

Movie, book, nook review...

So, in my last post, I lamented about not posting movie, book or even my reviews of my e-reader, the nook. So here is an all in one post.

This summer [Barnes and Noble](#) offered free classic e-book collections every week. While I had downloaded a lot of these from [Project Gutenberg](#) the books downloaded from Barnes and Noble seemed to have a little better e-book setup. My little [nook](#) now has over 300 books loaded and ready for reading at any time. I think that this has been one of my better electronic investments. I've been able to re-visit many of the books I read in my younger days, and I don't even have to remember to put in a bookmark. Also Barnes and Noble has a wonderful ongoing program of free book Fridays. Every Friday is a new book. These can be old classics, new books in a series, or just other books that are offered for free. As you can tell, I'm all about free. Many books to read, and I wonder if I can get to them all.

But on the book itself. I just finished reading "King Solomon's Mines" by H. Rider Haggard. The story was definitely dated. The treatment and understanding of non-white people was from the period the book was written, and it would not be tolerated in today's publishing climate. Getting that out of the way, the story held my interest (even if I knew how it turns out) and I enjoyed the escape from the every day it gave me. And that got me to think of some movies with one of the heroes of this story.

King Solomon's Mines has been made into a movie many times. Some were serious treatments of the book/story, while others were light-hearted romps. The narrator/hero of the story was Allen Quartermain. He also showed up in a movie based on a graphic novel/comic book. It was "The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen". I've already commented on that movie, so here is

the one I remember.

Back in 1985 a movie came out called “King Solomon’s Mine” and playing Mr Quartermain was Richard Chamberlain. This was the fun romp of a movie. Most people at the time did not see this as a spoof of the very successful “Raiders of the Lost Arc” but it was. Indiana Jones could have been seen as loosely based on the Allan Quartermain character, and the movie “King Solomon’s Mine” definitely played on that connection. This movie even one-upped Indy, by having its hero dragged behind a moving vehicle, however it was a train. The movie also had daring escapes and of course dreaded Germans. WWI instead of WWII Germans, but they were still there (no mention of any German troops in the book).

I really enjoyed the fun time at this movie, and I’m again reminded of the wonderful company I had when watching it. I think it is time to watch that movie again.

I remember back when “The Last Crusade” came out that we thought it would have been fun to have another Allan Quartermain spoof. That didn’t happen. Oh well.

Has it been that long?

I just noticed that I have not done a movie review in quite some time. They I started to wonder if I actually saw any movies recently. I think I did, there were a few shows I wanted to see, but did I ever get to any? Hmm, I’ll need to try to remember.

I also noticed that it has been some time since I’ve done a book review too. I know I’ve been reading books. And I haven’t talked about any fast food sandwiches recently

either. On top of that, I have not reviewed any of the plays I've been to recently. Am I slipping? Yep, probably.

Other things happened and my time on the blog has been focusing on other thoughts. Oh well, there are a couple of new movies, soon to be released, that I'm sure i may write a thing or two about. And I heard McDonald's re-released the McRib. And I think I have a pie to make. I may wait a bit on the pie. Christmas maybe?

The art of making pie...

I like pie. Pie has to be one of my favorite dessert types. There can be so many varieties. Each pie can create an explosion of taste. It has been a while since I made my very first pie. That pie was a total artistic creation. From finding the ingredients to the actual serving, it was an adventure. Other pies that came after that were less of an adventure, but the ability to make a very good pie is almost an art. Over the last 30+ years I've made almost every kind of pie imaginable, ok not that many, only the pies I imagined I would like. I guess it is time to make another pie...

My first pie was my own (and lost) recipe for caramel apple pie. I was in college and had a bunch of apples that needed to be used (sharing healthy food in college didn't go over well), but little else. I was low on funds, so I started to beg, borrow and steal (ok, I just took more than my share of sugar packets from the lunch room) my supplies. I actually had a pie pan or two (mom eventually got them back...). I was able to find somebody with flour. Salt was easily picked up with the sugar (oops), And slowly the makings of an apple pie were gathered. I'm not sure what came over me to add the

caramel candy to the filling. It could have been that I didn't think there was enough sugar or cinnamon. I could have been that they were sitting there and I liked the sound of caramel apples. I unwrapped the bag and threw them in. Two pies made, from the absolute meaning of the word scratch. After baking and limited cooling, a group of us scooped up our first servings (No pie servers to be found anywhere, but we did find an old Ice Cream spade – think little shovel). It was a hit. The second pie didn't even last the night (funny how hungry college kids get for sweets, or pizza). My first foray in to pie making was a success.

