

Ed Nelson's Newsletter

Author of fictional novels

Home of "The Richard Jackson Saga" & Ed's new book series "Cast in Time".

POWER UP YOUR ADVENTURE

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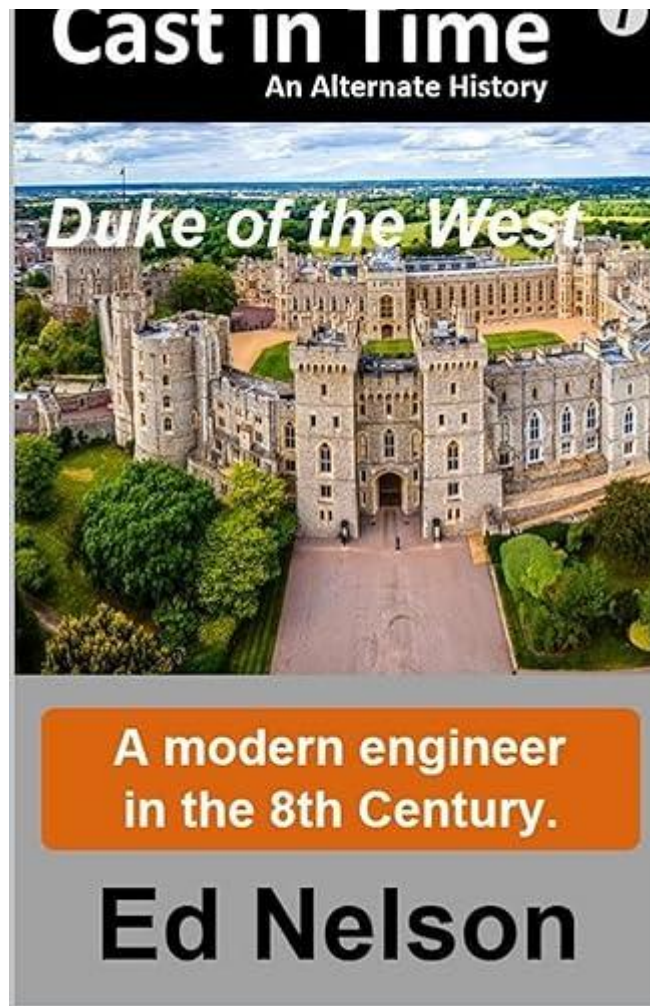
Home of the *Richard Jackson Saga*; *Ever and Always*; *Mary, Mary*; *More Mary, Mary* and the in-progress *Cast in Time* series.

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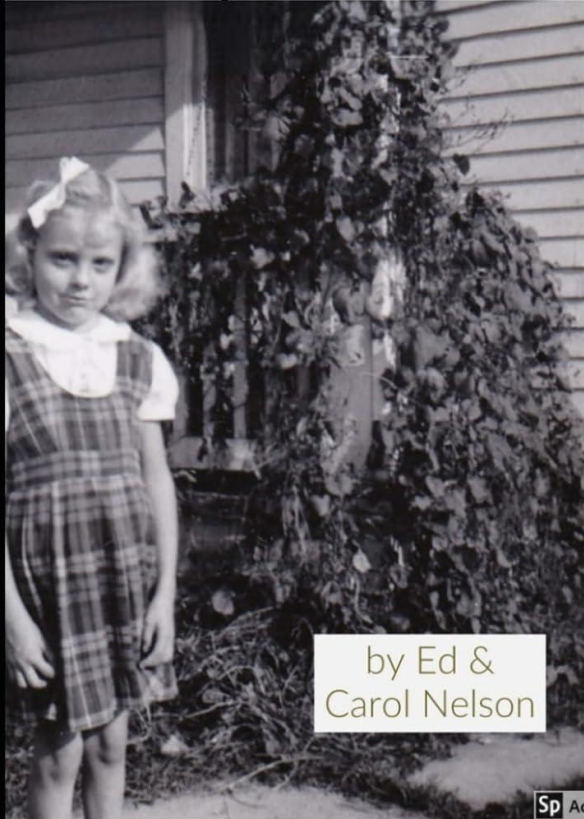


It's here! [*Cast in Time: Duke of the West*](#) is available on Kindle and now in paperback and hardback.

After a run in with the Inca in South America and pirates on the way to China, the duke completes the Panama Canal and builds a trans-continental railway across North America. Now it's time to conquer Germany. Continue the wild ride through the eighth century!

