

THE NIGHTHAWK

America's *Social* Bulletin

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JoshUrban.com

Write to Us!

Welcome to *The Nighthawk*, a new old-fashioned way to connect, published weekly. You're invited to write back, or just enjoy reading. Let's have some fun! ***It's a social paper! Send stories, etc to: PO Box 783, Rustburg, VA 24588***

Reader Spotlight: *Scott R* retired from the legal profession, and taught himself chess. He lives in Dover, DE.

Book of the Week: *The Gift: Poems by Hafiz - Translations by Daniel Ladinsky* If you like Rumi, you'll love Hafiz. If your day is too logical, you'll love Hafiz. Born in 1325, he's consider a high point of Persian literature. Groovy!

New Beehives The glue is drying on the unpainted boxes, assembled this afternoon. It's almost bee season!



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A Wider View

Watching the World Go By

Why is it so easy to get *stuck* on the little stuff? Glued to the TV, placed on hold with the billing department, laser-focused on the computer - you name it, someone is there, grumping. (It's probably me.) Saturday afternoon's sunshine streamed down. I turned off the computer, and was free. Away I sprang, across the tinkling creek, through January mud, up the hill, into the golden light. The pines greeted me with their cool scent. Sudden rustling broke the afternoon solitude. A small flock of wild turkeys huffed up the side of the mountain. I gained elevation, through laurels and huckleberry, finally sitting down on an old stump to take in the view. Cows grazed far below. The Appalachian mountains marched southwards, ancient, mysterious, denim blue. A dove cooed down by the creek. It was nice to remember beauty, and that a west wind still blows.

Happy Birthday, Franz Schubert!

Born 1797 in Himmelpfortgrund, Austria, Franz's songs were easier to sing than his hometown's name. He wrote *Ave Maria*.

Unqualified Advice

Dear Josh, I miss listening to my favorite songs. My assisted living apartment doesn't have room for my old stereo. Any suggestions? - Silent in Seattle

Dear Silent, you betcha! If you have a smartphone or tablet, YouTube is a goldmine for free music, and videos of the artists. AND Elvis movies. Rock on! - Josh

Letters from Josh

(A weekly update from Josh Urban's adventures on the farm and in the city. #118)

Howdy, folks! Previously on our whimsical tale, *Dr. Electro is flustered by the striking appearance of the Buckle Bunny Gang. He tries to use his manners to diffuse the crisis of being held at gunpoint, by angry women, on a moving train. To the east, Lady Wilkes captures two intruders, marching them inside. "Claire, wake up! We've got company." Her niece appeared, rubbing her eyes. Claire's voice cracked. "John?" This is....*

The Return of Dr. Electro - #13: Spring & Sprung

On the best of spring days, when the air was scented with hyacinth blooms and ephemeral optimism, Lady Wilkes wasn't to be trifled with. Here in the opposite setting, her day - or cold autumn night - was made. She waved the .44, frosty silver in the moonlight. "You interrupted my evening tea, punks. Looks like you'll be joining me now. Won't you come in?"

The two men glumly complied. Claire, pale as her robe, followed. "John, I...I thought you were gone - headed to London or something. At least that's what you told me."

The taller man drooped his head into his red beard. "I say, lassie, ain't what it appears."

"Well it *appears* that you gents won't be going anywhere for a while. My rope, Claire. Be a dear and fetch it. It's in the cabinet next to the beekeeping equipment."

To the not as distant West, Electro tried to focus. *Words, man. Use them wisely. Now is not the time for puns or what's a nice girl like YOU lines. You'll get shot.* "Ma'am, we've never heard of your missing Jim, but about these jewel thieves...Perhaps we could help. We've got some serious talent on board. Why, Preacher will even say a prayer for us!"

"Amen, brother!" Preacher fished a bible out from under his coat and flicked a match. Shadows fled as he started *"I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living. Psalm 27:13.* You see, it's a call to..."

Beatrice kicked him with a white boot. He retreated, muttering about prophets and hometowns. Charlotte refused to lower her gun. "We need answers, of an earthly sort. I'll do the seeking. A reference would help. I don't get why you guys are out here in the first place."

"I reckon I could lend assistance." Walter, missing since sheltering at the warehouse, had entered the boxcar so quietly nobody had noticed. "Whoa, whoa, don't shoot, it's me, ladies." Three sets of arms whirled, recognized...relaxed. Three barrels finally pointed down.

"Walter, you old scoundrel! I didn't know you were out of jail." Charlotte finally let herself laugh. Just as suddenly, she stopped. "Wait, why is the train slowing down? We're still ten miles from Chicago."....*To be continued.*