Sue McGinty, a native of Detroit and long-term Southern California resident, left behind the world of technical writing for McGraw-Hill several years ago when she moved to Los Osos, a small community on California’s scenic Central Coast. Since then she has written countless freelance articles for local publications, including the San Luis Obispo Tribune. Her short fiction has been featured in three Central Coast Mystery Writer anthologies. She is treasurer of the local chapter of Sisters in Crime, an international organization of mystery writers and readers. Murder in Los Lobos, her first mystery novel, is now in its second printing and she has just released a follow-on, Murder at Cuyamaca Beach.

Sue will discuss her journey from aerospace computer programmer to tech writer with McGraw-Hill, to mystery novelist in a small town with many similarities to Cabot Cove — the good, the bad, and the downright ugly. Also included are tips for dealing successfully with small publishers.

For more information, visit:
December Meeting-in-Review:
Paula Margulies, Erica Stux
— Two Ladies Of Lit.

by Ray Malus

Our December meeting featured Guest Speaker, Paula Margulies; and Member, Erica Stux.

Stux led off. For those who don’t know her (…Anyone? …Anyone? …Beuler?), she is a witty, gamine lady …who covers the spectrum from novels to plays to poetry — the unifying factor being her warm, and often ironic, sense of humor.

In spite of a modest, self-effacing demeanor, Stux holds an audience’s attention, and returns the investment manyfold.

She began with a short (and funny) reading from her book, Who Me, Paranoid? She then continued with descriptions of some of her other works (far too many to enumerate here) and closed with a mention of her current release, a coffee table book of pictures by her husband with descriptive text by her (Expressions of Nature Through Photography and Words [William S. Shore/Erica Stux]).

Throughout a short, well-planned presentation, she was a delight.

Paula Margulies (“Book Publicity On A Budget.”) was a delight of another kind. Thoroughly organized and professional (her presentation was on PowerPoint and, happily, repeated on a handout), she presents an extremely competent, no-nonsense — yet warm and supportive — persona. If her aim is to inspire her audience with confidence in her ability, she is imminently successful.

Her presentation consisted of seven “tips” (actually, eight, if you count the “bonus”).

1. Get Your Distribution Lined Up Before You Start
2. Have Promo Material Ready Before Making Calls
3. Book Appearances in Cities Where You Know People
4. Contact the Media After You’ve Set Up Your Tour
5. View Every Phone Call As an Opportunity to Get Orders
6. Think Outside the Bookstore Box
7. Be Professional With Everyone You Meet
8. (Bonus) Go Viral!

(For Pictures, visit our Photo Gallery, Page 9.)
(For more information, go to: http://paulamargulies.com and http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/185424.Erica_Stux.)

The Wright Word – by Ray

Art and Artifice

Those of you who kindly take the time to read this column know that I know very little. I have opinions, but that’s all they are.

You also know that I am an occasional poet. As such, I constantly puzzle over the issue of ‘form.’

I look on writing as Art. That’s a really heavy label for my scrubblings to carry. So what kind of onus do I feel this appellation imposes?

My definition of ‘Art’ has always been, “Inspiration constrained by discipline.” Certainly, without inspiration, a work must be without the ‘universality’ that must be part of ‘Art.’ And without discipline, inspiration becomes little more than a formless “howl.”

But how to mingle the two?

I was raised on ‘formal’ poetry: Meter, Rhyme, Structure. Yet, I am aware that over-attention to these elements can cripple a work.

On the other hand, I read a lot of poetry that is so formless and ill-thought-out that the result is like a one-minute egg. The nourishment may be there, but the dish is gooey and un-appetizing — a mess that, with a little more time and care, could have been a meal.

The human mind automatically imposes structure on what it perceives. Skillful organization of thoughts and ideas can delight it: an unexpected repetition or rhyme. A seductive cadence, an eccentric juxtaposition of images, or just an unbroken golden thread for the imagination to follow.

