

**Happy Tail Ale by Lucinda Sue Crosby, Daily Independent  
Winner: CNPS 2<sup>nd</sup> Place, Business Story, 2007**

According to a slew of studies, Americans spend between \$7 and \$8.5 billion per year on their pets. The wide range of products and services measured by this fiscal estimate include toys, treats, over-the-counter medicine, clothes, collars, medical care, jewelry, bowls and dishes, food, grooming and exercisers/walkers/sitters.

Animal companions represent big business — symbolized by the success of giant retailers like PETCO.

However, just when you think no one could invent a new product for dogs, someone has. Last year, the Indian Wells Brewing Company began making a nonalcoholic beer specifically designed for canines called Happy Tail Ale.

This frothy concoction is the brain child of the husband and wife team comprised of Jamie and Kevin Miller, who live in Napa.

Apparently, it was their 120-pound Japanese Akita named Kodi who pawed the idea into their heads.

Literally.

“Our dog, Kodi, was always trying to find a way to get at our beers,” Jamie said. “If we put them on the ground next to our chairs when we went camping, they’d wind up getting knocked over somehow. Then we’d find Kodi licking the beer from the dirt.

“And at home, he used his nose to upset the bottles on the coffee table.”

Jamie reports that, on the night before Kodi’s second birthday, she and her husband were discussing possible gift ideas for their pooch (yes, they admit they are THOSE kind of nutty dog parents) and considered presenting him with a six pack of nonalcoholic O’Douls.

“Then my husband said ‘Wouldn’t it be cool if there was a beer just for dogs,’” Jamie said. “And I told my husband that was the most terrific idea I’d ever heard.”

The two newly-hatched suds entrepreneurs encountered some major glitches in their search for the proper formula. The first one they tried consisted of food coloring, soda water and beef bouillon.

“A funny thing happens when you drop beef bouillon into soda water ... explosion!” Jamie said.

After lots of research about the actual beer-brewing method, they settled on the ingredients and made a few experimental batches on their “antique O’Keefe & Merritt stove.”

The acceptance in their local marketplace was “immediate.”

“But I feared burning the house down,” Jamie admitted.

“And we couldn’t keep up with the demand — and so we decided to find a way to do it on a larger, professional scale.”

Enter the Indian Wells Brewery, who has been involved in making the product since August of 2005. And so far, they are the only local retailers who carry the product.

To this point, Jamie says that they’ve sold more than 200 cases of Happy Tale Ale. And as reported in a local Napa newspaper on Jan. 2, 2006, even Gov.

Schwarzenegger recently jumped on board the bow wow wagon.

“I spoke with the store owner about the incident,”

Jamie said. “It seems that the governor was looking at a selection of products made in the Napa Valley while he was vacationing there. When he asked what the hottest product was, and she showed him our beer, he purchased it on the spot.”

Even though the nonalcoholic ale was designed specifically for canine consumption, its ingredients and brewing methods are up to official human requirements.

“It is safe for you and your pet,” Jamie said and added, “I would never let my dog eat or drink anything that wasn’t okay for me too.”

For more information about Happy Tail Ale, Jamie and Kevin’s company or Kodi, the Japanese Akita, you can visit their web site at [beerfordogs.com](http://beerfordogs.com).

***My Hero*** by "Cinda" aka: Lucinda Sue Crosby

Published in "Cowboy Poetry" in 1992; read at Roy's funeral services in July, 1998

Through the sagebrush  
Tumbleweeds carom in the wind like lost souls.  
A coyote's lonely howl  
Echoes down rocky canyon walls  
In harmony with the mourning dove.  
Into this American landscape  
Rides a fair man on a golden horse.  
The sunrise carries the song of his soul  
Like a joyful noise.  
The Idea of the West  
Lives in the heroic block of his Stetson  
And the faith and trust  
Of children everywhere  
Rest on his shoulders light as air.  
It was a deal he made with himself.  
The King of the Cowboys ... Just a man  
With a good heart  
Who rode into the sunset.

**For my Godfather  
Roy Rogers**

## Cajun Kinda Thing

Granny Tata's rum shack's hidden in a swamp  
Near a gator hang-out by a willow stump  
There's a get-on-down so she's sent for a flask  
Of the liquor that'll jump right out of your glass  
A couple of sips - you're ready to rock  
Kick it back, kick it up, kick it right down the block.

They all flirt outrageous but who pays mind  
(Cause) Everyone's a cousin of the kissin' kind  
The shrimp's real spicy; so are the beans  
Eat with your hands, wipe 'em clean on your jeans.  
When everyone's full, clear the tables away  
The boys in the band are rarin' to play

CHORUS: There's a gut bucket bass, a guitar with a slide.  
A fiddle that they diddle while it lays on its side.  
Two-step, ten-step, sassy swing ...  
Down in Bayou La Fouche, it's a Cajun kinda thing.

There's nothin' like the Bayou on a Saturday night  
Where they joie de vivre till the morning light  
It's like no soiree you'll ever see  
The time of you're life - this I gaur-on-tee.  
Forget the picture show; forget uptown.  
Grab you're hat, cherie, and we'll head on down.

