

The Falley Scribe

Vol. 3 March 2011 No. 7

Next Meeting March 19, 12:30!

March Featured Speaker:

E. P. McKnight: "Yes, We Can Change"

(Article by the Speaker)

Ms. E. P. McKnight is a motivational speaker, actress, writer, producer, television host and elementary school teacher. She has been in the entertainment business since her early youth. She hails from New York, by way of Mississippi,



where she graduated from Fordham University with a B.A. degree in Communication and a M.A. degree in Educational Psychology.

She is the founder of Nikao Imani Productions a 5013c company that produces theatrical productions and arranges motivational workshops. Also, Ms. McKnight is a member of Toastmasters, Inc., a public speaking organization.

As a speaker, Ms. McKnight began her motivational speaking in the community via her church and has branched out to local organizations in the Los Angeles area. She travels throughout the Country going to colleges and universities sharing her wisdom of inspiration, motivation and encouragement for all to work collectively to enhance — not only one's life — but the life of the community at hand. She challenges her audience to become active participants in life and not just a spectator. She has spoken to the very young and the very mature.

Ms. McKnight likes to challenge her audience with thought provoking suggestions to reexamine their current plight and stance. Her purpose is to get each person to go to a higher level in their endeavors to enhance humanity. Her mantra is "it is better to give than receive," "everyone has a purpose and a talent to enhance the community," and if you don't use it you will certainly lose it." While sharing she

validates that Rome wasn't built in a day and the best way to eat an elephant is bite by bite.

She will address "Everyone has a charge that only they can do and do well." To know what that charge is, Ms. McKnight will help you do a bit of soul searching to discover your latent talent. She attacks one's FEAR, (false, evidence, appearing, real), by assisting them to work through it and it will disappear.

Ms. McKnight's sole purpose is to inspire, motivate and educate with energy as only she can do it. □

OPEN MIC! 12:30 SHARP!

Sign up for 5 minutes of FAME.

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February Meeting-in-Review: Panels and Phenols by the Scribe Staff

February's meeting overflowed with confidence — and competence.

Member, Dr. Gagik Melikyan, opened the session with his Showcase. This was followed by a panel of three journeyman short story writers.

The panel (courtesy of the Sisters in Crime LA Speakers Bureau) consisted of Kate Thornton, Michael Mallory and Darrell James, and was ably moderated by our own Secretary, Ken Watts. It was a rare treat to watch these three experienced writers — who are eminently comfortable both with each other, and the arcane world of short story publishing — interact. Their (considerable) information was presented in a relaxed and almost casual way. The message was clear: "This is simply what we do, and this is simply how we do it. 'Business as usual.'"

Each panelist introduced him- or herself, and gave their background in short story writing. The moderator provided the first round of questions with the second round coming from the audience.

Some main points:

- Persistence The way to crack this market is to keep at it. Look for opportunities to sell your stories everywhere and anywhere. Thinking 'outside the box' is definitely required. The traditional route of submitting to a magazine editor is not as available as it once was. Look for contests, anthologies, throwaway publications that use stories, and offbeat commercial tie-ins. One panelist told us that one of his most recent "sales" came from submitting a story to his credit union, which was running a short story contest.
- Story ideas The way to come up with story ideas is to constantly ask "what if?" Take an everyday situation and imagine "what if" it turned out differently, or "what if" that mundane object on the hardware store shelf had magic powers, or "what if" the person you are talking to on the bus is from another planet.
- Never say "no" When you are approached by an editor and asked to write a story for publication, whether for pay or not, the only two possible answers are, "Yes," and "Hell yes!" You never know where that opportunity will lead.
- Guidelines Each publication has them and you must strictly conform if you want to get published there. Don't be a maverick and send in something with more words than the guidelines specify, or a

- story that is not in one of their suggested genres. If you are a veteran with a lot of "street cred" previous clips, a reputation, etc. you might get away with it, but as a newbie maverick, there's not much chance they will look at your work.
- Follow up It's perfectly okay to follow up with a publication after the specified consideration time has expired. For example, if they say they respond to submissions within 60-90 days, and 90 days have passed with no word from them, go ahead and send the editor an email or call them just to check if they received your story and are still considering it.

