

"The month of May was come, when every lusty heart beginneth to blossom, and to bring forth fruit."

Thomas Malory

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Lasting



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You're a writer 'cause you put forth the effort. Pay is a bonus.

A. R. Braun

Newsletter of the California Writers Club/West Valley

IN FOCUS



She'll Tell Us Her Secret



Irene Brennick

Writers who successfully market their books are effective public speakers. They've learned to sell a product—their book.

Effective sales people learn how to pitch their product to an audience. So must authors.

Irene Brennick has taught classes and seminars in public speaking. She's helped CEO's, politicians and promoters gain confidence and engross an audience.

She's been featured in the local newspapers, and interviewed on radio and television shows.

Her recently published book, *Bring Your Audience to Their Feet*,

explains her unconventional techniques in winning over an audience.

Come to our May meeting and learn first-hand how Ms. Brennick has become an influential public speaker.

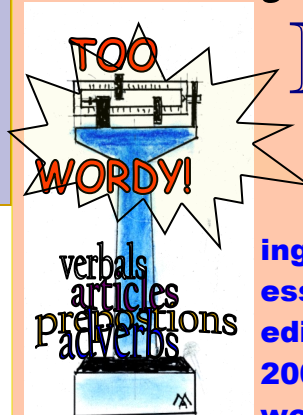
Irene will reveal the methods to transform fear into a potent power of presentation.

Take this opportunity to learn professional marketing tips for your future role as a public speaker.

- Yolanda Fintor

west valley whimsicals A Schwartz / Highcove Production

Is Your Writing Overweight?



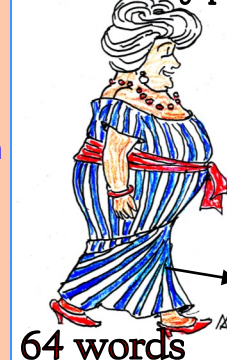
the limit. Few exceptions are made because a publication

Every writer should be aware of word count. Editing skills are essential. If an editor expects 200 or 2000 words, that's

has a finite amount of space.

Be alert for extra words and phrases in your text. Here are four different versions of a paragraph:

Unedited Ms. Paragraph



When she got up that morning, a very hungry Edith drove to the local family menu type restaurant and had her usual order of toast

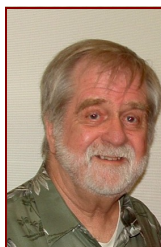
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Executive Board

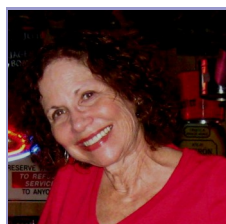
President ... Dave Wetterberg
Vice-president/Membership ... Sheila Moss
Vice-president/Programs ... Yolanda Fintor
Secretary ... Anne Olivier
Treasurer ... Dean Stewart

Board of Directors

Editor, Webmaster ... Kathy Highcove
Website Consultant ... David Burr
Photographer ... Ken Wilkins
On Site Coordinator ... Betty Freeman
Critique Groups Coordinator ..Lillian Rodich
Open Mike ... Bill Sorrells
Members-at-Large ... Bill Hitchins
Karen Gorback



WV President
Dave Wetterberg



SFV President
Stephanie Sharf



Presidential Candidate
Yolanda Fintor

Join
Us
at the
MPTF

Almost Time to Renew Your Membership

Renewing membership for the coming fiscal year will be a little different this time because of our merger with the San Fernando Valley branch.

Annual dues for the coming 2011–2012 year is \$45. Checks should be made out to **CWC/SFV** this year, not to CWC/West Valley as they have been in the past. Checks made out to CWC/West Valley can't be accepted.

BUT don't make your payments until the next 2011-2012 Board is voted in next month. Judy Presnall is retiring as treasurer. She'll hold all checks for the next elected treasurer.

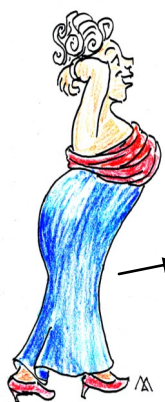


Outgoing SFV treasurer
Judy Presnall

(Continued from page 1)

and egg and sausage and latte. She brought the LA Times with her that morning so she could check out the issue while she ate breakfast and read what she was interested in and work on the cross-word puzzle. 64 words WHEW!

