

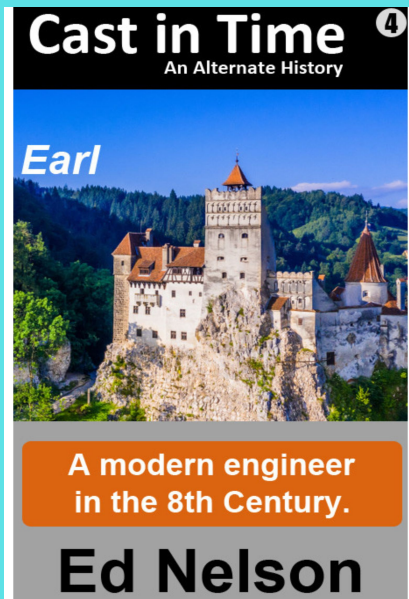
Ed Nelson's Newsletter

Home of the Richard Jackson Saga, Ever and Always, and the upcoming Cast in Time series.

Volume 2 Edition 2

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A Slow Start



Well Carol and I survived the Gasparilla parade. It is a very long day. It started with getting on our ship the Scullywag at 10:00 am at the hotel and returning at 8:30 in the evening. We were in the sun most of the day and had the burns to show for it. Note to self, psf 50 in the future. With this and other things I got behind on my writing which in term delayed the newsletter. As it is Book 5 will releas on time March 1.

Bank robbery, bull riding in the rodeo, a western movie, and Rustlers, among other events, occur as young Rick is on a cross-country trip, hitchhiking from a small Ohio town to California. This alternate history is of what should have been rather than what has been.

With wit and humor and no teenage angst, we follow a young man's coming of age in the late 1950s. Starting in the summer before his freshman year, it follows him through his high school life, where he learns golf is his game. He finds fame and fortune as an inventor and wealth in Hollywood as he searches for a girlfriend. Wealth and fame prove far easier than girls.

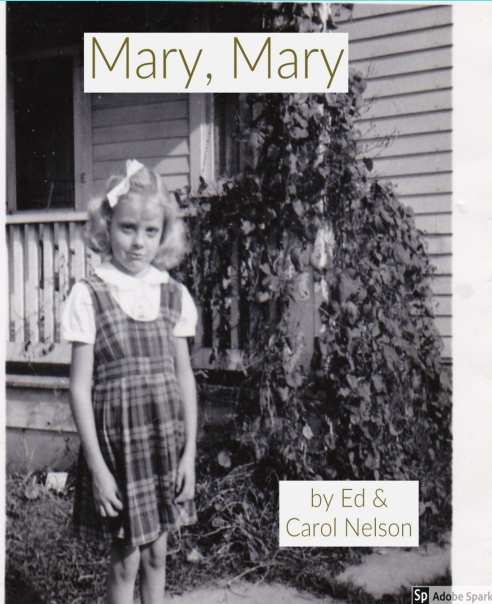
The songs, movies, and books of the 1950s and 60s are nostalgic to some. The action and adventure thrill others. All readers enjoy the realistic flow of life, give or take a lie or two.

Follow Rick from the excitement of his summer to the dullness of high school life while he proves that school isn't always dull.



See on Amazon

Recommended Reading



Little known is that this is my wife's first day of school picture taken in 1950.

Mary Mary is a series of short stories about Rick Jackson's sister. Mary is a precocious child who looks at life a little differently. This is a read that will bring a smile to your face and joy to your heart. Also a headache if you think about it too much!

Mary, Mary on Amazon

This month's short story is titled "Mary does High Fashion."

Some background on Mary. She is Rick Jackson's little sister.

She comes from a very rich family and as such has a bodyguard, Sally, and a driver, Jim.

Mary can be violent, not tantrums, physically violent. She was taught this after a kidnap attempt.

That is another story.

Mary does High Fashion.

When Patty and I found out that Stevie was Nancy's cousin we had looked at each other to see if war was going to break out again. Almost at the same time, we both said, "Nah," we learned we would only lose if we fought each other, today was Friday and we had spring break next week.