Dr. Melikyan was 'competence' of another kind.

A Professor of Chemistry at Cal. State

Northridge, he is obviously accustomed to
addressing rooms full of people. His presentation
was dense and focused, without being
intimidating.

The Doctor began with a short recap of the frustrations he endured with the Publishing Establishment while trying to get his new book, Guilty Until Proven Innocent into print. These induced him to self-publish. It was a sadly familiar tale, but told in a compelling way. He then moved on the contents of the book itself.

The work is an indictment of the food supplement industry, an unregulated business whose products — while widely accepted — are actually scientifically suspect and may, in reality, be harmful rather than beneficial. His examples included "Green Tea" and phenols — chemical compounds widely touted as health aids. (The contents of the book itself are far beyond the scope of this review, but we recommend you buy, and read, it.)

Dr. Melikyan is, manifestly, a scientific expert who tailors his program to his audience. His presentation to the members was clear and understandable, yet he is just as comfortable addressing audiences of scientists and academicians.

All-in-all, both parts of the program were enlightening, engaging and very informative.
Kudos all 'round! □

Helpful Links

Kate Thornton	www.katethornton.net
Michael Mallory	www.michaelmallory.com
Darrell James	www.authordarrelljames.com
Dr. Gagik Melikyan	www.csun.edu/banners/gmelikyan

PRESIDENT'S

CORNER Stephanie Sharf

Oakland, CA. It's Sunday, January 30, 2011 — a dark and rainy morning. As your Central Board Rep., I am on my way to the CWC Central Board meeting — a thirty-two-mile trip from my sister's house.

After stopping at an Oakland convenience store (due to the printed-

out directions not mentioning the slight details of a fork in the road and a bridge), I was put on the right course and arrived at the Holiday Inn Express meeting on time. (This is not a plea for the Club to buy me a G.P.S., though that would be nice. If a new Lexus or at least a Camry could be attached to the G.P.S., even nicer.)

There were about 12 representatives at the meeting. The horseshoe-shaped table held some familiar faces but many more that I didn't know. As the day progressed, everyone got a chance to speak about what their branch was doing, share ideas about future programs, and vote on some motions.

Some highlights:

- The "Bulletin" will be converted from a newsletter into a thrice per year literary review featuring the submissions of our members (and will shortly be open for business to receive submissions from all members, statewide).
- The Jack London Awards will be given in July this year rather than October.
 Winners will be invited to the summer
 CWC statewide meeting. All branches have chosen their awardees — if any
 (they are allowed to 'pass' on it), and

these will be announced shortly. (Yes, your SFV Board has considered if we have a candidate who can be judged to have contributed in a major way to our branch in the last two years. Stay tuned for an announcement at the March 19th meeting.)

Several changes to the Policies and Procedures
have been passed. For a copy of the revised
document, please email me and I will forward.
(Warning: It's over 30 pages long.) Most
changes are administrative details that don't
concern us at the branch level.

To sum up, it was a good meeting and very ably hosted by our President, Bob Garfinkle.

And before I go... thanks to everyone involved in making the February meeting a success. Gagik for an outstanding member showcase, Mark-Paul for the pics, Pirhiya and Anne for the food, Ken for moderating, Liz for helping out at the front desk — and of course Ray, for being the pre-session host and setting up.

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.

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!)

Bar Karma is a community-developed television program. It airs, Fridays at 10/9 CST. The characters in this program are dealing with karmic cause-and-effect, you know, "What goes around, comes around." Much more information is on the website http://current.com/shows/bar-karma. Enjoy and good luck!