Edith left the house early in the morning and headed to the local breakfast café. She looked through the menu but ordered her usual favorite breakfast: eggs, toast, sausage and a latte. While she ate her breakfast, she read all the news and then worked on the daily crossword puzzle. 50 words



50 Words

Looking slimmer



20 words

oops! anorexic?

Edith got up early to eat breakfast at a café. She ate, read the paper, and worked on a puzzle. 20 words

Edith rose early and drove to the Ferber Café. She looked over the menu and ordered the breakfast special. As she ate, Edith perused the morning paper and then worked the crossword puzzle. 33 words

Which version did you prefer? Note that the 33 word paragraph had essentially the same info as the 64 word paragraph. Editing is an acquired skill. Take the time to edit carefully and improve your text.

Just my style!



33 words
Perfecto!!

K.H. Thanx to Max.

President's Message

At our April business meeting, the membership approved the Board Director's proposal to merge our West Valley branch with the San Fernando branch. Actually this will be more of a reunification after a five year hiatus than a merger, a rose by any other name. Reasons for the move were expressed in my President's Message in the March *In Focus*.

The implementation process has begun. On Saturday, April 9, a committee of six reps met at Judy Presnall's home. Representing West Valley were Kathy Highcove, Yolanda Fintor, and I. Representing the San Fernando Valley branch were Ray Malus, Judy Presnall, and Stephanie Sharf. We agreed on the following matters:

- 1) That the West Valley branch merge with the San Fernando Valley branch..
- 2) That CWC/SFV henceforth be the name of the branch.
- 3) That meetings be held the first Saturday of each month at the MPTV residence.
- 4) That the terms for president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer be two years.
- 5) That the newsletter be edited by Kathy Highcove and called *The Valley Scribe*.
- 6) That the webmaster be Ray Malus.

These proposals were voted on via e-mail by our WV Board. Each member voted "aye" to accept. No "nays."

We should feel very little difference, since we will continue to meet at the Katzenberg the first Saturday of each month except July and August. Our present WV board will remain in office until further notice. The turnover should begin by June 30th. Sail on, CWC/SFV! DAW

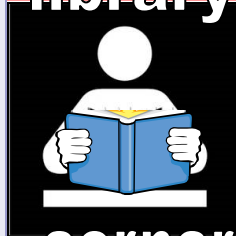
Listen up everyone.
Here's the facts...



Dave Wetterberg

of

library corner



Walking in a
Wiki
Wonderland



Since I'm a librarian, you might think I'd feel a twinge of guilt every time I looked something up in Wikipedia. I admit that librarians scoff at Wikipedia and for good reason. Anyone can post information to a Wikipedia article, which means that if you rely solely on the information found there, you're basically rolling the dice. However--and I hope I'm not shocking anyone here-- I have to confess that I do find myself turning to Wikipedia for some of my research needs.

Before you lose faith in me as a librarian and turn away in disgust, let me explain by example. A while back my son posted an interesting tidbit on Facebook about something that I'd never heard of before -- something called the Bloop.

What the heck is a bloop, or a Bloop? I could have started digging through library resources but I didn't want technical or specialized information. I wanted a basic overview. Indeed, there was a Wikipedia article about the Bloop, which was very helpful. Wikipedia shines in this area-- it's a great place to launch your research when you know next to nothing about your topic and you need an introduction. Sometimes a Wikipedia article will include references and links to helpful articles at the bottom of the page.

The Wikipedia article provided me with a good basic knowledge of the Bloop. For more info I followed a couple of the reference links, and then hit the library sources for more in-depth research. I didn't find any books on the topic, but I went to ProQuest and found journal articles and newspaper sources on the topic.

By now, you're probably asking, "What is the Bloop? Please tell me, Anne. Be a sport."

Are you kidding? Go look it up!

-Anne Olivier

TINA TELLS ALL!

Some stories and poems cry out for illustrations.

Whether those illustrations are photographs or drawings depends on the genre of the book and the vision of the author. Whatever the form, an illustrator must find a way to share the writer's vision with readers.