As of right now, I have another hurdle to overcome when I make my next pie. No oven.. No, I still haven't replaced it since that fateful evening when it didn't turn off. Strange how stove makers and the sellers can't tell me how their ovens will fail if the computer breaks down. I won't buy one until I know that. Anyway, I've decide my next pie adventure will be in a dutch oven. Cast Iron oven over a hot fire and coals. Should be interesting. I've never done it, but I have had the results. I can't wait. Now to decide what kind of pie...

And to think this whole train of thought started with a piece of store bought thaw and serve pie. Did I mention I like pie.
□

What a way to end an afternoon...

Nice afternoon at the theater, and nice company. All was well until my drive home. Some jerk in a old white pickup decided

he didn't need to pay attention to the local road signs. Apparently the red octagonal signs mean to speed up and go faster instead of stop.

I ran through many things as I came to that intersection. I was traveling somewhere near the double nickel speed, and I had a choice of stopping very fast, or trying to get through the intersection quicker than the other guy. Funny how fast you think in those situations. I hate being in them, but I am glad that I have been blessed with a fairly quick mind.

I decided to speed up, a collision was avoided by a few feet. I'm not sure the other guy really ever saw me until I passed him on the road. And he blew his horn at me. Hmmm.

Other thoughts passed through my head during those tense moments. Time spent with family and friends. Time that I should have spent with them. Flashes of the past, thoughts for the future. Strange how fast you can think of things.

In thinking back to that event, I was wondering why I decided to speed up instead of slow down. All the years of driving experience, past Physics classes, Statistics/Probabilities all rushed to my head. A vehicle even the size of my truck does not stop on a dime. But thanks to a feisty little five cylinder, the truck accelerates just fine. I knew this, and was proven correct. (Thank goodness!!!)

I'm very glad to say that I had a wonderful afternoon. I'm glad I have the chance to enjoy more of my life.

My little truck is showing its age...

Normal wear and tear on my poor little truck. The little beast that helped move a man-eating plant to our local theater. The one that moved things for all of my daughters. Moved firewood to keep me warm in the winter. Carried my dearest family to their home in Florida. 6 years and 175000 miles of travel and hauling. Last week some of its age showed up.

There have been the little things like worn out tires, slightly balky windows, a worn out battery. But last week the poor little beast lost its muffler. Nothing prepared me for the sound that the little 5 cylinder engine made without that noise reducer. It was hard to hear myself think. So of course I needed to get it replace/fixed before the big trip Friday evening (more on that later).

Started out as a nice simple fix, no problems. A loose joint welded together and everything would be back to normal. Except that after they did that, they noticed something else was wrong... Hmm more time and money gone.

I drove off with a new muffler and fixed Then something else in the exhaust came off. Back the the shop.. Grumble... More time spent, but at least this time no money... Most of the day shot.

Except, I was able to memorize were everything was in our local WalMart. But they moved everything now, since Halloween is over.... ☹

You're telling me I missed Halloween?

Last year I was unable to celebrate Halloween with friends due to some ailment. I was all set to bring some 'frightening' festive holiday food to a party, but was unable to make it.

This year was going to be different. There as another party to go to,. More festive food to prepare. And I had a choice of many costumes. But somehow I missed the entire weekend plus a day or two.

Harumph No party, no costume, but one heck of a cold/flu/sinus infection.

Too make things worse, my oldest was moving and I was unable to help. I think that made me feel worse than my flu. Well, I understand there may be more to move, so as soon as I have my strength back, have truck will haul again.

Oh well, maybe I'll just have to make my next get together with friends my own personal costume night, complete with bloody fingers and toes. Yes, that may be on my list. It isn't like me at all to miss two Halloweens in a row.

my life in 144 characters

I did say that I may blog more, but I'm living a boring life and nothing is happening. So here is my life in 144 character bits. More or less.

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I can't understand why twitter is such a big deal. Even the

place I work has a twitter account. I don't like the character limit, it seems to g

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I'm not one to use word abbreviations like lol and l8r, so the character limit on twitter would really slow down my fluid writing style. It woul

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So I decided to try my hand at this 144 character stuff. I was just wondering how coherent I could actually be. It seems to be a bit of work to

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I am fairly certain that the character counts on all these little snippets is 144. And with that, my thoughts are getting cut off. I could cont

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My youngest and I went to the Hut today and they had wings for 50 cents each. I liked the wings, but they didn't like me, so I am up at 3:30 am.

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Ok, this is getting a bit silly, even for me. I will say that I am under the influence of a late night wing attack, and a brain that doesn't kn

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Twitter asks the question: "What are you doing now?" To the logical soul I am the answer would always be the same. I'm writing drivel on twitte

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Never give a blog to a slightly crazed brain after midnight. You will never know exactly what you will find there. Tonight I was on a twitter

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I think that the wind is what really woke me up. We've had heavy winds for the past few days, but it seems to be gusting a bit more this evening

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Good night all, or is that good morning. My life is boring, even 144 characters at a time. I think that is a good thing.