Betsy Amster Literary Enterprises represents nonfiction books, and novels. They are actively seeking: strong narrative nonfiction, particularly by journalists, outstanding literary fiction, witty, intelligent commercial women's fiction, mysteries that open new worlds to them, and high-profile self help and psychology, preferably research based. Currently Handles: nonfiction books 65%, novels 35%. They have more than 65 clients. Responds in 1 month to queries. Responds in 2 months to mss. Offers written contract, binding for 1 year, 3-month notice must be given to terminate contract. Agent receives 15% commission on domestic sales, 20% commission on foreign sales. Check their site for additional info. Looking for highest quality lit. Address: 6312 SW Capital Hwy., #503, Portland, OR 97239. Contact: Betsy Amster. Website: www.amsterlit. com.

The Crucible Poetry and Fiction Competition is offered annually for unpublished mss. All submissions should be electronic. Guidelines: online, email, or SASE. Looking for short stories. Fiction is limited to 8,000 words, poetry to 5 poems. Prize: 1st Place: \$150 plus publication, 2nd Place: \$100 plus publication. Deadline is April 1st. Results announced in late summer. Contact: Terrence L. Grimes, editor. Address: Crucible, Barton College, College Station, Wilson, NC 27893. Phone: (252) 399-6344. E-mail: crucible@barton.edu. Website: www.barton.edu/SchoolofArts&Sciences/English/Crucible.htm.

Glimmer Train's Fiction Open is open to all writers, all themes. Word count range: 2,000-20,000. (It's the story that counts. Don't worry about the number of words.) Reading fee: \$18/

story. Prizes: 1st Place: \$2,000, publication in Glimmer Train Stories, and 20 copies of that issue. 2nd Place: \$1,000. 3rd Place: \$600. They do not want stories for children, or works longer than 20,000 words. They will consider an unpublished novel excerpt that reads like a complete story. It's OK to submit more than one story, or the same story to another category. When they accept a story for publication, they are purchasing first-publication rights. Submit online. March winners will be posted on May 31. Also accepts entries in June, September, and December. Address: 1211 NW Glisan St., Suite 207, Portland, OR 97209. Website: www.glimmertrain.org. Phone: (503) 221-0836. Fax: (503)221-0837. Contact: Susan Burmeister-Brown, coeditor.

Glimmer Train's Family Matters is open in April, and October. Open to all writers. Interested in reading your original, unpublished short stories about family. No stories for children. Reading fee: \$15/story. Prizes: 1st Place: \$1,200, publication in Glimmer Train Stories, and 20 copies of that issue. 2nd Place: \$500. 3nd Place \$300. Word count: 3,000-12,000 words. Please, check the website. Address and contact is the same as above.

Zahir is looking for fiction in fantasy, literary, psychic/ supernatural/occult, surrealism, magical realism, and science fiction. No children's stories, or stories with excessive violence or anything pornographic. Buys 18-25 mss/yr. Send complete ms or submit through online submission form. Max word count: 6,000. Pays \$10 and one copy of the annual print anthology. Writer's guidelines for #10 SASE, email, or online. Buys first rights, and second serial (reprint) rights. Byline given. Pays on publication. Queries accepted by mail, or email. Responds is 1-2 weeks to queries. Publishes ms an average of in 2-12 months after acceptance. Accepts 5-8 mss/issue, 20-25 mss/yr. Publishes 6 new writers/yr. Contact: Sheryl Tempchin, editor. Address: Zahir Publishing, 315 South Coast Hwy, 101, Suite U8, Encinitas, CA 92024. Website: www.zahirtales.com. E-mail: <u>zahirtales@gmail.com</u>.

Something To Ponder

Motivation is what gets you started. Habit is what keeps you going.

- Jim Ryuh

Mriteous – by Ray

(Note: We're trying a new name.)

Help A Guy Out!

Most of you know I am the editor of this newsletter.

Just by chance, I have lately been involved in several discussions about 'editing.' The policies of the editors of our various newsletters differ widely. Some editors are rigid — culling submissions and asking for revisions. Some are very 'relaxed,' printing virtually all contributions — often exactly as submitted. I certainly fall near the 'relaxed' end of the spectrum. I feel this is *your* publication, and my job is to broadcast *your* voice as often and as widely as possible.