Tina's collaboration with



author Rick Duncan was a fortuitous pairing. Rick's poetry book, *Lopsided Laughs*, emphasized humor, so Tina's spare line drawings provided the appropriate humorous images.

Their first decision as partners was to reject expensive color illustrations. Then they worked together to select drawings from Tina's collection to match Rick's verse.

When the book was finished, they needed the right publisher. Conventional publishers don't usually accept an au-

thor-illustrator package, preferring to use an in-house illustrator. And e-book publishers use only text format, so that option was out.

They eventually decided on Authorhouse, a print publisher. This company let Tina to control all the production work and even design the book cover.

Producing *Lopsided Laughs* was indeed a labor of love. "It took two years to complete, but collaboration was the fun part," says Tina.

- Yolanda Fintor

WINNERS!

Here are all entries for the caption contest - Tina sends her thanks to all participants!

Cartoon Captions

First Prize - Gene Gold

"You are sentenced to write a twenty-five word story each day for six months in solitary confinement."

Second Prize - Anne Olivier

"Is the court to understand that the defendant wishes to change council because his lawyer defriended him on Facebook?"

Honorable Mention

"Today he is a man." - Sylvia Molesko

"The court hereby finds you guilty of wanton snoring during the speaker portion of CWC/WV meetings." - Dave Wetterberg



"Trent Grady, coiner of the term 'pre-owned.' I sentence you to 'post-mortalization!'"

Other Entries

1. "Mr. Bonds, evidence in this court shows that you took illegal human growth hormones. It doesn't look like they worked." - Yolanda Fintor

2. "One more sidebar and I'm going to be sidle-ing up to the bar." - Rita Keeley Brown

3. "This week's sermon: Masturbation will stunt your growth!" - Ray Malus

4. "And your point is?" - Bill Johnson

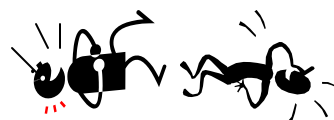
5. "A remarkable declaration of independence." - Ester Shifren

Best regards from Tina Glasner

website - DreadedMomLady.com

supplier - parapublishing.com

illustrator - LOPSIDED LAUGHS



THE UNIFICATION MEETING, APRIL 9, 2011

This meeting was called for the purpose of discussing a proposed merger between the San Fernando Valley and West Valley chapters of the California Writers Club. The premise was based on the question, "Does it make sense to have two southern California chapters that are geographically just a few miles apart?"

Present were: Judy Presnall, Stephanie Sharf, Ray Malus, Dave Wetterberg, Kathy Highcove and Yolanda Fintor.

The meeting began with the assumption that there is no reason for CWC/SFV and CWC/WV not to merge. A few of the advantages are: when pooling resources from two groups, a full slate of officers would be more easily filled; location of meetings would be at the Motion Pictures and Television Fund Home in Woodland Hills, as there is no rent to pay and refreshments are provided; the combined treasury would amount to about \$3,000.

After the proposed merger is accepted by both boards and an affirmative vote of both clubs' memberships

- 1) SFV would be the name of the unified branch.
- 2) The newsletter would be published under the name of the Valley Scribe.
- 3) Kathy Highcove would continue as editor while Ray Malus would be webmaster, retaining existing website domain.
- 4) Stephanie will keep her position as Central Board rep until July 31.
- 5) Membership checks for 2011-1012 will be made out to the SFV treasury.
- 6) Term of office will be two years.
- 7) A date will be set for the transfer of historical records of the President, Membership Chair, Secretary and Treasurer.
- 8) It was suggested that a joint meeting of the two clubs be held sometime before summer.
- 9) Other details and mechanics would be worked out by the new board.

10) It was suggested that the date of meetings be the first Saturday of the month since the meeting room and this date has been reserved by the West Valley chapter at MPTV. The new board would decide on the meeting format.

These are the nominees up for election for the term beginning September, 2011-June, 2013:

President-Yolanda Fintor

Membership-Liz Cooke

Program-Rita Brown

Secretary-Anne Olivier

Treasurer-Pirihaya Goldstein

It's kismet, Kathy.
Think of all the possibilities!