That would give me a week to figure out how to get Steve, or maybe decide I didn't want him for a boyfriend in the meantime I had to rush home after school to fly to Paris.

My clothing company, well the one that carried my clothing line and licensed my name had a Big Spring show scheduled in Paris to highlight the new summer line.

My brother Ricky had loaned Mum and me his jet for the trip. It is a 707 that has been converted for his personal use.

It has an office, conference room, dining room, and bedroom plus other stuff. In the cargo hold, he had a duplicate wardrobe of all his uniforms and stuff. He even carried a Bentley sedan on board so he could drive himself around.

Our luggage had already been loaded on the plane. All we had to do was take a Jeep over to the Forestry Service station. From there mum flew Rickys Cessna to the Ontario airport where Ricky kept his airplane. He had recently moved it from LAX as the freeways were getting so bad.

Since it was an overnight flight to Paris mum, and I shared Ricky's bed to get a few hours' sleep. We then had nice showers and did our hair.

After a light breakfast, the announcement was made that we were to prepare for landing. The stewardesses on Ricky's plane were nice and professional. I wonder if one can be a Princess, model, and stewardess? It would be fun.

Last night Mummy and the stewardesses played Gin Rummy. Ricky always complained they were cardsharps. When they quit, they called Mummy a shark? She must be good, or Ricky is awfully bad. I think I will have to learn how to play gin rummy. I may be able to take some of Ricky's money.

We landed on time in Paris. I had only been here a couple of times and still hadn't seen everything. The only problem with the French is that they insisted on speaking French.

There was a limo waiting for us to take us to the hotel. It is King Louis the something. They had so many Louises they had to number them. That seems silly they should have used different names like Tom, Bill, or Steve.

The hotel was close to the Eiffel Tower and the Ark de Trumpet. The doorman had a fancy uniform, it was almost as fancy as Ricky's when he wore all his medals.

I like the look. I must see if any of those metals are for sale, those and a sash would look neat.

Mummy told the man at the desk that our luggage would follow. I wonder how it could as it didn't have any legs or wheels.

We had a suite arranged by my clothing company. Mummy said that had everything, even a telephone in the bathroom. I thought about that, pee-yew!

We were a daily early so Mummy and I did what every woman who visited Paris did. We went shopping.

Mummy wanted to buy a new purse, so we went to a store called Herman's or something like that. It had a fancy address, 24 rue de Faubourg Saint-Honoré. Our limo driver told us the company had been there since 1880. That is even older than Mum and Dad.

They had some neat stuff. I asked the nice sales lady if they had any backpacks, she shuddered as she said, "Non."

That's French for no. Mum handed the sales lady one of her cards which had Countess Jackson on it. The saleslady straightened up and asked Mum how she could help her. Mummy told her that she had come to buy a new purse and look at scarves but now would like to talk to a designer. The saleslady snapped her fingers at a hovering assistant who practically ran to the backroom.

A lady came out. She and Mum knew each other as they did that fake kiss thing on each cheek. I'm too short to do that with adults. Patty and I have practiced but it seems silly. We always giggle when we do it.

Mum told her friend, Catherine, "Mary has had an idea for a new product. She carries a satchel to school for her papers. When she gets older, she will have to

carry her schoolbooks. Our pediatrician tells us that the satchels will make her bones grow wrong on the side with the weight. She will not be able to stand straight.”

“Mary would like a backpack like her brother's boy scout camping backpack except she wants it in a pretty fabric. Can you help?”

“That is an interesting idea. We will take it under advisement and see if it is a viable product. It will take several months, and I will call you.”

I had a thought, I tugged on Mummy’s dress. She turned to me.

“If they could do some right now, we could include it in the Princess collection.”

Mummy turned to Miss De Karolyi and told her about our upcoming show.

“We are here in Paris for the unveiling of Mary’s summer line of clothes. The highlight will be the Princess Collection. We have four real Princesses that will be modeling, Caroline of Monaco, Ann of England, Christina of the Netherlands, and Christina of Sweden.”