This is especially true for you poets. There are a lot of you in this branch.

I will often 'act the editor' with prose. With stories, non-fiction, reviews, I will make corrections, send suggestions, ask questions. Dialog is sacrosanct, but narrative is open for debate.

Poetry is different. In poetry, there are few rules, and the breaking of the few that exist is often its own statement. (My favorite example is the catastrophe that would have resulted from some well-meaning editor's 'correcting' the capitalization in the works of e. e. cummings.)

No. Poetry is a brief, terse medium. Every detail may (should!) have significance. As an editor, I must assume that each of them has been deliberately thought out.

Moreover, poetry is personal. It is no more open to outside revision than a person's dreams. It is the *poet's* vision.

I will be honest. I don't always understand, or like, everything we print here. But that's immaterial. Someone else (perhaps, many someones) may. So it is my task to faithfully publish your work, as presented.

All the above often leads to a dilemma: Each issue contains contributions from well over a dozen different members. The individual idiosyncrasies of one are not a major bother. But the combined 'quirks' can add up to quite a problem.

You can help:

- Please, only submit *finished* work. Take time to be sure your piece is exactly the way you want it. Lately, I have been getting a lot of submissions which are then followed by endless revisions. Not only does this add unneeded work, but it makes it very difficult to insure that the published piece is what you expect.
- Please, submit a manageable number of pieces. I

know you're proud of your work, but let's be reasonable. If members submit multiple items, with the invitation for me to "choose the one(s) I like best," it imposes a terrible burden on me. The fact is I do not have the time to read, critique and cull these submissions. Also, I am not the arbiter; you are. My 'print later' file has grown to unmanageable size. Send things you feel represent *your* best. (One or two pieces each month is reasonable.)

- Conversely, we customarily get submissions from the same people each month. If you're not one of them, **submit something!** *The Scribe* represents everyone.
- Please try to submit well before the deadline. (Earlier submissions tend to get better 'slots.')
- Please, include the title of your piece, followed by your name (as you want it to appear) with each submission. (How can people forget this?!)
- Please, use minimum formatting. You may feel that all the 'bells and whistles' word processors can add make your work more appealing. Mostly, they do not. Writing is about content. Bad writing, rendered in an Olde English font is still bad writing, and complicated line spacing and indenting do not improve awkward phrasing. I often spend more time trying to figure out and undo your formatting than I do adding mine. Use a standard font. (Most of The Scribe is set in Times, with the occasional foray into Helvetica or novelty font, when appropriate.) Use spaces for indents. We prefer singlespaced copy. In poetry, leave a blank line between stanzas rather than a double-space line. Unless you feel it will absolutely kill your piece, align your text at the left margin.
- Please, try to adhere to the rules of Standard American grammar, spelling, usage (all bets are off in dialogue) and punctuation. Yes, I know the rules for quotation marks are antiquated and irrational. Our proofreaders disagree. When in doubt, look it up! Somebody has to!

If we all just follow these guidelines, we'll continue to have a fine publication that represents all the members of the Branch. I mean, in the words of that renowned American 'Man of Letters,' Rodney King, "Why can't we all just get along!"

1933–1934 Tujunga Fire and Flood

Helen Katzman

The foothill fires of November 2009 took me back many years to the fires of Tujunga, November 2, 1933. I was four and a half years old. I remember clearly being awakened by bullhorns, male voices shouting "evacuate, evacuate. Leave your home immediately. Smoke, smoke engulfing the area." — repeated over and over again.

Mother dressed me and tossed a few things into a bag. My brother, Hugo, was older and could take care of himself. We climbed into our four-door sedan. That is, all except father. He was in the front of the car fiercely turning the crank, to start the car. It started. We gasped with relief. The smoke was thick; this made it difficult for my dad to see signals and railroad crossings. Hugo was fascinated by the flaming red sky. I sat on the floor hugging my brother's legs. "Where are the sparkling stars," I cried. "The smoke is hiding them," I was told. I just couldn't stand seeing the sky on fire. Then asked, "Where are we going?"