Something's Cooking for Yolanda

My publisher, Hippocrene, has informed me that they want to produce an e-book edition of my cookbook to sell it on Amazon's Kindle store and other e-book outlets. My editor tells me that Amazon approached them with a list of titles their customers have requested in e-book format and mine was among them. Yippee!

-Yolanda Fintor





Designing a Swimsuit - Texas Style!

look nothing like the average Texas girls who are tall, blonde, blue eyed and

“Diana, I don’t think we’ll make it to the disco tonight. My feet are killing me.” We have just finished setting up a double booth at the Market Hall convention center for the fine jewelry

show in Dallas, Texas. The show opens in the morning. It’s now 8:00 p.m. She massages my shoulders. It feels so good. It took us eight hours to drape the booth, set up the display of velvet shadow boxes framing necklaces, earrings and bracelets.

Diana is a beautiful young Chicana who not only works for me but has become a valuable and loving friend.

“Leslie,” she says, “since we’re too tired to go dancing, how about if we go to the indoor pool in the hotel and soak our weary bodies.”

Well, I think that’s a great idea except that it’s February, and who thinks about swimming on a business trip - especially at this time of year? So, of course we didn’t bring swim suits along.

Our Anatole hotel is just across the road from the Market Hall. As we walk back ever so slowly, like two pooped out puppies wagging our tails behind us, swimming in a warm indoor pool sounds great. It occurs to me that there are shops in the hotel and perhaps we could find some swim wear.

It turns out that the only shop open after 8 p.m. is the men’s shop. I get an idea.

“Di, how about if we get some jockey shorts and sleeveless undershirts and make like a swim suit out of them?”

“That’s a good idea! Let’s do it!”

We go into the shop and look around. There’s one person who looks like a Texas cowboy with a touch of the red neck about him. The two of us

skinny. Diana and I are both short with dark hair. Two new kids on this block.

“Hi y’all. Can I help y’all?”

“Yes, I’d like a pair of powder blue jockey shorts and a matching sleeveless T- shirt in size small.”

He gives me a puzzled look and says, “I’m sorry ma’am, but we only carry white under shirts.”

“Well, okay then, I’ll take the white undershirt and the powder blue jockey shorts.”

Diana says, tongue in cheek, “I’ll have the same thing in pink.”

I couldn’t believe the macho look he gave her when he says, “Pink!? The men here in Texas don’t wear pink underwear ma’am. And what size does he wear?”

Diana gets her Latina feathers up a bit as she responds with, “Well we’re from California and we can get any color there! Anyway, I’ll take the same thing as she’s getting in small!”

We go to our hotel room giggling all the way, shed our clothes and try on our newly designed swim suits. But something isn’t quite right. We look at each other and can’t stop laughing. There’s a pouch at the crotch and try as we may we can’t seem to flatten it out.

Being the tenacious woman that I am, I say, “Let’s try them on backwards. Maybe our butts will fill out the pouch.”

So we do and it works... to some extent. Next comes the undershirts. It looks like my design will serve its purpose, so we cover up with the hotel terry robes and take the back elevator down to the pool.

“Great! There’s no one here but us!”

Wonderful, caressing, warm, relaxing, sensuous, body massage, that’s what it feels like after a hard days work. We’re in heaven. We paddle around like two little kids, laughing over nothing

(Continued on page 7)

Fear and Safety ...

When I was a little girl, my grandfather gave me a round, shiny gold coin.
“Keep this coin with you forever,” he said. “Keep it always within your reach.”

I shook my head up and down several times until my stiff curls... combed by Mom with pineapple juice instead of hair spray, untangled at the edge of my white blouse... like slippery, wavy silk threads.

“If you are afraid, chase away the darkness of the night by rubbing the coin between your fingers,” he continued. “This coin will keep you safe and you will not fear what you don’t understand.”

I keep the velvet box with Grandfather’s coin next to my notebook and pen at all times. When sleep eludes me, I search in the dark ... touching the coin makes me feel safe.

I see the black night outside my room. Something is lurking in the shadows... fear is circling around me, making my body shake with anxiety... but I know it’s the wind that makes my trees shake... naked branches knock loudly on the glass windowpanes. I shake with fear and cover my head with the heavy ‘eiderdown’ quilt, trapping the fear in the dark inside.