We also have a new collection we are calling the Prince collection as you can figure out by the name it is a more expensive clothing line for young men.

We will use better fabrics, fittings, and stitching. We will introduce new designs with this group, and then in the next season release them as a mass-produced item with the lesser fabrics, etc. Miss De Karolyi shook her head in understanding as this was the business model of the high fashion houses.

Just like them, other businesses would copy our designs in ever-cheaper knockoffs of our line until they went out of fashion.

We have four Princes as our first models: Charles of England, Prince Harald of Norway, Prince Richard of Denmark, and Prince Edward of Voldavia.

Queen Elizabeth was not thrilled about the heir to the Crown being in a fashion show, but he threw such a fit she had to let him or withdraw Ann.

Each Royal contingent has sent bodyguards, French gendarmes will be out there in force so there may be more guards than the audience.

While Mum told all this to Miss De Karolyi, I thought about how much fun it would be to see my girlfriends even though Chrissy is a lot older than me we are best friends.

Christina of Sweden goes by her nickname of Chrissy, so we don't confuse the two Christina's. They are older than the rest of us but give us a range of all school ages. The four Princesses meet for two shows a year. I tell them they must be nice to me or no more free clothes! They tell me they will just have the royal treasury buy someone else's clothes. I know they won't because they get to say what is good and what isn't. We have fun when we are together.

I tease Chrissy that she soon will be an old lady and won't be able to be in our fashion shows. She turns up her royal nose at me and says she will have my head on a platter. I wonder how she will serve me.

As the four princesses talked about their schooling, I realized that being a princess wasn't as much fun as I had thought.

They had to go to school all the time and learn stupid stuff like how they're related to all the other Royal houses. I knew people could be Royal but not houses.

I asked Chrissy about this and she explained that in this case, it refers to all those that were related in the line of succession.

It still seems dumb to call people houses.

While I was daydreaming Miss De Karolyi sent an assistant out to a camping store to buy one of every type of backpack they had. I told them to look for trapper Nelson style.

I heard Ricky describe it to Eddie when Eddie joined the Boy Scouts.

Miss De Karolyi commented that I had an eclectic education I don't know what that means but I think it is good.

Mum and Miss De Karolyi made certain that they had had each other's phone numbers and that Hermes would have the backpacks at the school where we were having the fashion show.

After that mum bought a handbag. It was one she had ordered some time ago and has something called concealed carry, but I didn't see that part of it.

It was concealed.

We also got a pretty scarf each.

The day of the fashion show was a beautiful sunny day.

There was an audience to see the show, mostly the Fashion Police as mum called them. I think they are reporters who write stories for the magazines.

Then there was a special section for the Royal families who accompanied their children. I went over and paid my manners to Queen Elizabeth.

Paying your manners is a fancy way of saying, "Hi." She said, "Hi," back. What she really said was, "It is nice to see you Lady Mary on this fine day, this looks like it will be a wonderful show.

As I said, she said, "Hi."

There was a little commotion as some papa rat's eyes tried to break through the line of the French police. They didn't make it. I thought the French police looked neat with their capes and funny hats.

The show went off very well. Hermes had backpacks for school for each Prince and Princess. Hermes had made leather ones for the boys and had gone into a partnership with Dior for the girls. I loved the girl's fabrics and bright colors. There was one in black that looked like it would be good for formal occasions.

All the backpacks were nice looking which was a good thing as I would be able to take one of each home with me. Patty would be so jealous.

After I figure out which ones I like best, I would give her one.

The Princes were a stuffy bunch except for Prince Edward of Voldavia who is a year older than me. He is cute and funny and is heir to the throne of his Royal house. He is also a pretender to the throne of France. I would have to find out what a pretender is. His wife would be Queen. I would have to keep an eye on him.

The trip home seemed twice as long as the trip over. We were so tired. Mum and I had a week of attending parties and events.

This being in high fashion is a lot of work. I complained to mum. She asked me if I wanted to give the \$5 million back that I earned this week and quit.

I wasn't that tired.