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In this issue:

- New Releases: *Wicked Mistress Yale* and *The Queen's Falconer*
- Transportation Times: Stagecoach
- Author Spotlight: Linda Ulleseit
- Reading Roundup: Books from the 1930s

## From the Editor

Hello and Happy Friday to you all!

We're still celebrating with many authors about all the new releases that are coming out. A few we're catching up with, such as Charity Bishop's new book, *The Queen's Falconer*, that's been out for about a month, and David Ebsworth's new book, *Wicked Mistress Yale*, that released the first of August. Both of these are books in a series. Although they're stand-alone books and each a good read on their own, if you check them out and like the story line, check into the previous books in the series too.

This week we're chatting with Linda Ulleseit about her new book that released last week, *Aloha Spirit*. She has a lot to share about what the aloha spirit means and some on different Hawaiian superstitions. Grab a cup of tea, or whatever your favorite beverage is, and keep reading for some fun tidbits to widen our world.

Stay tuned for future issues –In the weeks ahead we have author interviews scheduled with Christina Baker Kline, Ruth Kozak, Renata Stankova, Tiffani Angus, and a lot more!

*Trisha*

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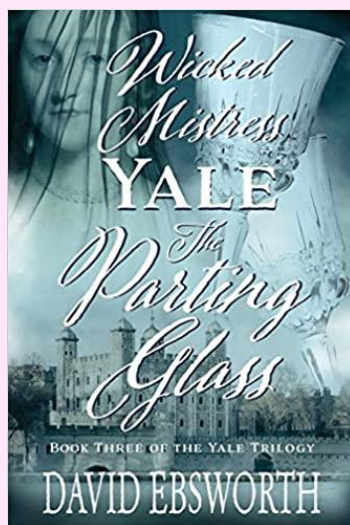
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## New Releases

### Wicked Mistress Yale: The Parting Glass

David Ebsworth



1700 and East India Company Governor Elihu Yale is back in London, seemingly intent on reconciliation with his wife Catherine after ten years of separation. But those ten years have given her a taste of independence that she's not ready to easily surrender. The ghosts of her previous life continue to haunt her, however – yet another former foe returned with her husband and seemingly still intent on revenge. And a more evil enemy still, in the shape of that Jacobite Colonel John Porter who had caused such damage to her youngest daughter. Drawn back even further into espionage on behalf of her nation, Catherine must battle madness, her desires, the rifts in her family, riot, rebellion and assassination in this tumultuous third and final act of the Yale Trilogy.

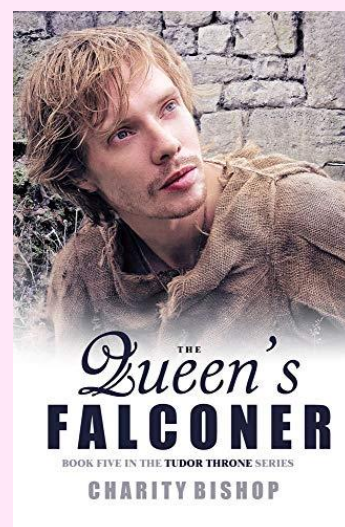
### The Queen's Falconer

Charity Bishop

Lambert Simnel has never wanted to draw attention to himself. The last surviving Pretender to the throne, he has lived a quiet life since his pardon as the queen's falconer. But the discovery of a small silver crown in his slice of cake makes him king of the revels for a night.

Fascinated by him, Princess Maggie draws him into a conspiracy to reveal a man's true nature to her besotted friend, Nan Browne. A recent heiress due to the suspicious inheritance left to her by a potential traitor, Nan has fallen in love with the most undesirable man at court.

After a midnight mishap leaves Lambert drenched in blood, he has no choice but to do the last thing he ever imagined—join forces with the feared and hated Sir Thomas Lovell, the king's enforcer, to solve a mystery, unearth a nest of traitors, and discover the connection between a beautiful white falcon and the tragedy that awaits them all.



# Transportation Times: Stagecoach



Mention stagecoach travel, and most images brought to mind are of the old west days. It must be all those reruns I watched as a child – *Gunsmoke, Bonanza, The Rifleman, Maverick, or The Lone Ranger*. Besides all

these serious episodes, who could forget one of my earliest favorite comedies – *F Troop*?

