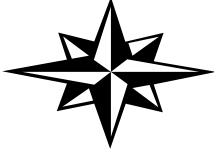


The Newsletter of West Texas Writers, Inc.



February 2015 www.westtexaswriters.org 432-634-0139

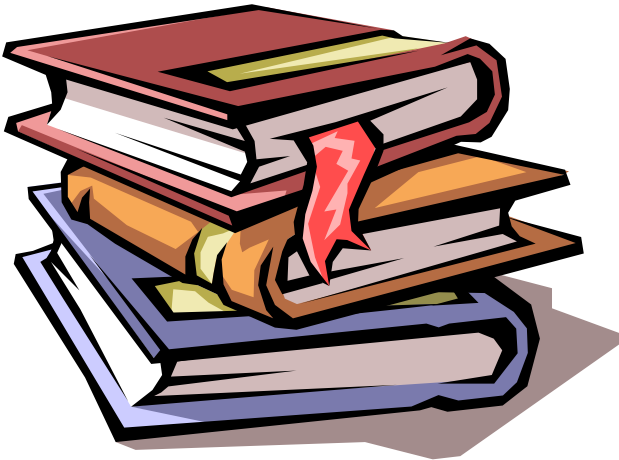
**LOCATION FOR MEETING:
MIDLAND COUNTY LIBRARY**

Just off Loop 250 next to Best Buy

OUR NEXT MEETING WILL BE:

March 7, 2015

AT 2:00pm



Schedule for 2015 West Texas Writers:

March 7 – Discussion and writing prompt

April 4 – Jessica Stewart - TBA

May 2 – Laura Drake – Backstory Weaving

May – Memberships due

June 6 – Don Bonifay – Critique information

July 4 - TBA

August 1 – TBA

September 5 – Roger Manning - Point of View Workshop

October 3 – Laura Drake – Bleeding on the Page (writing emotion)

November 7 – Jerry Rodgers – TBA

December 5 – Sharing Holiday stories, made up of memories. Sweets and punch and fun Holiday Cheer.



24th Annual
Texas Mountain Trail Writers Spring Retreat

Writing Round-Up

Mountain Trails Lodge
Alpine & Fort Davis, Texas
April 24 & 25, 2015

* * * * *

Michael Noll: Master of Scene, Structure and Suspense

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Enjoy the western atmosphere, pleasant warm days and cool mountain nights, while listening to presentations from professional, published and award-winning authors. You'll love the home cooked meals and attractive cabins. - See more at: [http://texasmountaintrailwriters.org/2015-writers-](http://texasmountaintrailwriters.org/2015-writers-retreat/?preview=true&preview_id=1346&preview_nonce=d81143bcc4#sthash.Cy9qdQzS.dpuf)

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Enjoy the western atmosphere, pleasant warm days and cool mountain nights, while listening and learning from Michael Noll, Master of Scene, Structure & Suspense. You'll love the home cooked meals and attractive cabins.](http://texasmountaintrailwriters.org/2015-writers-</p></div><div data-bbox=)

**The Retreat Overview and Registration Form PDF files
are attached below!**

OR you may continue reading the Overview on our website.-->

You may also [download the REGISTRATION FORM PDF file](#)
OR use our [Online Registration Form](#).
(Overview and Registration Links are also on our website.)

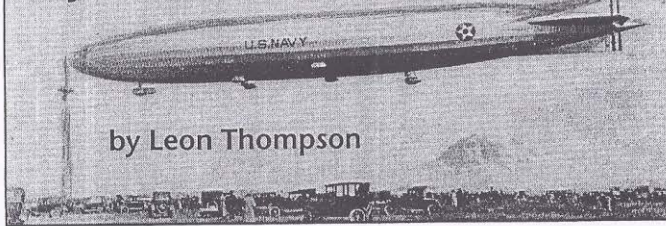
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*If you are having trouble with the links, you can go directly to our website at
www.texasmountaintrailwriters.org.*

312 S. Hackberry
Alpine Texas 79830
USA

**The attached is a story from our life time member and
WWII vet in Washington State.**

Roy Orbison and the Time Warp



by Leon Thompson

On a beautiful day in 1949, Roy Orbison dropped in for a visit. We decided to take the old Indian motorcycle for a quick spin and ended up in Kermit, Texas, nine miles from Wink, Texas, where we both attended high school. Time slipped past us and it was becoming dark. Heavy rainclouds were beginning to form and push in from the west, yet before we noticed, it was dark and the wind howled like a bunch of wild coyotes. We mounted the bike and headed toward Wink and home and safety.