Mother answered, "We're going to Auntie Min's house."
We arrived in the middle of the night, rang the doorbell
and waited. Uncle Jake, afraid to open the door, shouted
"Who's ringing the doorbell at this time of night?"

My father answered in a shaky voice "It is your family from Tujunga. The hills are on fire, we were forced to leave."

"Why didn't you phone before coming?" Uncle Jake angrily asked. (Did we even have a phone?) He heard the story and opened the door. The four of us walked into their warm home.

Soon Auntie Min came into the living room dressed in her nightgown and robe. "What on earth?" She exclaimed.

Dad retold the story. Before tucking us in for the night they served us coffee, milk and cookies.

The next day we listened intently to the radio. "Yes," the news said, we could drive home. However, the news commentator reported "there is still thick smoke hanging over communities. Take precaution."

The homes in our community were safe; nothing was burnt. However, every room in our home smelled of smoke. As I recall, these many years later, it was necessary to put wet washcloths over our mouths and nose so we could breathe. It was scary!

Newspapers reported that the flood of New Year's Day, 1934 poured over denuded canyons, rushed through communities. Two hundred homes were sunk in mud.

Another four hundred homes were deemed uninhabitable. In addition, hundreds of vehicles were lost, buried in mud. And then there were the gigantic boulders that washed down

the barren mountains blocking driveways and crushing cars. I remember being scared at seeing a boulder blocking a neighbor's driveway. Our home escaped without damage.

Sometime later a newspaper reporter wrote about twenty-five men, women and children who had drowned at the Red Cross headquarters housed in the American Legion Hall.

Three years later reporters announced: "Forty-five people remained unaccounted for." Of course I couldn't read the papers, nor do I recall my parents reading articles to me. Nevertheless, when the storms of 2003 hit the Los Angeles Basin it took me back to 1933-34. I cringed with fear.

Woody Guthrie, the legendary folk singer, left his legacy about the New Year's Eve/New Year's Day flood of 1933-1934 by writing the following solemn ballad:

Kind friend do you remember,
On that fatal New Year's night?
The lights of old Los Angeles
Was a-flickering oh so bright
A cloudburst hit the mountains
It swept away our homes
And a hundred souls was taken
In that fatal New Year's flood. □

Too Many Groundhogs — Answer

Thank you to the folks who submitted guesses to last month's contest. Naturally, our proof readers got the correct answer. Others came close.

(Big and little groundhogs counted.)

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<u>Page</u>		Groundhogs
1		1
2 3		2
3		1
4		2
4 5		2
6		3
7		2
8		3
9		1
10		2
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2010		

MEMBER WEBSITE OF THE MONTH

BY RAY MALUS

cwc-sfv.org

Strictly speaking, cwc-sfv.org is not a "Member Website." It is a "Members' Website." It belongs to all of us. It is our Branch's official website.

Cwc-sfv.org was established a year ago, and was custom designed for us. It is our presence on the web, and a really good source of information for and about us.

As you can see from the illustration, the Home page features an antique typewriter set against a view of the Valley.

The paper in the typewriter is the menu for the site. As you pass your mouse-pointer over the various options, information about the option appears in the information box to the right. Clicking on either the menu selection or the information box will take you to that page.

Above this box, the Branch name fades gently in and out like a neon sign.

In the upper-left-hand corner, the CWC logo spins like a gold coin, with "San Fernando Valley" on the reverse side.

Other pages follow this visual theme, but are simpler and have no animation.

The menu choices are:

- **About Us** Information on our Branch and CWC itself.
- Meetings Information on our next meeting, as well as future events, past speakers, and directions. (All the speaker links are 'live.' This is an excellent resource if you want to follow-up on a speaker's presentation.)
- Officers Names, and email addresses of our board, with links to pictures and bios for each.
- Coming Events Upcoming activities for our Branch and CWC.
- Valley Scribe Loads the current issue of our Newsletter.
- Scribe Archives An archive of every issue since the Branch was re-constituted.
- **Notices** Postings of general interest.
- Membership Information on how to join our Branch.
- Extras Miscellany.