If these images weren't enough to evoke thoughts of stagecoach travel, living in southern Arizona for a year, near Tombstone, added many more old western days pictures to my mind.

Yet what we bring to mind isn't always realistic about how that type of travel truly was. If I were going to write a scene that included stagecoach travel, I'd definitely need to know more about the method of transport.

The name 'stagecoach' developed from how this mode of transportation was used. Legends of America reports: The term "stage" originally referred to the distance between stations as each coach traveled the route in "stages." Initially, stagecoaches could travel of an average speed of about 5 mph. As routes began to improve and stagecoaches themselves improved with the development of steel springs, the speed increased, doubling the average speed to approximately 10 miles per hour.

According to Legends of America, this is what the stages were usually like:

Along the many stage routes, stations were established about every 12 miles that included two types of stations — "swing" and "home." As the stage driver neared the station, he or she would blow a small brass bugle or trumpet to alert the station staff of the impending arrival.

The larger stations, called "Home Stations," generally ran by a couple or family, were usually situated about 50 miles apart and provided meager meals and overnight lodging to passengers. Often; however, "lodging" was no more than a dirt floor.

These stations also included stables where the horses could be changed and often, a blacksmith and repair shop, in addition to a telegraph station. Here, drivers were usually switched.

The more numerous "swing" stations, generally run by a few bachelor stock tenders, were smaller and usually consisted of little more than a small cabin and a barn or corral. Here, the coach would stop only about ten minutes to change the team and allow passengers to stretch before the coach was on its way again.

They also state that traveling in a stagecoach was unpleasant.

Though stagecoach travel for passengers was uncomfortable, it was often the only means of travel and was certainly safer than traveling alone. If passengers wanted to sleep, they were required to do so sitting up and it was considered bad etiquette to rest one's head on

another passenger. There were also numerous other rules required of passengers including abstaining from liquor, not cursing or smoking if ladies were present, and others.

In 1880, John Pleasant Gray traveled on a Kinnear Concord stagecoach in the Tombstone to Bisbee route. He recorded these notes about his journey.

That day's stage ride will always live in my memory – but not for its beauty spots. Jammed like sardines on the hard seats of a old time leather spring coach – a Concord – leaving Pantano, creeping much of the way, letting the horses walk, through miles of alkali dust that the wheels rolled up in thick clouds of which we received the full benefit...It is always a mystery to the passenger how many can be wedged into and on top of a stagecoach. If it had not been for the long stretches when the horses had to walk, enabling most of us to get out and 'foot it' as a relaxation, it seems as if we could never have survived the trip.

The horses were changed three times on the 80-mile trip, normally completed in 17 hours.

However, to get a true taste of what traveling in a stagecoach was like, let's go to one of my favorite authors, Mark Twain, who wrote of his 1861 travels in a stagecoach in his book, *Roughing It*.

Eyewitness to History has a few excerpts about his travels.

### ***Starting Out***

Twain begins his journey in St. Joseph, Missouri, the starting point for the overland route to Sacramento, California. Twain and his brother Orion discover that passengers are limited to only 25 pounds of baggage. After shedding much of their luggage, the intrepid travelers are on their way across the plains of Kansas.

"Our coach was a swinging and swaying cage of the most sumptuous description - an imposing cradle on wheels. It was drawn by six handsome horses, and by the side of the driver sat the 'conductor,' the legitimate captain of the craft; for it was his business to take charge and care of the mails, baggage, express matter, and passengers. We three were the only passengers this trip. We sat on the back seat, inside. About all the rest of the coach was full of mail bags - for we had three days' delayed mail with us. Almost touching our knees, a perpendicular wall of mail matter rose up to the roof. There was a great pile of it strapped on top of the stage, and both the fore and hind boots were full. We had twenty-seven hundred pounds of it aboard, the driver said - 'a little for Brigham, and Carson, and 'Frisco, but the heft of it for the Injuns, which is powerful troublesome 'thout they get plenty truck to read.' But as he just then got up a fearful convulsion of his countenance which was suggestive of a wink being swallowed by an earthquake, we guessed that his remark was intended to be facetious , and to mean that we would unload the most of our mail matter somewhere on the Plains and leave it to the Indians, or whosoever wanted it.