But when these things become the entire raison d’être, when they call attention to themselves, the entire work becomes trivial, a clever, shallow trick.

Extra words or superfluous syllables — inserted solely to make the meter of a line scan well — detract from the actual content. Short rhyming lines that, inappropriately, pound the ear scream out, “Look how clever! I’m rhyming!” and reduce a poem to the level of a cheap greeting card. In particular, the perversion of sentence structure just to achieve a rhyme (for some reason, so common in Christian hymnology) trashes a poem. (“What a blessing it will be, when the face of God I see.” Who would spontaneously SAY that?)

Yet, done skilfully, these things can seem like the most blessed of accidents — the hand of the Muse imposed on conversation.

I suppose, in the end, it is the perception of the reader that matters. One person’s kitsch is another one’s treasure. But I do exhort you to do your best. Remember that a ‘finished’ work represents “the best I can offer.” Ask yourself, “Is it?”
We had a wonderful holiday meeting on December 18th highlighted by the presentation of Paula Margulies on “Book Publicity on a Budget.” Paula provided handouts of her most valuable tips for promoting your book. The one I like best is: think about where you’ve lived, where you’ve worked, where you went to school—and ask yourself if there are promotional opportunities in those places.

Hey, think about where your parents lived, or where your kids went to college. The point is, find a link between YOU--the author--and the place, and you have a potential market there for your book.

Erica Stux started off the meeting with her Member Showcase. She gave us some background about her writing accomplishments—including doing biographies of famous women for the juvenile market and writing humor books. Erica got us laughing when she read an excerpt about junk mail from her book Who Me, Paranoid? It seems that Erica suddenly positioned herself as a “wealthy prospect” for all sorts of exotic investment opportunities a few years back when she had a profitable gain in a mutual fund, and for months after, she received tons of e-mail and snail mail with entreaties to invest, profit, cash in, and retire rich! Thankfully she didn’t go off to Tanzania to investigate that “surefire mining opportunity” and is still with us to entertain and enlighten.

We were excited to hear also from Gagik Melikyan—one of our newer members—who spoke about his new book: Guilty Until Proven Innocent, about the nutrition-food-vitamin-supplement-cosmetic industries. Gagik read a short excerpt and got us thinking about the safety of what we consume to improve our health. His qualifications as a chemistry professor at CSUN make him a formidable expert in this field, and we wish him the best as he begins to promote his work.

We had a winner, folks, in our “Winter Thoughts” writing contest—none other than our own Secretary, Ken Watts, whose poem “A Winter Joy” brought us some nostalgic holiday cheer.

Not to be forgotten...Nance Crawford and her awesome chocolate Happy Holidays cake! It made our meeting festive and memorable.

Condolences to Pirhiya Goldstein on the passing of her brother. She has been in Israel and missed our last two meetings, but we hope to see Pirhiya back soon doing her incredible job with Hospitality.

Who was that circulating and getting in your face at the meeting, perhaps asking you to turn this way, look that way, and smile? None other than Mark-Paul Sebar, whose photos grace this issue. Thanks, Mark, for responding to our request for help with photos.

Finally, my New Year’s Resolution (you knew this was coming): Get to know more of our members personally, and hear what they’re working on and striving for. Please help me by coming up to chat with me at a meeting or e-mailing me about your projects. Happy New Year 2011 to all!
As always, please check the websites for more information before submission. When you see “ms.” or “mss.” this means manuscript and manuscripts respectively. Best wishes and good luck to all!

