

Welcome all who read this blog! My apologies for the candid way I write. It would be inappropriate not to forewarn you. This blog is primarily being written due to the fact that our paid SEO Company suggested a blog would promote higher ratings. When did high ratings equal blog writer? I am not sure why blog writing relates to increased followers, but here we are.

My name is Elizabeth Nietert, and I work for Party Time Texas. When I'm not writing a blog, my day job consists of booking entertainment services, while monitoring our social media platforms. I have been given an opportunity to produce an engaging, fun-filled, and relatable blog. Again, I apologize if my writing does not appeal to you. (As we all wear many hats in our jobs, right?)

In my experience blogs are brutally honest, and have somewhat decent writers. I enjoy the typical blog that is genuine and heart felt, yet at the same time tells me how it is. I, Elizabeth, will try to triumph in this blog the same way.

Some of you may be familiar with Party Time Texas, some of you may not. Whether you're familiar or not here is a brief description of how Party Time Texas came to be.

"Party Time Texas's Owner/Founder Bill Cody started his journey similar to the children around him in Wisconsin. Having a band director for a father and a piano teacher for a mother, Bill Cody (formerly known as Billy V) naturally learned the art of music. Billy marched around the family living room teaching himself how to play the piano, sing, and write music.

As Billy grew older he focused on leadership roles within his high school, and formed garage bands to play at local venues. In his sophomore year, Billy decided as an attempt to break into radio business, he would take a newspaper clipping, record his boisterous voice on cassette tape and send it to the local radio station. To his surprise the manager loved what he heard and offered Billy a full time gig. Billy's father, quickly interjected saying he could only work part time while focusing on his studies. Billy earned \$1.60 an hour for participating in the local radio show part time. (While his girlfriend earned \$2 an hour at the neighboring soda fountain.)

Billy V aspired to play music like Paul McCartney in The Beatles. Jokingly, today he states he ended up like John. As Billy grew up and made his way towards Madison, Wisconsin his appearance started to resemble that of a Doobie Brother. The long hair and curved mustache gave him the edge most clubs were sure a rock star would have.

By 1974, Billy V turned into Bill Cody. Another local radio show, now in Oshkosh, wanted Bill to be a part of their morning news show. (You know the job no one wants on the weekends.) Bill gladly took the gig, and accepted the new title Wild Bill Cody, a name given from a good time program director at the station. Bill eventually received enough positive attention from his drive country talk show, that by afternoon....Bill would walk across the hall to record FM 104. Wild Bill had the deep, southern country accent midday but could turn into the slow, contemporary smooth talker at night.

3 years later Bill had left the radio station and toured the Midwest playing gig after gig. One cold, shadowy night Bill came across a man named Johnny Hera. Johnny and Bill exchanged pleasantries at a local hotel in North Dakota. Johnny had started his career as an Elvis Impersonator. Bill (not thinking Elvis was his favorite musical artist) didn't think much of Johnny and his talents. Johnny was in need of a back band however, and asked Bill if he would like a steady paying job. Bill, not too thrilled to be playing the 50s again, took the job in the pursuit of continuing his rock n' roll dream.

Bill and Johnny were scheduled to appear for 3 weeks in Dallas, Texas. The gig was to impersonate Elvis as the finest hound dog around. Little did Bill or Johnny know that August 16th, 1977 would have changed their career scope.

To be continued....stay tuned for next week's post.