CHORUS: Frenchie's tappin' spoons in Lousiana time  
There's a little squeeze box that whimpers and whines  
Two-step, ten-step, sassy swing ...  
down in Bayou La Fouche, it's a Cajun kinda thing  
Down in Bayou La Fouche, it's a Cajun kinda thing!

## Seasons of the Heart

I remember how it rained the day my grandma died  
How the misty, cloudy, morning mirrored what I felt inside  
As I gave her one last rose and heard the preacher start  
I swear I heard her whisper – “It's a season of the heart.”

So tender through my sadness, husband took my hand  
Didn't have to speak a word to make him understand  
Held me softly close beside him till lonely slipped away  
In that sweet and sacred moment, our first-born son was made

CHORUS: Seasons of the heart; a weaving of the threads  
Winter turns to spring; green to golds and reds  
Ever-changing feelings, whether bright or dark  
Are blended through our lives into the Seasons of the Heart.

Now the sound of gentle laughter and a tugging on my sleeve  
Bring me back from long ago –“ Grandma, it's time to leave.”  
As joy and heartache mingle to set this day apart,  
I whisper to the child "It's just a Season of the Heart."

CHORUS.

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## **Hooked On Golf - by Lucinda Sue Crosby, Daily Independent**

**Winner: Outstanding Column for 2008 – Kern Press; CNPS 2<sup>nd</sup> Place, 2007**

If you've never actually tried to hit a golf shot, you might think it would be the easiest thing in the world. Hey, the ball is stationary, right? You're not on skates or anything. No 300-lb. man is trying to tackle you with his ham hock arms. There are no screaming fans. I mean, the loudest thing on a golf course is the pro's outfit.

So, if "par" for most courses is set at 72 strokes, how come it takes the average male golfer 108 strokes to complete a round? (This is Arnold Palmer's statistic, not mine. But what does he know?)

Most sports experts will tell you that golf was probably first developed in Scotland. They are dead wrong. I believe that golf was actually invented by the Spanish Inquisition as a means of torture. That is why it's no accident that golf is flog spelled backwards.

I have participated in many pro/am golf events all over this great nation and I have partnered with some of the best players in the world, male and female.

The idea that they make a living at this game boggles my mind. And even they make mistakes.

I once saw Major tournament winner Raymond Floyd hit a "lateral." This means he hit the ball from the right side of the fairway and it ended up on the left side of the fairway. Without advancing the ball one iota. (Note: this is also referred to as a shank.) Apparently, Floyd struck a Cyprus sapling on his follow-through. This resulted in his experiencing quite a painful jolt to both his elbows. Afterwards he said, "I don't know why they call elbows your funny bone. There was nothing funny about it."

There is also a great story about the legendary Lee Trevino. He actually was struck by lightning once during a tournament. After he had recovered somewhat, a reporter asked him if he had any advice about playing in a thunderstorm. He answered, "Take out your one-iron and hold it over your head. Because not even God can hit a one-iron."

Golf has a lot of rules. Many are stupid.

If your ball lands in a water hazard, you get penalized one additional stroke. But hey - you lost your golf ball! Those things are expensive! Isn't that penalty enough? Or how about this? You're only allowed to carry 14 clubs in your bag at a time. Have you ever tried to lift a golf bag with 14 clubs in it? Forget about carrying the entire kit and caboodle for 18 holes. An Olympic weight lifter would have a hard time.

Of course, even though it is a most difficult sport to learn to play well, many people become golf fanatics. They have my sympathy. And so do their spouses and family.

Now don't get me wrong, there is SOMETHING about the game. Actually, several things. Unfortunately.

I've never seen an ugly golf course. A beautiful swing is truly poetry in motion. There is nothing on this earth quite like the "thwack" of the ball cleanly struck. The smell of new-mown grass is always sweet and pungent.

Yeah, I'm hooked.

## Companion Song

A song called, "Stories They Could Tell," has been selected as a companion piece for "Francesca of Lost Nation." The author of this book, known as Cinda in music circles, co-wrote the song with Grammy Award songwriter and Bluegrass recording artist Carl Jackson. It is performed by Christian artist Renee Martin and arranged by Jackson.

*His eyes are dimmed with age; his speech is slow  
He can't remember half the things he used to know  
His golden years have come and gone but still he lingers on  
Alone and lonely in a world he used to own  
Not the fault of the man he outlived his useful span*

**CHORUS:** *Oh the stories he could tell  
The comings and the goings of a long life's ebb and swell  
And if we cared enough to ask him, he might dare to dwell  
On the stories he could tell ...*

*Her hair is iron gray; her hands are still  
All her pretty things are listed in her will  
Her mind at times is fooled, she thinks her son is off at school  
Confused about the family she used to rule  
Not the fault of the man he outlived his useful span*

**CHORUS:**

**BRIDGE:** *Some day we'll be right where they are  
Watching out the window for that one familiar car  
As young'uns crawl upon a knee, the future weds the past  
For an hour of the present that flies by too damn fast*

**CHORUS:**

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To learn more about this concept or to purchase the song, please visit:  
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