We changed horses every ten miles, all day long, and fairly flew over the hard, level road. We jumped out and stretched our legs every time the coach stopped, and so the night found us still vivacious and unfatigued."



## *Traveling*

The next day, the stage suffers a breakdown forcing its passengers to evacuate while repairs are made. The conductor lays the blame for the mishap on the extra weight of too many mailbags. After throwing half the mail onto the prairie, the stage resumes its journey. Orion's large Unabridged Dictionary causes trouble along the way.

"Whenever the stage stopped to change horses, we would wake up, and try to recollect where we were - and succeed - and in a minute or two the stage would be off again, and we likewise. We began to get into country, now, threaded here and there with little streams. These had high, steep banks on each side, and every time we flew down one bank and scrambled up the other, our party inside got mixed somewhat. First we would all lie down in a pile at the forward end of the stage, nearly in a sitting posture, and in a second we would shoot to the other end and stand on our heads. And we would sprawl and kick, too, and ward off ends and corners of mail-bags that came lumbering over us and about us; and as the dust rose from the tumult, we would all sneeze in chorus, and the majority of us would grumble, and probably say some hasty thing, like: 'Take your elbow out of my ribs! Can't you quit crowding?'

Every time we avalanched from one end of the stage to the other, the Unabridged Dictionary would come too; and every time it came it damaged somebody. One trip it 'barked' the Secretary's elbow; the next trip it hurt me in the stomach, and the third it tilted Bemis's nose up till he could look down his nostrils - he said. The pistols and coin soon settled to the bottom, but the pipes, pipe-stems, tobacco, and canteens clattered and floundered after the Dictionary every time it made an assault on us, and aided and abetted the book by spilling tobacco in our eyes, and water down our backs."

## *The Way Station*

Each evening, the stage announces its approach to a way station by the driver blowing a bugle. The way station offers sparse comfort.

"The station buildings were long, low huts, made of sun-dried, mud-colored bricks, laid up without mortar (adobes the Spaniards call these bricks, and Americans shorten it to 'dobies.)The roofs, which had no slant to them worth speaking of, were thatched and then sodded or covered with a thick layer of earth, and from this sprang a pretty rank growth of weeds and grass. It was the first time we had ever seen a man's front yard on top of his house. The buildings consisted of barns, stable-room for twelve or fifteen horses, and a hut for an eating room for passengers. This latter had bunks in it for the station-keeper and a hostler or two.

You could rest your elbow on its eaves, and you had to bend in order to get in at the door. In place of a window there was a square hole about large enough for a man to crawl through, but this had no glass in it. There was no flooring, but the ground was packed hard. There was no stove, but fire-place served all needful purposes. There were no shelves, no cupboards, no closets. In a corner stood an open sack of flour, and nestling against its base were a couple of black and venerable tin coffee-pots, a tin teapot, a little bag of salt, and a side of bacon.

By the door of the station keeper's den, outside, was a tin wash-basin, on the ground. Near it was a pail of water and a piece of yellow soap, and from the eves hung a hoary blue woolen shirt, significantly - but this latter was the station-keeper's private towel, and only two persons in all the party might venture to use it - the stage-driver and the conductor."

## Author Spotlight: Linda Ulleseit

Linda Ulleseit returns to Pages of the Past this week to talk about her new book that was released last week – *Aloha Spirit*. This is book #5 for Linda and we're excited to see how she's been celebrating birthing a new story into the world. Join us as we chat with Linda and find out more about the spirit of Aloha.



**Hello Linda! Welcome back to Pages of the Past. It was so great chatting with you about your historical fiction works [October 18, 2019](#). You have a new book out that just released – *The Aloha Spirit*. What's it been like for you in all the hustle and bustle of having a new release?**

Hi, Trisha! It's good to be invited back. *The Aloha Spirit* is my fifth published book, so you'd think it would be routine. This release, though, has been very different. My other four books were self-published. The first three are a Young Adult historical fantasy trilogy. They dropped into the world with very little fanfare. I didn't know anything about promoting a book in 2012! By the time *Under the Almond Trees* came out, I knew more about marketing. I had a blog and a website,

and a brand-new Facebook page. This time around, I have a publisher and publicity company. I chose to go that route in order to extend my marketing reach, and it seems to be working. I have more interviews, reviews, and blog posts to do! The disappointing part is that I had a fabulous in-person launch party planned which had to be cancelled due to COVID-19.