My hand trembles. Very slowly, I grope around in the space near the night lamp. I find Grandfather’s coin, rub the crest with my thumb ...just as I used to when I was a child of five... The coin feels warm, safety returns to guard my dreams.

I see Grandfather having tea in the kitchen. His lips purse into a circle ... blowing the hot steam, like a transparent veil of gray.

The wind wakes me as the sunshine explodes through the open door of my eyes. I am holding Grandfather’s coin in a tight fist not letting the gold of safety tarnish with sadness. I open my hand to discover that the coin is not gold anymore...but slippery silver-like metal with value and powers unknown.

- *Keyle Birnberg-Goldstein*



(Continued from page 6)

and making fun of our swim suits. We notice that they have now become see through second skins, something neither of us thought about. Our rose buds are showing clear and perky.

Surprise! Surprise! Mr. Cowboy, who sold us the underwear, shows up at pool side. “Hi y’all ladies. Y’all look like you’re having a good time.”

We make sure we are submerged up to our necks. Don’t want this guy to see what we’re wearing and see the rest of us too.

To our dismay, he takes a seat pool side and decides to engage us in conversation.

“So are y’all in the jewelry show tomorrow?”

We both nod. I wonder when he will go away. I

hope very soon. My skin is beginning to look wrinkled, like a raisin.

We’re both weary by now, so I finally say, “Would you mind handing us our terry robes right next to you?”

“Not at all ma’am. Here you are.”

As quickly as possible we get out of the pool and for a fleeting second our wet clingy underwear is exposed, and I’m sure that Mr. Cowboy doesn’t miss a thing.

His final words to us are, “I’ve never seen men’s underwear look so damn good! Y’all have a good night, ladies.”



Leslie Kaplan

Inspiration

Ray Malus

*We sit in gloom and mortal misery,
imprisoned in the mire of mundane things,
while taunting sparks of immortality
flit through our darkened cells, where silence sings.*

*And oh! To capture even one! And for
that blessed moment come to understand
its radiance, and reverently explore
the brief eternity held in our hand.*

*We build our fragile towers toward the skies
with words — like rough, unsteady slabs of stone.
In halting and abortive desperate tries
we strive to climb where only gods have flown.*

*Then — snatch the sacred wind that sneers at death,
and soar to ecstasy on heaven's breath.*



A SONG FOR GRANDPARENTS

**This Grandfather's clock is ticking.
This Grandma is still going strong.
So Grandpas and Grandmas,
join in with this sing-along.
“At our ripened and spirited age,
there is so much to appreciate.
It is natural for us to want to belong.
We continue, create and relate
and we keep on singing along.
The gifts of life are here for us to share.
This is our theme song.”**

© Norman Molesko, 2010



CAN WE STILL DANCE ?

Can we still dance
with abandonment and joy?
Can our bodies, still supple,
capture the rhythm and mood?
Are we too close
to winter's restraint
and memories descending
from yesterday's clouds?

Can I make you dance,
pull your puppet strings,
twirl you away
from the darkness
into the violin and clarinets
welcoming arms,
into a moment of pure joy?

Lillian Rodich

Green Thoughts

The grass lies heavy with diamonds.
The obsidian rock of night,
The fragmented crystal of night
With acute effulgent edge,
Blunts in glowing dawn.
Persistent points of light
Stark—intense—then gone.

The still cricket shrill.
The silent bellow of the frog.
The hushed waiting of the earth,
Awaiting the death and the birth.
Silence.
Tensed peace.

Then,
Glistening waves of jeweled grass,
A heaving sea of light,
And the wind lays silver lace on waters,
Tensing with delight
The spiral swirl of verdant flight.
And the air drips honey.
And my mouth is filled with sage.

And with a cymbal clash of light
The sun springs on flaming hills
And spills,
On coruscating green,
Linear rivers of gold.

Alas, I cannot stay
And glory in this day.
The clock watches with eager, evil, eyes.
The dungeon of my days, minutes, seconds
Points a sinewed claw at me and beckons
To the leaning grayish walls
And the musty lie of varnished halls
Where I, in silence scream.