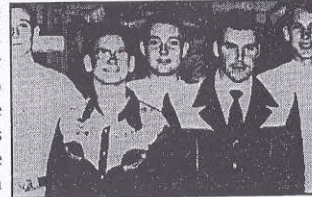
Going west, we somehow missed the road to Wink and found ourselves out in the country filled with nothing but darkness, blowing sand, and tumbleweeds. The icy wind tore at our clothes and the engine strained. We were totally lost on those sandy roads in west Texas, but the flashing lightning and thunder roaring in our ears forced us to continue.

It was past 1:00 A.M. as we approached a gate in the roadway. We turned quickly and found ourselves on a wide paved road that soon ended. We realized that we were on the far end of the Wink Airport runway, just west of town, but

the sands and tumbleweeds obscured our view of the control tower. Suddenly the wind stopped, the sand slowed, and we could hear loud motors behind us. The light on the old motorcycle went out and the motor died. As we looked back, an enormous black form settled on the runway a few yards to our right. A flash of sheet lightning showed it to be an airship. There was a loud scrapping sound and the airship stopped dead still.

We could see the cabin lights and men inside. There were other lights, but the brightness of the lightning obscured them. The ship was longer than two football fields and so high we could not see over it. The control car that had scrapped the runway had showered sparks everywhere. It was only a few yards from us when Roy left the motorcycle and approached the control car, where he spoke with the captain for a long time. Too frightened to leave the old bike, I awaited his return. I was ready to go after Roy when he suddenly waved to the captain and returned. As we looked up along the side of the airship, all I could make out was "Navy," but Roy he told me it

was the navy dirigible the *Shenandoah*, and they were headed for California, but had to land to kill time before heading into a pass over the Rockies. The Wink Airport was on air lane 13 and many scary stories had been



A very young Roy Orbison standing next to Slim Whitman.

told about it, but this was beyond my comprehension. Here was a huge navy airship resting on the runway and the stormy night did not add comfort at all.

Suddenly the wind picked up to what must have been gale force, because it not only howled, it screeched and pulled at our clothing. The sound of all those motors began to roar with the wind. The airship's lights began to blink on and off, and it simply lifted into the air without effort and slowly pulled through the strong winds, becoming part of the night's blackness. Even lightning didn't show it. The airport beacon no longer reflected on it. It was gone in a few seconds, as if it had never been, leaving us feeling very alone.

We managed to drive to the control tower and ask for directions, but when we told them about the airship, everyone laughed and said we had been drinking too much black coffee for the night, so we got the motorcycle running and headed toward Wink, two miles away. The wind blew us off the road seven times. It was 2:00 A.M. before we arrived at my home. The rain had begun to pour without let up, so Roy spent the night at my place. We knew we had experienced something

extraordinary.

While eating at the school cafeteria, Roy told his best friend, Bobby Blackburn, about our experience. Bobby laughed and said we had dreamed it up when Roy reached

into his shirt and pulled out a small pin, which he showed to Bobby. "This is my proof of what I said," Roy told us. We looked at the pin, which said "USN."

Two weeks later, Roy and I drove the bike back to the runway, where we found a huge, scrapped place about fifteen feet long and six or more feet wide. The scrape mark had been left by the dirigible and we both knew we had not dreamed it.

For years I had forgotten about the incident, but recently I went through some old postcards, one of which was of the airship *Shenandoah*. It had been destroyed in a bad Ohio storm in 1925. Shivers ran up my back as I recalled our experience. How could a big airship three city blocks long that had crashed 24 years earlier return from nowhere for one last flight? The captain's name was Lansdowne, just as Roy had said. Thirteen others died in the crash along with Lansdowne, yet 29 others survived the crash, which broke the *Shenandoah* into three pieces.

It was impossible, yet it happened. Perhaps it was a time warp or something unknown and yet to be understood.

Leon Thompson