**In *The Aloha Spirit*, we meet Dolores and follow her for 28 years as she searches for family and the aloha spirit. How did Dolores become a character in your mind and evolve into the main character in your new book?**

The character of Dolores was inspired by my husband's grandmother. When I knew her, Grandma was a warm and welcoming woman with a fabulous sense of humor. She'd had a difficult life, being abandoned, marrying young to an alcoholic, having a blind daughter, and being a single working mom in the 1950's. Despite it all, though, she loved life and loved family. I wondered how she managed to get to that point. So many people with fewer problems end up in despair. How had Grandma risen above it?

**There seems to be a lot of meaning behind your title, *The Aloha Spirit*. Can you tell us about what the phrase means to you?**

Grandma was born on Kauai and grew up in Honolulu. In Hawaii, aloha is actually the law. A person needs to exude love and appreciation for life around them. It must have been difficult, growing up as she did, for Grandma to find her way to aloha. Clearly the first step is learning to love yourself. Exploring how someone might do that without a support structure became the focus of the novel.

**Dolores travels to many locations during the period of time here – Hawaii and Diamond Head, San Francisco and the World’s Fair, a backyard shelter during the bombing of Pearl Harbor and several locations in California. What was it like researching for a story line that takes place in so many locations?**

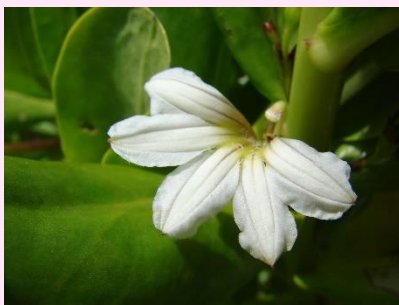
Nothing sets a story like travelling to the places you are writing about. My husband and I love Hawaii, and we travel there about every two years. We’ve found the post office of the town where his grandmother was born, Mekaweli, and stayed in a plantation cottage similar to the one she grew up in. We’ve spent time at Bishop Museum in Honolulu, driven by the old family homes on Iolani and Magella Streets, and been to the Pearl Harbor Memorial. We live about an hour south of San Francisco, so we also have spent a lot of time there. Much of the research takes place in books I read or details found online, but nothing replaces physically being there. My previous book was set in Santa Cruz, California, less than an hour from my house. At least the location this time was more exotic!

**On your website you have a blog post that talks about [Hawaiian Superstitions](#). It’s fascinating reading about the superstitions of another culture that I’m unaware of. You mention that many will be included in *The Aloha Spirit*. Can you share a few instances about how superstitions became a part of your story?**

Grandma was very superstitious, as was her daughter (my mother-in-law). I remember giving my mother-in-law a brooch for Christmas. She had to give me a penny because it was bad luck to receive something sharp as a gift. The Hawaiian culture is very attuned to the spirits, so it’s natural that there are superstitions about appeasing them. Honolulu is a blend of cultures, so it made sense that my character Dolores would be exposed to Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and Korean superstitions as well as Hawaiian. Her Catholic religion is a big part of who Dolores is, and much of what Catholics take for granted is superstition to other people. For example, a Catholic makes the sign of the cross to ensure God’s protection. Hawaiians offer aloha and food or drink to older women because it might be the goddess Pele in disguise, and they want her to protect them. The intent in both cases is the same.

**Of all the superstitions that are mentioned, are there any that are your favorites, and why?**

A lot of the superstitions have to do with luck or death, but some of my favorites involve pregnancy, a time when women naturally want everything to go well. To ensure that, don’t wear a lei when you are pregnant. If you eat too many sugary or salty foods when pregnant, you can affect the disposition of the child. To ensure a good disposition, attend entertainment such as athletic events, hula, or storytelling.