**Writer’s Digest** is having a writing competition. Grand Prize: $3,000 cash and a trip to the Writer’s Digest Conference in New York City. WD will fly you to New York City. While there, a WD editor will arrange to share your work with four editors or agents. First Place: $1,000 cash plus $100 worth of WD books. Second Place: $500 cash, plus $100 worth of WD books. Third Place: $250 cash, plus $100 worth of WD books. Fourth Place: $100 cash, plus $50 worth of WD books. Fifth Place: $50 cash, plus $50 worth of WD books. Sixth – Tenth Place: $25 cash. 11 – 100th Place: distinctive certificates honoring their accomplishment. First through Tenth Place Winners: 1-year Writers Digest VIP membership. There are 10 categories in which to enter: Short Story, Memoir/Personal Essay, Rhyming Poetry, Magazine Feature Article, Non-Rhyming Poetry, Genre Short Story (Mystery, Romance, etc.), Stage Play, Television/Movie Script, Children’s/Young Adult Fiction. Entry Deadline: May 2, 2011. Late Entry Deadline: May 20, 2011. There will be a late entry of $5. Entries will be accepted online. For complete rules, entry form or to enter online, go to [www.writersdigest.com](http://www.writersdigest.com).

**National Children’s Theatre Festival.** The deadline for this contest is April 1st annually. First Prize: $500, full production and transportation to festival weekend based on availability. Entry Fee: $10. Guidelines: You can visit the website or send SASE for contest rules and entry forms. Submissions must be unpublished. Submissions are made by author or author’s agent. Final judges are of national reputation. Address: Actors’ Playhouse at the Miracle Theatre, 280 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables FL 33134. Phone: (305)444-9293. Fax: (305)444-4181. E-mail: maulding@actorsplayhouse.org. Website: [www.actorsplayhouse.org](http://www.actorsplayhouse.org). Contact: Earl Maulding.

**Pearl Short Story Prize.** The deadline for this contest is April 1 (March 31 postmark). Results announced in September. Winners notified by mail. Send SASE, e-mail or visit website for contest results. Prize: $250, publication in Pearl and 10 copies of the journal. Entry Fee: $10/story. Guidelines: Open to any writer. Guidelines for SASE or on website. Entries must be unpublished. Include a brief bio and SASE for reply or return of mss. Length: 4,000 words or fewer. Accepts queries by e-mail or fax. Accepts simultaneous submissions, but asks to be notified if story is accepted elsewhere. Contact: Marilyn Johnson, fiction editor. Address: 3030 E. Second St., Long Beach, CA 90803-5163. Phone: (562) 434-4523. E-mail: pearlmag@aol.com. Website: [www.pearlmag.com](http://www.pearlmag.com).

The following are online marketing opportunities.

**10Flash Quarterly** is looking for fantasy, horror, sci-fi, suspense, and slipstream. Once, each quarter, they present 10 pieces of fiction that share a common theme. K. C. Ball is Publisher and Co-Editor of 10Flash. Jude-Marie Green is the other Co-Editor. Length: 800-1,000 words. Website: [www.10flash.wordpress.com](http://www.10flash.wordpress.com). E-mail: keelycball@gmail.com.

**The Adirondack Review** is an independent online quarterly magazine of literature and the arts dedicated to publishing poetry, fiction, artwork, and photography, as well as interviews, articles, book reviews, essays, and translations. This site also hosts the annual Fulton Prize for Short Fiction. Website: [www.theadirondackreview.com](http://www.theadirondackreview.com). E-mail: editors@theadirondackreview.com.

**Strange Horizons** is a weekly web-based magazine of and about speculative fiction. Pays: five cents per word, minimum payment of $50. Looking for: fiction, poetry, articles, reviews, and art. Website: [www.strangehorizons.com](http://www.strangehorizons.com). E-mail: editor@strangehorizons.com.

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**Something To Ponder**

Concentrate on finding your goal, then concentrate on reaching it.

– Colonel Michael Friedman
**Dementia? Me?**  
By Ethel Ann Pemberton

What a scare I had while getting my yearly physical a couple of weeks ago. I had just moved to Georgia from California, and I was scheduled to get a physical by a new primary physician just assigned to me. I’m a senior citizen, and quite healthy. In fact, since moving to Georgia, I’ve been up and down the ladder painting the interior of my three-bedroom, two-bath home. I can’t take all the credit because my fiancé has been helping me.