Exhausted...

Wow, I had this title waiting for me in my draft blogs. I think I remember starting it, but I was too tired to actually write anything down. I am almost that tired, but I can write a line or two.

First things first. The Hound of the Baskervilles is over, done, complete. Wonderful time. I really like playing evil characters, I should search out more of them. The local playhouses need to do more psycho-thrillers. Maybe somebody could do "Wait Until Dark". I was in that one once, but I didn't get to play the evil ones in the show.

Second. Lovely youngest daughter is well on her way to finishing her schooling. She will be back home while she does her externship. That will be interesting.

Third. Halloween is coming, I'm done with the show and I may now have a bit of free time to see a haunted house or two. Except some kids are doing this moving thing again. Still, there is hope.

Finally!! I may have time for blogging again. I've had things filling my brain, so the outlet may be needed.

love stories

It was the spring of 1983 when I first met my future wife. At this time, we were not aware that we would be together in a few short months. What I did realize was easier to identify. I

found her to be very attractive, with a strong personality, an infectious smile and a bit reserved in the setting. Most people would have said she was shy, but I noticed something else was holding her back, shyness had nothing to do with this. At that time, I wasn't sure what it was. I observed, that she was watching the group intently. I was intrigued and captivated, too bad she came with her boyfriend. □

About a week later, I met her for the second time. I realized at that point why she was reserved and observant. She had a hearing loss, and this helped her compensate for that loss. The second time we met, we both knew we would be good friends. Two weeks and two meetings and we felt some connection. Nothing yet to indicate that a different relationship was in our future.

A couple of weeks later, this wonderful lady brought another charming lady with her at the weekly gathering of our little group. She was not quite two years old. I'm not sure what this little girl was told before she got to my apartment, but I got the biggest leg hug ever. She sat with me most of the night, and I was smitten. (So yes, little draclet, I loved you before I fell in love with your mother.) She became a common addition to our weekly game night group. I knew at that point I would do almost anything for that little bundle of energy and spunk.

Weeks went by, and as my love for the daughter grew, the relationship with the mother grew too. I was there when a tearful lady needed someone to talk to after a break up. I was there when her first trial at seeing others went askew. At the end of May, I finally asked my future wife out. Somewhere in the many walks and long talks after that date, I fell in love a second time. Whirlwind romance occurred and marriage followed the following January. In less than 1 year's time, I went from a single man, to a husband and father. The father part came first. My love of the daughter won me the heart of the mother. Without that initial caring, the second relationship may not have happened as quickly.

My lovely wife always told me I had 3 strong characteristics that pushed her toward me. I was dependable, stable and loving. For many years I thought it was how I treated my wife, but later I found out it was how I treated the daughter. Yes, my unconditional love of another woman gave me almost 20 years of love from a wonderful wife. Through the years, she loved her daughters more than she loved me. I can't say the same thing, but I loved them almost as much. And one of them I loved longer....

She taught me what love was, after I showed the ability to love.

It has been a while.

I haven't updated my blog in quite some time. I wonder if anyone missed me? ☐

I've seen a couple of the other bloggers on a regular basis, about 3 times a week. And when I wasn't with them, I was at work or studying lines. Ok not really studying lines all that much, but it did consume a portion of my time away from rehearsals ☐

I have also spent a fair portion of my time in a contemplative mood. Some thoughts are forming in this head I carry on my shoulders, and I'm not sure what direction they will go. I can't really say much more than that, since the currents are in a general state of flux.

Anyway what brought me here tonight was something I read in a different social forum. I started thinking about love at first sight. Interesting because to me it seemed most people didn't think it could happen. I believe that it does happen, and very

frequently.

Now, I will state, for the record, that I did not fall in love with my future wife at first sight. That took at least 4 or 5 meetings, and at least 2 dates. Yes, we fell in love quickly. The wonderful thing about our relationship was that we kept falling in love for 20 years. It wasn't always easy, but it was always worth it. We had a wonderful life journey that ended much too soon. My journey continues, and it holds and reflects the memory of her life journey.

But on to the love at first sight. I had that happen to me four times. Each time very special, and each time resulted in a very long term relationship. I fell and fell hard the first time I met each daughter. At first, that love was very one sided, but it did grow. As they grew and matured, I loved them enough to let them go on their own journeys. I love them still and more each day. The one thing I've learned over my life, is that you can never say "I love you" enough, there is always room for saying it one more time.