Mary Mary and More Mary Mary Combined

Mary Mary and More Mary Mary Combined



You asked for it! Two books, *Mary Mary* and *More Mary Mary* have been combined so that a paperback and hard cover book can be printed. There is no new material added.

Mary Mary is a short story, 10,000 words. Mary Jackson, younger sister of Richard Jackson, has her own growing pains in her five-year-old world. Mary has been described as five going on thirty-five. Follow Mary as she weathers the perils of kindergarten while making her mark on the world and earning the beginning of her own fortune. *Mary Mary*, how does your garden grow.

In *More Mary Mary* there are twenty-five Mary short stories in this collection. Follow her

growth during The Richard Jackson Saga. We see her develop from a precocious child to a young genius. From cheating at monopoly to calling Professor Einstein names to his face she is fun all the way. Her view of the world is different from most: don't all little girls carry a dagger and solve differential equations in their head? Be prepared for a wild ride in cuteness, deadliness and inventions beyond your wildest dreams.

More News

It has been a busy time. We bought a house, moved, and totally unpacked. The last time we moved I said never again. Not saying that this time; don't want to tempt Fate.

It hasn't proved profitable yet, but I have had the *Cast in Time* series translated into French and German. I've sold enough to pay for the translations so I'm moving ahead with Italian, Dutch, and Japanese. I have one of the books in Spanish already.

Oh, the Places I've Been!

One of my favorite places I have visited over the years is Buenos Aires, Argentina. It was in the 1980s, so much is probably changed. As they say, "You can never go back again."

Several events I remember well:

Without naming it, WEB Griffen had what I think was the Plaza Hotel in *The Honor Bound Series*. I stayed there several times. The hotel's main entrance is on one street level; the back entrance is one story down. It enters into a bar. This bar is where the rich men of Buenos Aires took their girlfriends. I drank several times at that bar and can testify that the rich men did take girls there.

At that hotel one morning I was dressed for work, suit and tie, brief case in hand. I got on the elevator and was joined by a couple on the next floor down. They were John and Linda from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. I knew this because they had their tour badges on. We nodded hello and continued on down. Finally, Linda whispered to John, "Their businessmen look just like ours!" One of the few times

in my life I was left speechless. Wonder what they told their friends at home.

Another event was going out to dinner with friends. I was taken to a restaurant across from a park that had a busy river on the other side. All the restaurants had large tents in the park, and servers would take your order which was cooked in the building across the street. I asked my friend, "What is the name of that river?" "The Piranha." Thinking it must be a dangerous river I asked, "How are the piranha?" His reply, "They are delicious with Roquefort." Silly me. Then there was the national sport of Argentina, revolution. My business companion and I were going to fly up to Iguazu falls for the weekend. There was fighting in other parts of the country but that seemed safe. Buenos Aires has two airports, an international and an internal one. We were in a cab going to the internal airport when the cab stopped in the middle of the freeway. My friend asked what was going on, why we weren't moving as no other vehicles were in sight. "But Señor, there is a tank in the road." That ended that trip, back to the hotel to drink the weekend away. I drank a lot in those days.

Kindle and paper versions available!



In the [*Cast in Time*](#) series an engineer finds himself in an alternate reality, Cornwall, in the year 715 A.D. He awakens in the body of a young baron. Retired Lieutenant General James Fletcher, former head of the Army Corp of Engineers, lies dying at the age of ninety-two. Having led a full life, he is a decorated veteran of World War II, Korea, and Viet Nam. His love of engineering has him taking university courses his entire life. When his health falters, and he can no longer continue his education, MIT awards him an honorary Ph.D. in Professional Studenting.

After a long illness, he lies dying. His last thought is, “What a waste of such wonderful knowledge.”

As he fades to black, the fun begins. He is to build a modern civilization without being burned as a witch!



The Richard Jackson Saga

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, in the 16-book series of *The Richard Jackson Saga*.

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

Attempted Theft - A Mary Story

It started as a fine day. I was in a Calculus 401 class when a runner brought a note to the teacher. I knew I had a problem right then.

The notes were always for me to go to the principal's office. It was different this time. The note was for me to report to the provost's office. The runner wanted me to get my things together to show me where the office was. Sally, as usual, came with me. The runner tried to tell her she wasn't needed. Good luck with that. She even insisted he show some ID. His card was on a lanyard around his neck, and she pulled it close to read it. He got a little bug-eyed as she drew him in, but she told me it was OK and let him go.

On the way, I asked Sally if I could deduct the cost of the missing classroom time. She reminded me that I was on a full-ride scholarship so that she doubted it.

At the provost's office, I was told that there were some forms that they forgot to have me fill out, and would I please do so now?

