



The Newsletter Of The San Fernando Valley Branch

# The Valley Scribe

Vol. 3

January 2011

No. 5

## HAPPY 2011!

### Next Meeting January 15, 12:30!



**January Featured Speaker:**  
**Sue McGinty**  
**Mysteries**  
**... and A Personal**  
**Journey to Publication.**

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:

<http://www.suemcginty.com>.

#### In This Issue

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#### OPEN MIC! 12:30 SHARP!

The first six members to sign up will be given five minutes of FAME.

Please bring 2 copies of your material so the hearing-challenged may also enjoy your reading.

(Priority will be given to those who did NOT read in November.)

## 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 many-fold.

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!

(It is a tribute to Margulies' expertise that our publishing this list will not spoil her presentation. It is the knowledge with which she backs these tips up that is so valuable.)

It is obvious that Margulies has done presentations often. Despite far too much unsolicited 'participation' by some of her audience, she instilled a calm confidence that made one believe, "This is the person I want to help me publicize my precious manuscript." □

(For more information, go to: <http://paulamargulies.com> and [http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/185424.Erica\\_Stux](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 scribbles 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 skillfully, 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?" —rm—



## PRESIDENT'S

## CORNER

Stephanie Sharf

We had a wonderful holiday meeting on December 18<sup>th</sup> 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! □

## MEMBER NEWS

*You can hear a broadcast of  
Dean Stewart and Ray Malus*

performing in Malus' Radio Play,  
Christopher Angel

at

<http://raymalus.com/Plays/Christopher-Angel.php>

## MEMBER NEWS

**NANCE CRAWFORD**

*is currently  
podcasting  
an audio-book of  
her charming novel  
Dragon Solstice*

*Details at  
[www.NanceCrawford.com](http://www.NanceCrawford.com)*

## TO MARKET, TO MARKET

by Ken Watts

*(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 – 100<sup>th</sup> 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 1<sup>st</sup> 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](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto:editor@strangehorizons.com). □

### 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? □

## 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> □

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

## **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.



## It Could Be Verse

### 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...

*(Ken's poem won first prize in our December "Winter Thoughts" contest.)*

### **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.**



**More  
Verse**

### **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??



**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.

**Even  
More  
Verse**

**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.



## The Gallery

(Photos by Mark-Paul Sebar)  
(Captions by the Editor)



Paula Margulies speaks .... to rapt attention.



Erica Stux "Warm and witty."



Ken Watts reads his prize-winning poem.



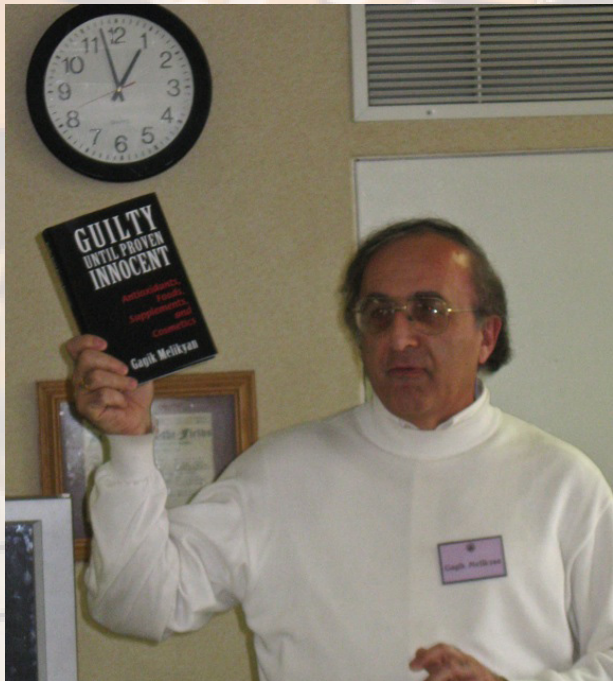
## The Gallery II

(Photos by Mark-Paul Sebar)

(Captions by the Editor)

### 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!"

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

## 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.

### 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!

### THANK YOU

Earn a Thank You — Volunteer!

Give a Thank You!  
 Tell us about someone who's helped!

## 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.)



## • The Bulletin Board •

**MEETINGS ...  
ARE HELD AT 12:30 P.M.  
ON THE 3<sup>RD</sup> 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**

### 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@cwc-sfv.org](mailto:membership@cwc-sfv.org).

### 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 [cwc-sfv@roadrunner.com](mailto:cwc-sfv@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.

### UPCOMING MEMBER SHOWCASE

February 19, 2010  
Dr. Gagik Melikyan

## The Fine Print

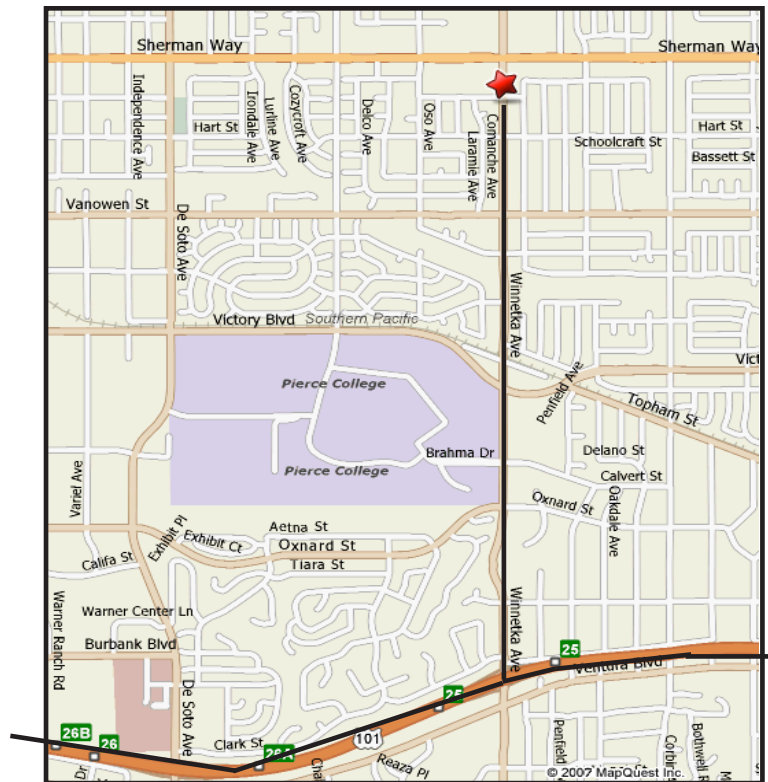
### **ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS** **7136 WINNETKA AVE** **CANOGA PARK, CA 91306**

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.



## *The Valley Scribe*

the Newsletter of the  
 San Fernando Valley Branch  
 of  
 California Writers Club

is published monthly.

We solicit submissions from members.  
 (See Bulletin Board: SUBMISSIONS )

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[Ray Malus](#)

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### **California Writers Club** San Fernando Valley Branch

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