekend and whatever we spent on food and drinks. Usually in fatigues during our work day, I had enough civvies for a weekend, no doubt, but I do remember having to buy a pair of shoes about halfway through the sessions; penny loafers as I recall.

Never once did Bill deliver a drink that I accepted as a good Whiskey Sour, ever!

After all was said and done, I looked back over the quest for my first masters which revealed a discovery or two to me.

The first class in the process, I made an A- in. On my transcript, the classes that followed showed marks of As and A+s. I think it was the Whiskey Sours and the chasing of inhibitions that were accomplished through our visits to the O Club bar prior to class on those Friday afternoons and subsequent Saturday evenings. I hadn't noticed this at the time.

And those Whiskey Sours I remember very fondly also. After the third month of classes: I never paid for another drink in the McGuire Air Force Base Officers' Club and I was never without a drink in the McGuire Air Force Base Officers' Club, at least while Bill was the tender on duty.

Bill would bring 'em over and I would drink 'em. I'd reach for the drink while slipping my feet clad in those Penny Loafers off the barstool. I'd throw back the Sour and within seconds my toes would start to curl, an occurrence that had become impossible with regular shoes on during that summer we spent in classes. My throat would begin to close and my ears might even steam. Did I ever let on to Bill? You betcha' not; never once did I let on—I maintained the straightest face possible. I was in instant agony with every new Sour delivered to my seat at the bar. But the game was 'afoot and I was playing to win.

Thanks for the challenge Bill.

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