I heaved a sigh of relief. I thought I might be in trouble. And I hadn't had a chance to put any hankies in my underwear.

The first form was a short one. I had to acknowledge that I would pay for it if I lost a lock the university provided for the gym. That was no problem as I wasn't using the gym. I signed it.

The second short one was about leaving my dorm room clean when I vacated it at the end of the school year. Since I wasn't staying in a dorm room, I signed it with no problem.

The third one was much longer. It was titled Patent Assignments. I read it completely through, as mum had taught me that you had to be very careful about things you signed in business. Patents sounded like business to me.

It seemed clear to me. If I patented anything while attending the university, using any university resources, they would receive 35% of any income from the patents.

Sally had been reading over my shoulder as I reviewed the forms. The lady who had given me the forms to sign wasn't very happy with that, but Sally didn't budge. The lady started to get nasty with Sally.

Sally didn't say anything. She just leaned forward, letting her jacket come open. I'm certain her letting the lady see her shoulder holster was an accident. Sure. Anyway, the lady shut up. Sally said, "It is OK to sign it, Minnie."

That was a signal we had. The Philadelphia airport had tried to charge a \$1 flight tax for each passenger. The airlines refused to include it in their ticket fee, so Philadelphia wanted it paid in cash. The airlines wouldn't collect the money, so each passenger had to go to a separate desk to pay the fee.

A suit was filed immediately against the city when a judge ordered them to stop collecting the money until the suit was settled. It was called a more or storing, or something like that. The city said OK, but they wanted every passenger's name to collect the money after they won the case.

All the passengers cheerfully signed their names. The city forgot to request ID. Mickey and Minnie Mouse traveled as much as Donald Duck and Goofy. We read that even Jack the Ripper was on a flight.

So, when Sally called me Minnie, I knew to sign my full name as Mary Ellen Jackson. My real name is Mary Elizabeth Jackson. Before I handed the forms to the lady, Sally requested a copy of them.

The lady told her it wasn't necessary, but Sally told her it was. The university had provided copies of every other form that had been signed, and we wanted a copy of these.

A nearby man said to the lady it was OK, as they had what they needed. The lady made and gave us copies. Curiously, she handed the originals to the man as we were leaving. Back at our condo Sally called mummy, and they had a long conversation. I heard Sally and the conversation with, open quotation, I guess we will wait and see, close quotation.

As dad would say, it only took a few days for the other shoe to drop. On Saturday, I got a letter from Stanford informing me that I owed the university 35% of all royalties on my fusion patents per the agreement I signed.

Mum and dad almost gleefully pointed out several problems with their charge claim. First of all, I was a minor and couldn't legally sign anything. Second, it wasn't my name on the form. The third and most important part of the point was that there was no patent!

I had developed a formula that had been published free to the world. Well, almost the complete formula. A secondary function described the conditions to achieve fusion. It wasn't required to prove that low-temperature fusion was possible; low temperature was a misleading statement. In this case, the low temperature was any that was lesser than the center of the sun. On my behalf, mum and dad had issued a license to my brother Ricky's R&D group to create the conditions described in the second function.

What they had to do was take a large mass of thermal chemical, whose name I won't even mention right here, in an enclosed box. In a way, it was like composting. The chemical would heat up. Rods ran through the box with a heat exchange liquid like

water, which would run a generator. It was a tremendous amount of heat and would generate enough electricity to run an electromagnet to power a ramjet.

The thing is, it was so simple that we hadn't applied for a patent to preserve the secret. So there, Stanford.

Our lawyer drafted the letter to Stanford, giving them the bad news. They also told them they had opened themselves up to legal suits based on having a minor sign a legal document.

We never heard anything more from Stanford. I did notice all the teachers started treating Sally with more respect.

We received a letter from a lawyer representing a professor who claimed his name should be included in my paper on fusion.

He claimed that I had a library card for the Stanford library and that a textbook he had written on Calculus 101 was in that library. I couldn't have developed the formula without his knowledgeable help.

The only time I had been in the library was on tour. When I looked at the mathematics section, I realized that my collection at home was as good.

I had tested out of Calculus 101 before I enrolled at Stanford. I did a quick run-through of his textbook and found 15 errors in formulas. There were probably typos, but they were errors.

Dad released a story explaining the facts. Dad owns one of the largest media groups in the world. This group includes newspapers, TV, and radio. He ended his article with the statement that anyone else attempting to steal my credit would learn what the meaning of deep pockets was.

That was all good, but what was better was Professor Einstein finally answered one of my letters!