The site is packed with information, and we make every effort to keep it current.

We invite you to visit it, and explore. We think you'll be proud to be a member of The San Fernando Valley Branch. □

MISSION STATEMENT OF THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY BRANCH

The San Fernando Valley Branch is one of eighteen Branches throughout California, organized and operating under the auspices of The California Writers Club. We are a non-profit professional organization whose goal is to provide a friendly and inclusive environment for members to meet and network; to provide professional speakers who will aid in writing, publishing, and marketing members' endeavors; and other writing-related opportunities that will further members' writing enjoyment and careers.



Fraud

Pirhiya Goldstein

Chained by fears and estrangement Confined to my reality,

My soul is imprisoned My wings are tethered,

Incapable of soaring Unable to fly.

My soul in another life Could flourish and thrive,

But here enslaved and stifled By my restrained being,

Reality which cannot Quench my thirst,

I live a foreign existence Feeling deceived and cheated,

For being a shadow, and odd For being only a fraud!

A poem to our Legislators

— A Formula for Winners

Richard Schmorleitz

Can a political party fail to win
That so loves kissing babies,
Yet hates mothers who don't want to be?

Surely it's a party of winners Who invite big government into our beds, To control impure thoughts in our heads, Who only desire what's best for us, While censoring our Constitution,

Deleting a right or two, In the interests of themselves, Not me, nor you?

SESTINA for Spring

Lenora Smalley

From my window I watch the rain coming down a soft, spring rain that makes things green, makes things grow from beneath the ground, makes tall trees shiver and sway so birds bunch together on power lines, while I watch the rain all alone.

"Why am I standing here alone?"
I murmur, looking up and down
the street following colorful lines
of umbrellas, blue and white, and green
raised over raincoats that dip and sway
avoiding puddles in water-soaked ground,

avoiding gritty mud being ground beneath rain boots. They are not alone. They head for trains to twist and sway into the city, barreling down the tracks with semaphores signaling green giving an "all clear" on the lines.

Rain on the window trickles thin lines that suddenly swell and rush to the ground, like tears falling, purple and green for those who seek wealth alone.

Much too serious, they slide down a rainbow banister, lean and sway

toward the "pot of gold." They sway in the red, orange and yellow lines. with glaring scowls traveling down the rainbow's arc to the ground. Even they are not alone As they search in indigo and green,

in bushes, in shrubbery and green grasses, their heads nod and sway, grasping the pot to be theirs alone. I see homeless huddled in soup kitchen lines, children living in tents on the ground, while alone I watch the rain coming down.

To walk down a road whose berms are green help others cross the ground. Don't sway. If I throw out life lines, I won't be alone.



OPEN SEASON

Erica Stux

The robins have returned, I guess, though our first one's a bit luckless; he rested in our urban patch; the cat brought home this year's first catch.

Starry Winter Nights Edward Louis Braun

I remember times
When I was seven or so
Huddled beneath
A mountain of goose down
In my room almost as cold
As the winter night.

Enveloped in still darkness I'd look through
The window above my head
To a black sky
Alive with bright white stars.

As I was lying there
The marvelous mystery
Of the night
Made me wonder
About all those stars,
About God and me
And how we both began.

But questions of the night Got lost in sleep, and The fun and clarity of the day Sent them far away. This is the third of three poems from Norm Molesko's up-coming book, HEART ATTACK! THEN WHAT? (The first two appeared in last month's issue.)

FINALLY... STENTING

Norman Molesko

Two days lying in one hospital, then being transferred to another hospital. A nurse accompanies me in an ambulance. I have become dazed and scared.