So, when my new doctor asked me what I’ve been doing, I told him I’ve been up and down the ladder painting and used up eighteen gallons of paint. Right after that he gave me a dementia test. He probably thought, “Oh, yeah, this elderly lady used up eighteen gallons of paint,” although I did notice there was paint on my toenails that I’d missed when I’d showered that morning; and I pointed that out to him. We joked around and I felt comfortable with him, and he seemed to like me. No looking at his watch or rushing to get me out of there.

Then his nurse told me three words and said to remember them as she would ask me them later: brown, sunburst, chair. When she asked me a few minutes later, I remembered all three. But when the doctor was giving me a breast examination for what seemed like five minutes, all I could think of was brown and sunburst. The doctor kept asking me what the third word was, and I couldn’t remember it. I imagined going home in a taxi and losing my driver’s license. This was terrible.

I was then asked to draw a clock, showing 11:10. I drew a circle and put the numbers in and put a star where the 11:10 should be. He looked at me strangely and said, “Where are the hands?” So, I nervously drew in hands to the clock, and even drew in the minute hand. He finally released me, and I pigged out at Taco Bell and went to Macy’s and bought some clothes I really didn’t need. I’m thinking I should change doctors. Is this crazy? What if I fail the dementia test next year?

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**The Sestina — Redux**  
Ray Malus

Lenora Smalley’s Christmas Sestina (Dec. Issue) provoked some interest in the form.

The sestina is one of the acmes of “formal” poetry. In contrast to our modern “free verse,” the essence of the sestina is form. It consists of six six-line stanzas, followed by an “envoi” — a three-line summation. The rules for these components are complex, keying off the last words of the first stanza — which repeat.

Assuming lines of the first stanza end with words: ABCDEF, the succeeding stanzas must end with: FAEBDC, CFDABE, ECBFAD, DEACFB and BDFECA. In addition, the ‘envoi’ must end with ECA (or ACE), and must contain BDF within the lines — one to a line. No repeating meter is necessary, as are no rhymes.

If all this seems like a lot to you, I agree. To amuse myself, I wrote a program to take six specified words and construct the skeleton of a sestina from them. (The last words of the stanzas are properly organized.) The skeleton can then be copy/pasted into your own word processor. You only need write the lines which contain them. In addition, you can ‘randomize’ the order of the first stanza, to see if that generates a more promising skeleton.

This is freely available on my website. The page is [http://raymalus.com/Extras/Sestina_Request.php](http://raymalus.com/Extras/Sestina_Request.php).

I invite you to visit and play with it.

For more information on the sestina, go to: [http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/5792](http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/5792)

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**THE WINNER**  
of our “Winter Thoughts” contest was Ken Watts.

(Read his poem, *A Winter Joy*, in the Poetry Section, pg. 8.)
J-Ray Explains It All
From time-to-time, guest columnist, J. Raymond Kent will expound on the world’s larger issues.

Thank You For Sharing

There’s a famous old story (which I’m just making up) about two rural neighbors, Ben and Amos. One day, Ben was sitting near the fence that separated their property, eating a banana. When he’d finished, he tossed the peel over the fence onto a pile of garbage that sat on Amos’ lot. When asked what he was doing, he replied, “Oh Amos and I are partners. I take the innards; he gets the out-ards.”

See, Ben was “sharing.”

Our society has the gift of corrupting any noble concept. When I was a boy, “sharing” was a generous and charitable thing. One took part of something one valued and gave it to someone else — who also valued it. Now a-days, it’s just a trendy euphemism for “dumping.”

Total strangers will “share” with you the most intimate details of their private lives. The polite query, “How are you?” often provokes either a psychotherapy session, or an op-ed piece. Business conferences turn into 12-step meetings.