And so,
I go
Past the claw marks of the rain
Where the light and shadow stain
Each slash of brutal love.

Past the tendon of the trembling hill,
The warmth of the sun on my back.
And the muscles of earth are supple
Beneath taut green skin
While a naked tree
Immodestly bathes in light.

Let no one see me.
In this moment
When the Universe catches its breath
And the sun caresses, with sanguine fingers
The ivory-satin cloud that lingers
On the burning hill,
Let no one speak.
Let there be no squeezed laughter,
No spittled babble from festered minds,
Even no lover's sigh.

Let no one speak.
And thus I come
Out of the sun
To the doorknob smooth and wet with dew
The choking gloom
The heavy breath of apes
And in the sudden blinding white
Of the cone of tungsten light
With mingled pain and glee
I see
That there are diamonds on my shoe

By Art Yuwiler

Voices From the Valley Anthology
Spring 2003



I
In autumn's warming
hangs regret of younger days,
conflicted desire.

Haiku For Phyleen

II
On moonlit coolness
rides hope for one more summer,
a sorrow to heal.



III
From pine scented trees
float dreams of a sweeter day,
scarred but kind, and you.

- Dean Stewart
2001

saturday
sunday
monday
tuesday
wednesday
thursday

Friday Is Not My Favorite Day

It was Friday afternoon when I got the call at work.
My Aba, my father, the lion of the family has left this world.
I am sad, and lost. How can I accept that my dad is gone...

It was Friday morning when I got the call at home -
My Ema, my mother, the matriarch of the family, has left this world.
I am sad even more, and can not accept that my mom is gone...

Aba and Ema told me as a child that they will always be here -
I believed them!
But they did not keep their promise - and so it makes me sad.

It is now, that on every Friday I wait for the day to pass and end.
It is said that anyone who passes away on Friday is a righteous person.
It is good enough for me to know but still I do not like Friday!

No matter what I think or feel I know that:
I can not look forward to sharing Father's Day with my Aba.
I can not look forward to sharing Mother's Day with my Ema.
And so it makes me sad!

FRIDAY

- Marganit Lish

A poem is
true if it
hangs
together.

Information
points to
something
else.

A poem
points to
nothing but
itself.

E. M. Forster

twenty-five words about my mother

Isabel left the rough Montana ranch, finished college, and married. Five children arrived, but Mom stayed motivated. She became a teacher, a principal, a traveler.

- Kathy Highcove



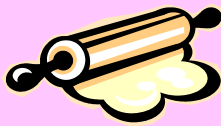
Mom: beautiful, sensitive, caring.
Her smile - like commas stretching
her lips at all times.
Her essence floats around me, guiding my steps one by one.



- Kyle Birnberg-Goldstein

Mom was my first love, my first teacher, my first role model, my first critic. She was the best. Now I'll pass on the legacy.

Yolanda Fintor

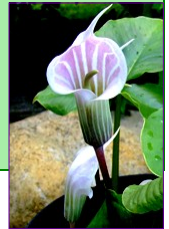


Scent sweetened air,
Pink frills and floral flair,
Loaves of crusty bread,
Twisted patterns of thread.

My mom had her only daughter back in 1963. She didn't realize at the time that she would end up raising her own best friend.

Being a mother has led me to experience heights of joy and depths of guilt that I would otherwise have never known. I'm glad!

- Anne Olivier



My mother was my friend.
O', I honored her.
That gusto for life she had!
Eema—I called her

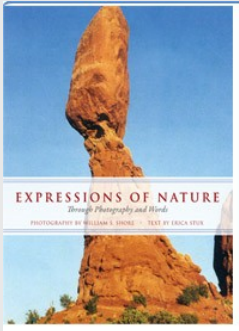
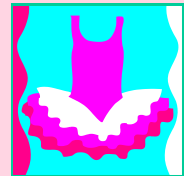
Respect she commended,
love she got.

- Marganit Lish



Mom sewed my costumes on an old Singer, designing ballet tutus and tap tunics with loving hands, Her talent also included sculpting and painting dancers.

