

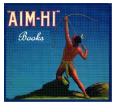
The True-badour

A LITERARY NEWSLETTER

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The True-badour

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Liberty Dove Fredericks – Atlanta, GA

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

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newsletter, Unsubscribe by contacting
ernie.lee@live.com.)

It's been a busy summer here at Canyon Lake. By the end of August the temperatures were breaking the triple digits. Thankfully all the trave was done by the time the mercury topped out.

June saw Baby Doll celebrate her birthday on the 7th. We followed that up with the Wimberley Book Festival. It was a nice little book festival, and close to home so it was a treat. A lot of folks showed up for the event, and we sold quite a few books. I liked this festival so much, I've already signed up for 2018.

We also entered into discussions with renowned artist Clinton Baermann to do a coffee table book and authorized biography, published by Aim-Hi. We'll be working on that project this fall. Meanwhile you can google Clinton for a peek at his fabulous art. My graduating class at Bryan, Texas got together for a reunion in June. We decided to call it our joint 70th birthday party. It was a great time, and caught up with a lot of classmates.

Then July saw us take off for a trip through Memphis, Nashville, Mammoth Cave, The Ark Encounter, and Louisville. While in Memphis we had some great bbq down on Beal Street. I got a chance to sing in Nashville with the Nashville songwriters. The fill-sized replica of the Ark was really something to see.

We got back to Texas just in time for the Corpus Christi Comic Con. Wow! What a show. We sold out of AQUASAURUS again. This was the 3rd Comic Con we sold out of books. Where the Wild Rice Grows did well also. We certainly will bo back to Corpus Christi new year for this show. It was a lot of fun.

We had to make an emergency book order to restock, but finally got enough books to cover September. Finally in July I was honored to have my family in Houston on the 29th to see me collect the 2017 Suspense Novel of the Year award for AQUASAURUS. My sister from Marble Falls was joined by my sister from up around Dallas, who brought along my brother from Chicago. I almost didn't recognize him when I met him in the hallway. We were joined by my daughter from Atlanta. Surprise of surprises. She changed her name to what I wanted to name her when she was born but got out-voted. She is now Liberty Dove Fredericks.

That brings us up to August, and the completion of HIM. I've been working since I got back from Houston to get the files uploaded to the printer and the cover completed. It has been quite a challenge for an old techno-challenged man. Almost there, and I'm pretty sure I will have books in hand by the end of the month. I signed a production agreement with Ingram Book Group out of Tennessee. Ingram offers production of both paperback and hardcopy books, so you will soon see all my books available in hard copy. Also their distribution channels include libraries, schools, and a deep list of book stores.

Aim-Hi Books signed signed up for 9 appearances in Kroger Stores to sell books. Most of these stores are in Dallas or Houston, but we are looking forward to getting our brand into those markets.

Thank you all for your support and encouragement. None of this could happen without you. Your inspiration means the world to me, and I continue to express my gratitude. *The True-badour* at ernie.lee@live.com.

The True-badour



John Howard Hatfield

Mud Boots & Ignacio Cortez-Rodriguez d'Martine

I remember Ignacio Cortez just like it was yesterday. His given name was Ignacio Cortez-Rodriguez d'Martine, but my mother, for payroll purposes, felt that Ignacio Cortez was good enough; and besides that, it fit on the checks.

Ignacio Cortez worked for my dad when I was a kid of 10 or 11. He was the ground hand on the test-hole rig (shot hole rig to you former Doodlebuggers). Iggy would always be there sitting in the back of my dad's pickup when we came out of the house in the morning. I never saw how he got to work each day; just naturally supposed he walked. I never knew if there was family at his house, assuming he lived in a house; didn't know that either! Iggy never shared anything personal, so I never asked.

Usually in yesterday's clothes, he wore a ragged old pair of tennis shoes without socks until we arrived at the rig site after the two of us had ridden together in the back of my dad's pickup. That's when he'd change from his tennis shoes into his soggy mud boots. Iggy was a pretty small guy for the adults I was used to and those mud boots were about the same size my little brother wore—you know, the ones that came from the Gibson's Discount Store over on that road were they finally built the new Post Office. And, they weren't very tall either.