“Thank you for sharing.” (TYFS)

Let me “share” some of my thoughts.

I don’t like Rap music — even if the person sitting in the car next to me does. And I prefer the pounding in my chest to be my own heartbeat, not the product of your super-speakers. TYFS.

Forwarding cutesy pictures of animals and syrupy sentimental emails is not the same as writing me a personal note. Any idiot can learn to click the “forward” button. TYFS.

The same is true for patriotic and political treatises. TYFS.

Ditto for “hilarious” jokes. (For the record, the last really original joke was written on March 4, 1913, when Woodrow Wilson asked William Howard Taft, “Does this suit make my butt look big?”) C’mon folks. If you’ve seen it, I’ve seen it! TYFS.

I don’t care about your wife’s or girlfriend’s sexual “kinks” — unless SHE wants to tell me about them. TYFS.

When I ask, “How was your day?” I don’t really want a real-time, minute-by-minute recitation. Life’s too short. TYFS.

If you agree with me on an issue, you don’t need to restate our position in detail. A simple, “Me too.” (or, better yet, “Ditto.”) will suffice. TYFS.

“How are you?” is an idiom. If I want your full medical report, I’ll specifically ask for it. TYFS.

At memorial services, let’s just assume we all know the “Dear Departed” was a jewel. I’ve got grief of my own. I don’t need yours. TYFS.

Not every piece of writing needs to be your memoir. We all had first kisses and lost loves. We’ve all seen sunrises. Before you tell me about yours, ask yourself if I’ll care. TYFS.

You’ve got an opinion about something? Take a number! TYFS.

Yeah. We all get hacked off waiting in line at the Post Office. Tell me about your girlfriend’s “kinks” instead. TYFS.

When we talk, look me in the eyes. If mine are glazed over, SHUT UP!

The thing is, “sharing” is only “sharing” if both the donor and the recipient value the thing that’s shared. Anything else is just plain “dumping.” It’s not generosity; it’s self-indulgence. It’s not a gift; it’s an imposition. Thanks for letting me share. ☐

BOARD MEETINGS

Our SFV Branch holds its Board Meetings every month after the Speaker’s Presentation.

Non-board members may not participate, but are encouraged to audit and observe these meetings.
SUNFLOWERS IN THE WIND
Helen Katzman

High in the desert,  
Anza Borrego State Park  
With fields of golden yellow  
sunflowers  
Stems ten feet tall  
Shifting in the wind  
Mesmerizing!

Sunflowers  
Various shades of yellow  
Living side by side  
Swaying in the breeze  
Each to its own rhythm

Sun behind clouds  
Drizzle cooled earth  
Sunflowers drank the sweet  
Nectar of the earth

Butterflies fluttered  
In the coolness of the  
High desert

Home we drove  
Purple and white gladiolas, pink geraniums and tiny rosebuds  
Greeted us as we walked up the path to our home.

A continuing sense of  
Beauty and harmony  
Filled our hearts

May this coming year, 2011  
Be one of understanding and acceptance  
So we too, may sway in the beauty  
Of nature and love of family and friends

Trust
Ray Malus

Look deep within your core and know the heat of longings that have been so long denied. 
And voids that echo, empty, incomplete — 
The ash of passion smoldering inside.

Now, take my hand, and I will take you where the dampened lavas of your longings hide. 
And safely guide you where you do not dare refute the pulsing wants that yet abide.

We’ll wipe away the waste of barren years. 
And raise the shattered ruins of hot desire. 
I’ll fan the coals, still sodden with your tears, and cauterize your soul with tongues of fire.

Oh let me lead you, borne on wings of trust, to where “I can’t” becomes again, “I must!”

The Clowns Are Here
Lillian Rodich 2010

The clowns are here! Make way for laughter, up-side down smiles, a blue tear caught half way down one’s cheek.

Watch another’s floppy hat laughing in the wind, wilted flowers in tears, Ah, such tender teasing, pantomime stories spun from the air.