- Lillian Rodich



Expressions of Nature Through Photography and Words

[Erica Stux](#) and [William S. Shore](#)

Member Erica Stux and husband Bill Shore co-authored this book. Bill's nature photos illustrated Erica's stories

and verse. Sadly, Bill passed away on April 15th of natural causes. He wasn't a CWC member but strongly supported his wife's writing efforts. Remembering the man who occasionally attended our meetings, I asked Erica to send *In Focus* information on her husband's life story.

William S. Shore was born in Chust, Czechoslovakia, the

oldest of four sons of a lumber mill owner. During WWII the Czech/Hungarian population eventually endured German occupation. At the end of the war, a young Shore studied medicine at Charles University in Prague. When the Communists took over the government, he immigrated to Cleveland, Ohio.

Shore did research in endocrinology, and started a series of companies devoted to plastics manufacturing. He headed development of the fiberglass body of GM's Corvette, and helped convince food companies to switch from glass to plastic containers.

His interest in physics and astronomy led to being a frequent lecturer on these subjects. His love of nature initiated a lifelong hobby of photography. He won photography awards, often exhibited his photos, and served as a judge at photo competitions.

William S. Shore leaves a rich legacy of creative work.

Kathy Highcove



Holi, the spring Hindu festival,
is celebrated in India with a bonfire
in memory of the story of the ogre
Hiranyakashyapu who tried to kill
the devout Prahlad.

The next day, Dhuleti, people
play with colored powder
and splash colored water.

guest
writer
Mira Desai

*Mira Desai writes, works
and lives in Mumbai, with a day
job in pharmaceuticals.*

*Her expert translations of
Indian authors have been fea-
tured in Words without Borders,
The Massachusetts Review, 91st
Meridian, Indian Literature,
Pratilipi, Muse India. She has
contributed fiction to several
Eastern and Western publica-
tions.*

*Mira is a member of the
Internet Writing Workshop, and
experiments with poetry at the
Blueline Forum.*

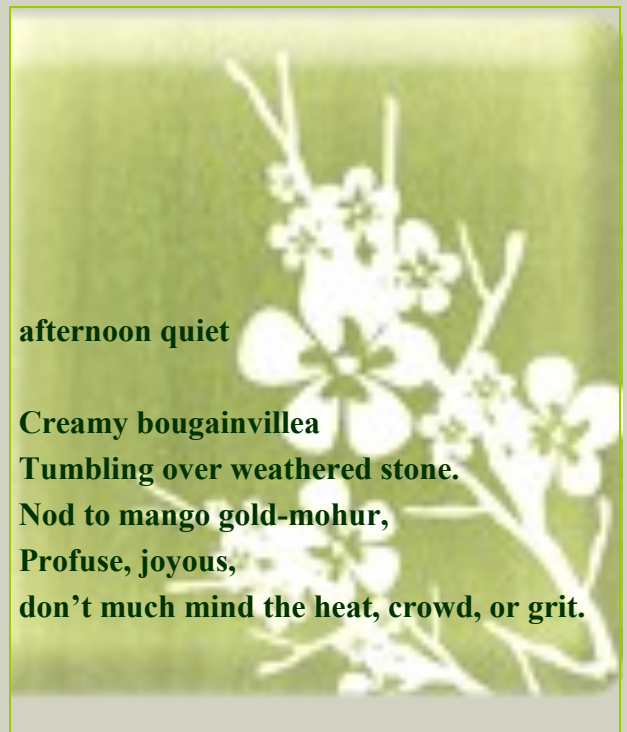
Holi, the colors of Spring

Holi
Is seven perambulations around the sacred fire,
Or five
Watching the angry flames reach skywards
Speckles of burnt sienna and red trace instantly into black
Distanced from the laughing crowds
A time for thought.
Good conquers evil, Hiranyakashyapu laid to rest
Time after time, every generation
Many flames, many fires, one's own ogres,
But yesterday was different.

Holi this year,
distant laughter and children's squeals
busy with colors and squirt guns
multicolored splashes and circles on tar
As much as
tender green leaves of the mango, palm and cas-
sia
freshly minted, new to the world
usher a gentle spring, wave to the Sun every
dawn,
hopeful.
Once, there used to be a vasant-utsav
An ode to the Spring Gods.
An offering of poetry and color and song,
Of the greatest delicacy, an oblation
These days I make
my own little offering.

afternoon quiet

Creamy bougainvillea
Tumbling over weathered stone.
Nod to mango gold-mohur,
Profuse, joyous,
don't much mind the heat, crowd, or grit.