One of my favorite superstitions involving Hawaii’s flowers is about the Naupaka flower. It’s one of Hawaii’s most common plants, found near the beach as well as in the mountains. The flower appears to be cut in half. In the Hawaiian legend, Naupaka was a beautiful princess who fell in love with a commoner named Kauai. The star-crossed lovers could never marry, so Naupaka vowed to stay in the mountains while Kauai remained near the ocean. Before parting for the last time, Naupaka took the flower from her hair and tore it, giving half to Kauai. Even the nearby plants were saddened by the scene, and they began

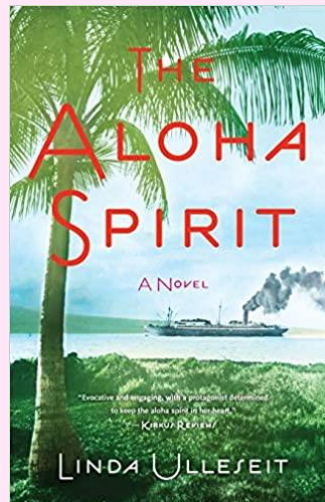
to bloom only half flowers in honor of the separated lovers. To this day it is recommended to put together two Naupaka flowers whenever you can.

**Dolores learns a lot of lessons in *The Aloha Spirit*. What is the lesson she ends up learning about family over the years that we read about here?**

By the time her marriage is in trouble, Dolores doesn't have any blood family besides her daughters and a brother she hasn't seen since she was a child. She does have a very good friend as well as a special bond with a sister-in-law. She learns that family, or *ohana*, is created in the heart, not the blood. This is Grandma's legacy, and how I try to live my life today.

**Thank you for joining us today, Linda. It was so nice to chat with you again and learn about your newest book. Congratulations on your new release! Please leave a few links where our readers can find you and your books and we'll go follow and friend you.**

[You can find \*The Aloha Spirit\* here:](#)



**You can find Linda here:**

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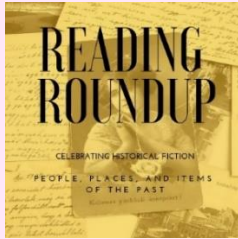
[Instagram](#)

**BIO:** Linda Ulleseit, born and raised in Saratoga, California, has an MFA in writing from Lindenwood University. She is a member of the Hawaii Writers Guild, Marketing Chair for Women Writing the West, and a founding member of Paper Lantern Writers. Linda is the author of *Under the Almond Trees*, and *The Aloha Spirit*, just released. She believes in the unspoken power of women living ordinary lives. Her books are the stories of women in her family who were extraordinary but unsung. She recently retired from teaching elementary school and now enjoys writing full time as well as cooking, leatherworking, reading, gardening, spending time with her family, and walking her dog.

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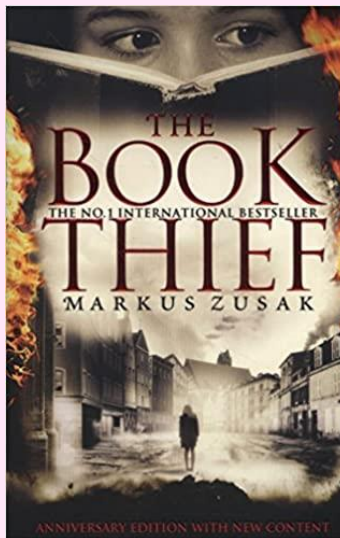




# The 1930s

## The Book Thief

Markus Zusak



It is 1939. In Nazi Germany, the country is holding its breath. Death has never been busier - and will become busier still.

By her brother's graveside, Liesel's life is changed forever when she picks up a single object, abandoned in the snow. It is The Gravedigger's Handbook, and this is her first act of book thievery. So begins Liesel's love affair with books and words, and soon she is stealing from Nazi book-burnings, the mayor's wife's library . . . wherever there are books to be found.

But these are dangerous times, and when Liesel's foster family hides a Jew in their basement, nothing will ever be the same again.

In superbly crafted writing that burns with intensity, award-winning author Markus Zusak has given us one of the most enduring stories of our time.

Now a major film from Twentieth-Century Fox starring Geoffrey Rush and Emily Watson.

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