Yellow hair made of straw. Painted lashes like spider webs huge shoes dancing along a tightrope one inch off the pavement, balloon gloves waving in awkward balance.

Listen for children’s laughter and an old couple’s chuckle For they understand... they are healed by a silly clown’s antics...

(More Poetry: pg. 8)
A WINTER JOY
Kenneth W. Watts

A winter joy, when I was a boy, was to revel in the season. 
Enjoying the cold, the sights, the sounds, and the scents, were my very reasons.
Each school day I woke made me happy, for it was a day closer to winter vacation.
With hard work at school, plus homework at home, my anticipation brought a balance to this equation.
Cold, clear, starry skies, twinkling lights above and on the ground,
Christmas songs, carolers, church bells ringing, and friendly spirits abound,
How beautiful and magical our aluminum Christmas tree appeared, adorned with its starry crown,
More, in the stillness of the night, when except for the turning color wheel, there was not a single sound.
Scents of fireplaces in the night air, and inside, Jiffy-Pop popcorn popping,
Once we tore open that silvery balloon, there was absolutely NO STOPPING.
I would love the smell of the pies, cakes and cookies my mom would bake.
The aromas of pine, cinnamon and spices was almost more than I could take.
My loved ones, and those magical days are gone, but new ones I have found.
Those days taught me to keep Christmas in my heart all year-round.

THEN AND NOW!!
By Darina Watts

THEIR SHIMMERING WINGS REFLECTING THE SUN
FLYING TO AND FRO, SHOWING COLORS OF RAINBOW.
ALONE OR IN PAIRS, VISIBLE EVERYWHERE
PUTTING SMILES ON CHILDREN’S FACES
AND ADULTS’ TOO, SECRETLY.
UNDER CERULEAN SKIES
WHILE CLEAN AIR TICKLED OUR NOSES.
THAT’S PAST THOUGH, ALIVE IN MEMORIES!
NOW THE CHOKING AIR IS BAD
FOR ALL THE LIVING THINGS.

THE CHILD IN ME SOMETIMES CRIES:
WHERE ARE ALL THE BUTTERFLIES??

(More Poetry: pg. 9)
As Time Turns

*Lillian Rodich*

the carousel turns
and musical notes fly
hours and days circle
around and between
the tinsel songs echoing
in our thoughts …
now it is time
to smear paint on canvas
like a child,
in a swirl of colors …
a sense of joy
without restrictions.
to renew, replenish
and also abandon,
allow dreams to grow
into reality
visit the sea
and build sand castles
not waiting
for a summer’s day
to read uninterrupted
for a week
savoring each word
while the dust settles
where it may
each day
it is time
to cherish the moment
dance and write and paint
ride life’s carousel with joy
speak heart to heart
with kindred souls
and enjoy the roses
in your patio
when other gardens
are too far away.

The Seductive Waltz of the
Red Poppy Ballet

*Edward Louis Braun*

Before the music begins
There’s a long silence
Until almost imperceptibly
A faint seductive song
Rises out of nowhere
Softly dispels the silence
And slowly asserts itself
With a poignant, haunting
Melody that sings again
And again and again,
Each repetition longer,
More appealing, enticing…
I am irresistibly drawn
Into the soft dreamlike
Enchantment of the music
Until its hypnotic simplicity
Reaches a level that
Envelops me when it,
Suddenly changes to
A provocative, sensuous,
Distorted jazz like rhythm,
Seducing me into a fantasy
Of dancing rapturously
In a dark, illicit hide-away
With a slinking, clinging
Exotic beautiful dancer
With the fire of desire
In her dark, inviting eyes.
Paula Margulies speaks .... ... to rapt attention.

Erica Stux “Warm and witty.”

Ken Watts reads his prize-winning poem.

(More photos pg. 10)
BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENTS!