I feel that I am on the brink of death...
a second traumatic attack in seven days.
The culprit for this second attack could be
the occlusion in my first diagonal artery,
that is almost entirely blocked in my heart.

For each of the two separate heart attacks, as I am "going under" on the operating table, I put myself into a pliable state of mind.

My body is a piece of willing wood...

After my first heart invasive procedure, I am told that medications are my regular treatment.

After the second heart invasive procedure, I sensed the stent emplacement was challenging to do.

I am fortunate that the stent emplacement is a reprieve, allowing me to keep on living.

I hope many breaths can put off my death.

I don't want to leave and have folks grieve.

FAINT FEELING

Erica Stux

The worst is finally over; I'm trying to relax right. But will someone please tell me an antidote for tax bite?

Cultural MisfitPirhiya Goldstein

The music was turned on A command was given: "Join the circle Mingle with the crowd Sway to the music."

The beat was captivating
My heart was throbbing
But my feet
Would not comply,

My mind was entangled.
My soul was vacillating
Between the new tune
And an old familiar rhythm.

The melody was enchanting. The crowd swept in ecstasy Danced in harmony.

But my frostbitten feet Set me apart from the rest!

Broken Hearts Ray Malus

I've heard that a heart can be 'shattered' like crystal or china or glass.
I've heard that a heart can be 'battered' or 'trampled' like flowers or grass.
They say that a heart can be 'aching' like your stomach, your back or your head.
But I think a heart that is 'breaking' is simply a heart that is dead.

Does a 'battered' heart have a contusion?
Do 'hammered' hearts really 'see stars?'
I've finally reached the conclusion
love doesn't leave literal scars.
So each of these sentiments spoken
is only a cheap metaphor.
A heart that has really been 'broken'
Is just one that

'don't work no more.'



In a Warm and Cozy Kitchen

Edward Louis Braun

As a little boy
I spent many days
With my mother
In our kitchen.

I can still recall the aromas, The comforting warmth Of her cooking and baking, The special coziness, Contentment and peace When it rained.

I listened to the loud Pouring sound, And watched drops Slowly trickle down The window pane.

My wide eyes lingered
On the falling rain,
And my fingers
Traced transparent paths
In the mist covering
The warm window pane.

Through the clear glass
Of the kitchen door
I looked with wonder,
At how the pavement
Split the roundness
Of each falling drop.
With an accompanying
Ka plop, ka plop.

Happy days like these
Stored energies
To cope with future
Adventures and mysteries,
But in this cozy kitchen
I was focused on the rain
And my fingers were busy
Forming rivulets that ran
Down a window pane.



There once was a bird in the sky Who always wanted to fly She started too soon On her way to the moon And had no time to wave good-by

A SWIMMER OF GREAT REPUTATION PAID A FORTUNE FOR BREAST AUGMENTATION. THOUGH THEY MIGHT SLOW HER DOWN. CAUSE THEY'RE TERRIBLY GOOD FOR FLOATATION. IT'S A CINCH SHE WON'T DROWN. -J. RAYMOND KENT

There once was a fellow from Northridge Who subsisted on celery and porridge In the hope to lose fat - Doug Douglas Was increasing abdominal storage. But in fact what he gat

Poetry's dead, so I've heard it said By many a profligate reader So I add it to prose Thus compounding my woes: The unpublished, poor slush-pile's leader.

A floozie the fellows all tarted with, In regard to the favors she parted with, Said, "Well, you may say That I give 'it' away, But I've still got as much as I started with."

- Doug Douglas - J. Raymond Kent

WHILE PULLING TREE ROOTS LIKE A YEOMAN

WITH NO WARNING TO ACT AS AN OMEN

I FELT MY GROIN POP

SOON I WAS IN POST-OP

WITH A MOSTLY BIONIC ABDOMEN.