Black-land clay was Iggy's nemesis. He was always slipping on the clay into the slush pit, even while digging the darn thing. Taller mud boots might have prevented the resulting disasters, but Iggy's didn't. His were so short that mud, water, shavings from down hole and what-else just poured inside over the tops. Every now and then while shoveling out cuttings, Iggy would slip on the clay around the slush pit and end up sitting on the side with his knees deep in the pit, boots filling up as he sat there looking up at us laughing his ass off. Iggy slushed and squished around the rig the all day. The noises coming from his boots left us in stitches. Slush here. Squish there. The entire day, I tell ya!

By the end of the workday, Iggy had probably shrunk a full inch or more, just from the shriveling effect of him being continuously wet. By the next morning, he would have filled out and once again returned to his previous height, the same olé Iggy.

Each new day, the same story would repeat itself. Iggy would arrive, ride to the drill site, put on his wet and soggy mud boots, and begin the slosh and squish the day away.

One evening we were sitting in the back of the pickup right behind the cab on our way back to the house after a fairly rigorous day on the drilling rig pushing down test-holes for irrigation wells in the black-land soil of the Brazos River Valley just west of Bryan, Texas. Iggy poked me in my sides with what might have been the sharpest elbow that ever split my ribs.

"I have an idea, señor Skip. Move over just a little so I can get at the gap." He'd had an idea and wanted me to move over so he could see it through. I moved and he got quickly to work.

Iggy turned to me and said: "Never more, señor Skip."

"Never more what, Iggy?" I ask.

Iggy reached over and picked up his mud boots, turning each upside down, pointing them in opposite directions, and stuffed them between the pickup cab and the truck bed. "Never more wet mud boots in the morning! ¿Si?"

With that one simple idea and even simpler action, Iggy started one of the most imitated routines that takes place on a daily basis all over the civilized world, day in and day out by thousands, maybe hundreds of thousands of workers all over the planet.

I'm proud to say that I was there the very first time anybody ever thought of the wet mud boot fix.

Keep your eyes peeled when you're on the highway. Don't watch for 'em during the middle of the day; those guys are most likely mud boot imposters.

The very next time you're in traffic on the way to work, or on the way home from work, and you find yourself behind a pickup with a pair (or more) of mud boots stuffed upside down between the cab and the truck bed, tip your hat to Ignacio Cortez-Rodriguez d'Martine - the single most imitated mud boot wearer ever.

Although Ignacio Cortez-Rodriguez d'Martine may never have existed; some hard working individual had the exact same thought about how to adjust his lot in life, particularly where his wet mud boots were concerned. As simple as the solution turned out to be, somebody had to be the first to think of the remedy. It might as well have been Ignacio Cortez-Rodriguez d'Martine; or maybe Jim Bob Tatereater or even his cousin Billy Joe Turnipseed; it matters not!

There are several lessons to be taken away from and considered alongside the above:

Buying your mud boots in the children's section at the Gibson's Discount Store over on that road where they finally built the new Post Office is probably not the best idea.

Although shaking out your thoroughly dried mud boots before putting them on first thing in the morning seems a no-brainer; this follow-on step was added to the procedure shortly after the first Black Widow or Tarantula bite took place. Checking for terrestrial characters that might have moved in overnight is now commonplace.

The entire mud boot workforce should be prepared to petition both Ford and Chevy if and when either company ever decides to transition to a modular cab//bed configuration and do away completely with the drying space between the cab and truck bed.

So, tip your hat to the working man/woman and his/her simple solutions. They're likely to solve many of the world's problems and ratchet up their lot in life at the same time. The mud boot solution worked for Ignacio Cortez-Rodriguez d'Martine one hot day coming in from a fairly rigorous day on the drilling rig pushing down test-holes for irrigation wells in the black-land soil of the Brazos River Valley just west of Bryan, Texas.

John Howard Hatfield



WHAT IS “YOUR SONG”?

by: Bart Ambrose

What is “your song” – or your and your loved one’s favorite song? Which one song captures a moment in time that takes you back as vividly as the time, and circumstances, when it implanted itself in your awareness? Everyone has one. What is yours?