Dr. Gagik Melikyan, “It’s a BOOK!”
Ms. Nance Crawford, “It’s a CAKE!”

“We come for the speaker, ...but we stay for the cake!”

“Read the name tag, Dummy!”
ABOUT THIS ISSUE:

HAPPY NEW YEAR! Contributors came out of the woods. For the first time, we had more submissions than room. (Still don’t have columnists, though.) Hope you like the pale-earth-tone motif. Good for hang-overs. You folks with websites, remember to submit a short (300 word) blurb for the 'Monthly Member Website' feature. Also, next month 'Major Works Supplement!' Submit early! As always, many thanks to our contributors. ENJOY!

— Ray

URGENT: HELP WANTED!

KUDOS KOLUMNIST
We are searching for someone to write our monthly Kudos Kolumn.
It’s not hard. Simply compile all our Branch’s good news for the month into one place!
If you like spreading Good News — PLUS being the first to hear it, this is the job you’ve been waiting for!

PROGRAM REVIEWER!
Also urgently needed: Someone to write the “Last-Month-in-Review” column.
Our Speakers are not paid. The least we can do is review their presentations.

Just contact Stephanie or Ray.

MEMBERSHIP QUALIFICATION
If you haven’t been qualified as an Active or Associate member of CWC-SFV as yet, please request an application from Lenora Smalley, Accreditation Committee Chair, and she will provide you with one to complete.

THANK YOU
Earn a Thank You — Volunteer!
Give a Thank You!
Tell us about someone who’s helped!

A Big Thank You
To Mark-Paul Sebar for helping with the December set-up and for the great photos and to Nance Crawford for the goodies. Much appreciated!

FREE BEER!!
Setting up for meetings is a large task. If you can help, please come at 11:30.
You’ll get to hob-nob with friends, help the Club and earn our eternal gratitude.
(OK. We lied about the beer.)
MEETINGS ... 
ON THE 3rd SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH  
(September — June)  
AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
Hannibal Hall  
7136 Winnetka Avenue, Winnetka – South of Sherman Way  
(Directions & Map on last page)  
UPCOMING MEETINGS  
January: Sue McGinty — Mysteries  
February: Panel on “Short Stories”  
March: E.P. McKnight  

SUBMISSIONS  
Members are encouraged to submit writing contributions to The Valley Scribe. This is your newsletter, and you should be part of it. Submit your prose and poetry to cwcsfv@roadrunner.com. Please type “SUBMISSION” in the subject line. If submitting a hard copy, please bring it to the meeting and hand it to the Editor, Ray Malus, or to the President.  
- 500 words or less  
- 800 words or less  
- Limited to 40 lines  
Articles/Essays  
Short Stories  
Poetry  
Submit your writings within ten days after the monthly Open Meetings.  
The Editor (or President) has license to accept or reject any work submitted based on available space or editing problems. All submissions must include an e-mail address or a phone number. Writings will not be returned and may be included in future issues.  

GUEST DONATIONS  
Non-members attending meetings, are asked to pay a $5 (tax deductible) donation. New membership is immediate upon application at door. For more information, contact Lenora Smalley, VP-Membership, at the meeting entrance or e-mail membership@cwcsfv.org. 

UPCOMING MEMBER SHOWCASE  
February 19, 2010  
Dr. Gagik Melikyan
ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS
7136 WINNETKA AVE
CANOGA PARK, CA 91306

From San Fernando Valley
Take 101 Fwy to Valley. Exit Winnetka. Go North (From Hollywood, turn right. From Ventura, turn left) past Vanowen (almost to Sherman Way). Church is on East side (right side) 1 Bl. before Sherman Way.

From Simi
Take 118 Fwy to Valley. Exit DeSoto. Go South to Sherman Way. Turn East to Winnetka. Turn South 1 block. Church is on East side (left side) 1 Bl. after Sherman Way.
Walk into the campus. Hannibal Hall is at North end.