- DOUG DOUGLAS

There once was a gal named Lori, Who carefully crafted each story Her words were unique

_ Lillian Rodich Whether poetry or allegory Only hers to speak

There once was a well-dressed guy Who often forgot his tie dressed to the hilt he was so well built He really needed no alibi – Lillian Rodich

WHO IS KNOWN FOR HER SEXUAL LATITUDE, A LASS OF BOHEMAN ATTITUDE, SHE ENGENDERS A PANT-LOAD OF GRATITUDE. MAY ACCRUE III REPUTE, BUT IT S HARD TO REFUTE, -J. RAYMOND KENT

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



All-star Panel (I. to r.) Michael Mallory, Darrell James, and Kate Thornton

Member Showcase: Dr. Gagik Melikyan



Welcome Colin Gallagher, new member



Judy Presnall: Treasurer, Scribe Staff



The Three Musketeers: James, Mallory, Thornton





Chow time!



Scott Gitlen with Panel Moderator, Ken Watts



ANNOUNCEMENTS

ABOUT THIS ISSUE:

Although April is National Poetry Month, our Bards were working overtime for March! THREE pages — plus some spicy limericks.

Also a fascinating historical piece by Helen Katzman.

We've changed the name of "The Wright Word" column to "Writeous."

Hope you approve.

ENJOY the issue!

— Ray

URGENT: HELP WANTED!

KUDOS KOLUMNIST

We are still 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 February set-up and for the great photos, to *Anne Hansell* for the goodies, to *Liz Cooke* for her help at the Membership Table, and to *Ken Watts* for ably moderating our panel discussion.

Much appreciated!

THANK YOU

Earn a Thank You — Volunteer!

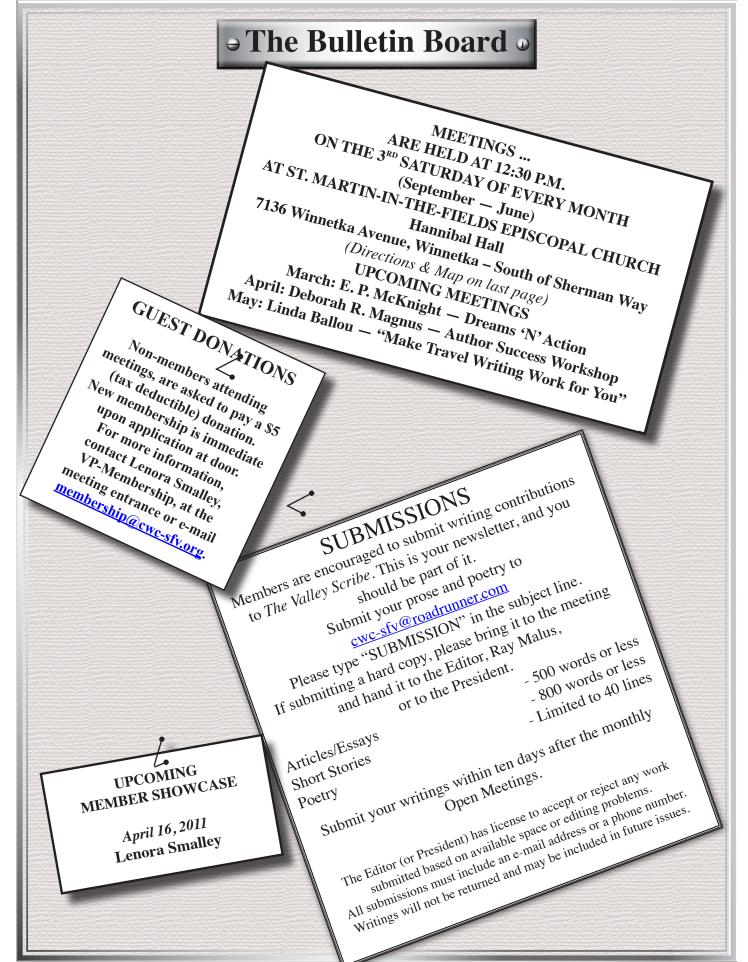
Give a Thank You!

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 hobnob with friends, help the Club and earn our eternal gratitude. (OK. We lied about the beer.)



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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