For my wife and me that song is “Wonderful World”, by Louis Armstrong. It has been recorded by many others, but for us, that is the one.

I’ve analyzed it a lot, to understand why it seems so powerful to us. It seemed to define many important moments in our time together, and to be playing somewhere every time we were on a date. We heard it the night I proposed to her. It seemed to just weave itself in and around our lives at that particular time in our lives.

Why? Consider the lyrics:

I see trees of green, red roses too
I see them bloom for me and you
And I think to myself what a wonderful world

I see skies of blue and clouds of white
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night
And I think to myself what a wonderful world

The colors of the rainbow so pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces of people going by
I see friends shaking hands saying how do you do
They're really saying I love you

I hear babies crying, I watch them grow
They'll learn much more than I'll never know
And I think to myself what a wonderful world
Yes I think to myself what a wonderful world

(Written by George David Weiss, Robert Thiele • Copyright © Carlin America Inc, BMG Rights Management US, LLC, Imagem Music Inc)

What a beautiful, positive message those lyrics have. It’s a love song, but it’s also a Technicolor palette of images we can all relate to. Coupled with the beautiful music, and unforgettable Louis Armstrong voice and arrangement, it has stood a long test of time.

I will still stop what I am doing, and simply listen, and be carried away by the magic of this song.

As a songwriter, I hope that someday I might write a song of that enduring quality, to earn a place as a cherished memory in the lives of others. I think that would be the true test of musical artistry.

Ernie's I-POD



You can hear Bart Ambrose music on ReverbNation at <https://www.reverbnation.com/bartambrose> . My all-time favorite song from Bart is "Two Times Tomorrow". It was a pleasure performing with Bart in Nashville in July. I really appreciate his hospitality to an old Texas boy!

This issue, I am proud to introduce you to the **Downhill Bluegrass Band**. I challenge you to listen to "Reckless Wind", "East of the Mountain", and "The Duke" then tell me where you think they live. You'll be surprised. You can hear their music at: <https://www.reverbnation.com/downhillbluegrassband/songs>

While you are at it, take a listen to my very good friend **Jon Wolfe**! He is a world class entertainer from the dance halls and honkytonks across Texas and Oklahoma. Listen to my favorite, "The Only Time You Call", or "It All Happened in a Honkytonk." I think, like me, you will recognize the musical talents of this wonderful singer/songwriter! <https://www.reverbnation.com/jonwolfecountry>

Kenny Lee is another good friend of mine, who can sing up a storm! Listen to "I Know What It's Like", or "On Nights Like These" which he co-wrote with James Floyd Richardson. Good listening. Kenny and I are not related, but I sure wish I could sing like that!!!

Ernie Lee can be heard at https://www.reverbnation.com/aimhimusic?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav
And on MTV Artists page at: <http://www.mtv.com/artists/ernie-lee/>

A SLOW SONG

by: Billy J. Wall

It's an old record I hear
Wafting in my memory ear,
Falling fresh on me
With love as far as I can see.
Singing with a soft, sincere voice
Leaving me no choice
To step with slow feet
To the sweetest little beat.



A book review

by: Billy Wall

The Alchemist, by Pablo Coelho

Looking for a quick read with adventure and life-affirming quest?

I recommend “The Alchemist”. It is a short novel as old as the hills (first published in 1988), it remains fresh as an oasis. In fact, an oasis figures into the story.

You may be familiar with the book. It is an internationally known allegory about the search of a Spanish shepherd, Santiago, for his Personal Legend – the path of our life dreams that provide enthusiasm. This, the author is talking about identifying the importance of pursuing goals to achieve fulfillment in life.

What the Brazilian author also is getting at is the notion that many people find the biggest obstacle to overcome in following their dreams is their own fear of failing.

Coelho’s book, over time, zoomed to a huge hit, selling millions of copies worldwide. The novel was composed in two weeks, according to the author. It was written so quickly, Coelho says, because “the book was already written in my soul.”

The book was originally written in Portuguese.

When, in 1988, a little Brazilian publisher took a chance on “The Alchemist,” it only printed 900 copies. After that first run, the book went out of print. Harper Collins release of the English version of the book in 1993 shot the novel to dizzying heights.