Chicago 6/13/11

Hi Ron and Karen! Surprise! We're are on our way to visit you folks in Santa Monica. I can hardly wait to gab with my favorite niece and see your great little family!! Expect us in two weeks. Two weeks?? I hear you asking. Well we always wanted to drive the who-o-le length of Route 66 – see back country stuff, stay at small motels, and eat lots of good ol' American chow! Still got a spare bedroom? L.A. is pretty pricey.

I'll send postcards from places we visit on the way. Send us email cause I'll bring my laptop. California, here we come!!

xxooxx, Doreen and Josh

D. Klein
22247 Elm St.
Chicago, Ill



Ron and Karen Fletcher

7503 Highland Ave.

Santa Monica, CA

Special delivery via Kathy Highcove

KICKS ALONG ROUTE 66

Missouri—postcard

Hey Ron and Karen! Here we are in Lebanon, MO. The route 66 tour book said this was a good place to fish so we rented a boat yesterday. Didn't catch anything - boo hoo. Klutzy Josh cut his finger on a fish hook and we had to visit emergency to get him stitched up! Double boo-hoo. But then we went into town and snarfed up a steak dinner with blackberry pie for dessert!!! Yum !! And now we're ready to get moving. Burp! xxxooxxx, Doreen



Texas—postcard

Howdy Partners from the Lone Star State! Woo-eee!!! We're having a pretty good time...even though we've had some more screw-ups. At the last motel we got ate by bed bugs! Gross!! And Josh's asthma is acting up cause he's allergic to dog hair and small town motels take dogs. So, another trip to another emergency! Anything to stop his goddamn coughing and snoring at night!! Don't worry, we're still ready for some big times over there in Lala-land. I read your email. Your guest room is a play room for Becky and Andy? An old fold-out couch? Josh and I aren't real particular. Just need is a mattress and a bathroom...and a place for me to smoke a few ciggies. No problemo!

xxooxxx Doreen

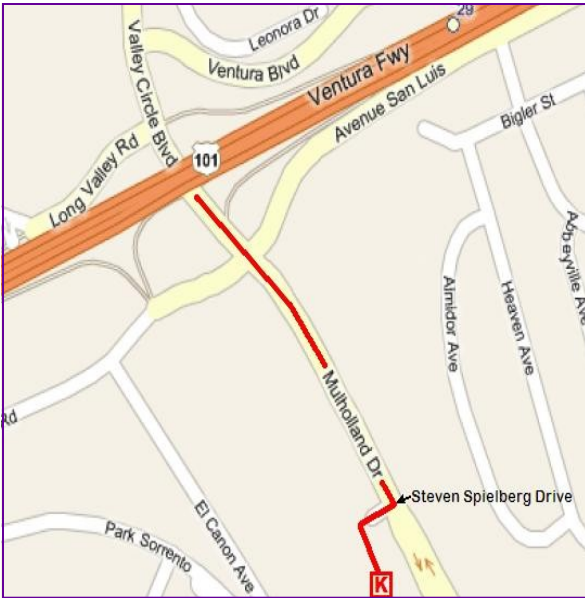


Arizona...email

We're in Arizona now, staying in a concrete teepee. It's a weird way to sleep. I heard coyotes last night. Scared the bejeezus out of me!! Just read your email. You got a new dog yesterday!? A long-haired Lab puppy!? Yeah, kids need dogs. But looks like we'll have to change our plans. How about meeting in Bakersfield? McDonald's on Highway 5. Our treat.

P.S. Don't bring the dog! xox Doreen





MEETINGS

The California Writers Club meets the first Saturday of the month except July and August at the Motion Picture and Television Fund complex:

Villa Katzenberg

23388 Mulholland

Woodland Hills, CA 91364-2733

NEXT MEETING

Saturday, May 7th , 2011 at 1:30 p.m.

MAILING ADDRESS

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