Coelho told the New York Times in 1999, “To have a book published in more than 119 countries, you need to have a language that can be read in Thailand or Lithuania. Translation into English made it possible for others to read me.”

“The Alchemist” has aged well. It remains relevant today. Points made in the novel are enduring and beautifully written.

I give the book 4 stars. ★★★★★

Poetry

MAUI

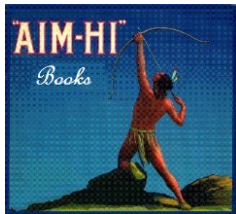
By: Ernie Lee

I have heard the song the surf sings,
The crease and crackle that like rolling thunder or canvas ripped
Before the waves roll up and crash on black sand,
Where the weight and wrath of the power of the waves
Expresses itself in breathless sibilance
That spreads across the blue in fearsome force and awesome fury.

I have stood in wonder, and watched the tides sweep beneath my feet
And marveled at the resonance of the deep.
From whence comes the sound? From where springs the song?
There can be but only one Source.

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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WRIT 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 **AQUASAUJUS** 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

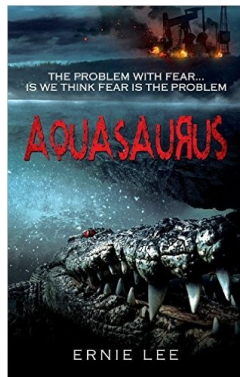
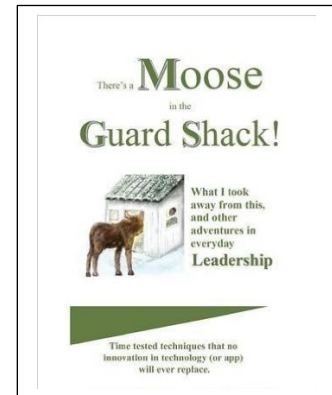
Title: There's a Moose in the Guard Shack! Author: John Howard Hatfield

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



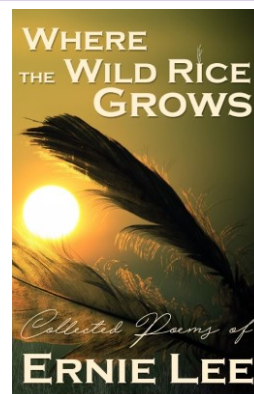
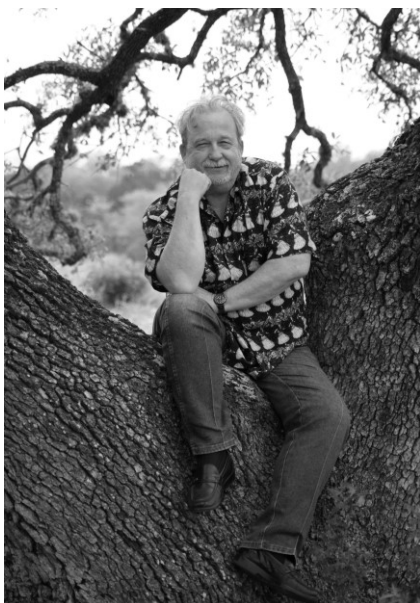
Title: *Aquasaurus*

Genre: Thriller / Adventure

ISBN: 978-09971284-2-0

Available on Amazon or at

www.Aim-HiBooks.com



Title: *Where the Wild Rice Grows*

The Collected Poems of Ernie Lee

Genre: Poetry

ISBN: 978-0-9971284-3-7

Available on Amazon or at

www.Aim-HiBooks.com

Soon to be available as a 6-CD audio set with words and music. Samples can be heard at iTunes, Apple Music, and several other outlets. For free listening Search "Where the Wild Rice Grows" on www.youtube.com

ERNIE LEE'S 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.

SEPTEMBER:	23 rd Brazos Valley Book Festival	College Station, Texas
	TBA 2 Kroger Stores	Houston, Texas
OCTOBER:	6-8 Lone Star Book Festival	Dallas, Texas
	TBA Kroger	Dallas, Texas
NOVEMBER:	3-5 Texas Book Festival	Austin, Texas