



The Newsletter of The San Fernando Valley Branch

# The Valley Scribe



"Our Members' Voices"

Vol. 8

May, 2015

No.10

## Next Meeting: May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1:00!



### May's Program Gayle Pool The Anatomy of a Short Story

by Samantha Berley

Come meet G.B. Pool, our monthly guest speaker on May 2<sup>nd</sup> for her discussion on "Short Stories and Anthologies." A woman of versatility, Gayle Pool has done it all: Private detective, draftsman, doll house miniatures, bank associate, and of course, author.

Under the pen name, G.B. Pool, she's written novels and has been published in various anthologies. In fact, while she wrote such hits as the *Gin Caulfield P.I.* series and the series, *The Johnny Casino Casebook*, one of her favorite topics of discussion involves speaking about anthologies.

Previously, Gayle Pool was a graduate of the famed Rhodes College in Memphis. Gayle is currently a member of Sisters-in-Crime/ Los Angeles and Mystery Writers of America. While on the board for Sisters-in-Crime, LA, she had the impressive achievement of completing over 80 events as the Speakers Bureau Director. One of her impressive feats was bringing these two organizations together for their inaugural joint conference known as the California Crime Writers Conference in June of 2009.

"I thought I would talk about not only how to write a short, but avenues writers can take to get their stories published. I have taught a course on writing short stories and have a quick refresher course that does help writers." □

### President's Message Nance Crawford



Having returned home on April 2<sup>nd</sup> after three weeks in England – with the express intent of attending our April Membership and Board meetings – I found that I was unable to do so, due to exhaustion, so my first priority here is to thank Vice President Andrea Polk for her undoubtedly skillful management of both events.

I had amazing adventures and unexpected writer perks, but that is not the point, here. My concern, on arriving home and reading the Minutes of the Board Meeting that I missed, is finding that our Treasurer's report for April included the information that our expenditures are exceeding our Branch income. We are not overly generous to our speakers, but we do supply a modest stipend and a fuel allowance.

Sadly, although the Budget of the United States of

### In This Issue

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## April Review — "... But We Had No Biopsy."

By Ray Malus

Thus began a presentation by Maralys Wills, at our April meeting. It was the 'tag-line' of an anecdote (a response from a group that wanted her 'biography'!), but it was also a sterling example of the first of her "Six Ways To Upgrade Your Manuscript."

(In actual fact, this was not quite the beginning of her presentation. It actually started with a glowing introduction by Stephanie Edwards [of 'Tournament of Roses' fame.] But this is a review of Maralys Wills. You already know how good Stephanie Edwards is.)

Wills' premise is that, aside from major issues (plot, characterization, theme), there are many small 'tweaks' that can vastly improve a manuscript. She presented six that were, "... so simple you could call them 'tricks'."

Always end sentences with a strong word.

Instead of "Death was the one thing she'd always feared," use "The one thing she'd always feared was death."

Use simple paragraphing 'tricks' to add drama.

Keep paragraphs short.

Isolate key ideas in their own paragraphs.

Use prepositions to add sentence variety.

Try starting sentences with words like:

Under, Over, From, Beneath, Into, Beyond, Beside, Outside (There are many others.)

Upgrade all your dialogue.

If dialogue is flabby or dull, re-write it until it sparkles. *People* can afford to be boring; *characters* cannot.

Use 'action tags' for dialogue.

Fortunately, the word 'said' is generally invisible as a dialogue tag (she said). But you can also indicate the speaker through a bit of action.

Example: Mary moped in the corner. "Why doesn't he call!?"

Make dramatic scenes Looooong...

Drama must be built over pages, not in one paragraph. A survey showed the average dramatic scene is ten *pages* (fifteen manuscript pages) long. ... and fill them with heart-stopping events.

Just as with dialogue, life can be boring; drama must not be. Fill your scenes with Passion, Danger, Murder, Betrayal, Sabotage, Death.

Wills is an accomplished teacher and speaker, Her manner is friendly and easy, so the hour went quickly. She fleshed out the time with several anecdotes — one from her memoir, *Higher Than Eagles*, several copies of which she donated to the branch raffle. (I'm now the proud owner of a signed copy.)

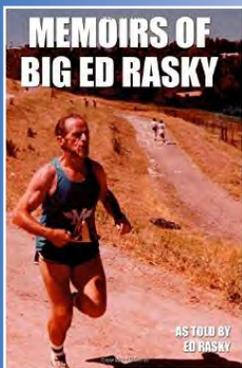
In all, it was a pleasant and informative afternoon. ... and Stephanie Edwards is still cute as a bug's ear. □

*President (cont'd from page 1.)*

America appears to acceptably be able to run at deficit, we at the California Writers Club-San Fernando Branch, do not have the same luxury. It's time to give serious thought to fund raising and tax deductible private gifts to the cause.

Suggestions are welcome.

Thanks! -=m=-.



### Big Ed In Print!

Ed ('Big Ed') Rasky is delighted to announce the publication of his Memoir:

"Put your order in and go on line to Amazon. The cost is \$7.95. There might be a small charge for postage. The title of the book is "Memoirs of Big Ed Rasky." It is 176 pages. Highlights are Chasing German subs during World War II, Family escapes from Russia during Pogroms in 1920. Father

becomes a Shoichet (kills chickens kosher style ) Open up a grocery store. Summer camp experience changes my whole life.

*Big Ed Rasky*

### SFV Member Wins Regional Prize

Karen Gorback is the winner of the Western Region 2015 USA Regional Excellence Book Awards® in the category of Adult Fiction for her novel *Freshman Mom*.

The USA Regional Excellence Book Awards® recognizes excellence in books that "transport" readers to the location in which they are set. The Western Region competition includes the states of Alaska, California, Colorado, Hawaii, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Wyoming, and Washington. □

*The Board of Directors of the San Fernando Valley Branch of California Writers Club is pleased to announce that Past President, Yolanda Fintor has agreed to serve as the Chair of our 2015 Nominating committee.*

## EDITORIAL

### “Hi. My Name Is Ray, and I’m ...

#### ... a volunteer.”

I’m proud to say that. I’m proud of what I contribute. All volunteers can, and should, be. Our club endures and thrives solely through the efforts of volunteers.

Lately, there’s been a new sentiment going around: “Hey, I’m only a volunteer. I don’t get paid.” (Sometimes ‘we’ is substituted, as if distributing the sentiment makes it less distasteful.)

I actually first heard it from an officer of our Central Board. (In all fairness, I’m reasonably sure this person didn’t originate it. After all, the person’s only a volunteer.) As time progresses, it is becoming an anthem.

It is used to excuse shoddy performance, cut corners, ignored obligations, and misleading statements. It’s used by the ‘mere volunteer’, and it’s used *about* the ‘mere volunteer’. (“Hey, lighten up! He’s just a volunteer.”)

How shoddy!

When we print our role (office, title) on a name tag, or stand up and announce it at a meeting, or put it on our stationary, or introduce ourselves at gatherings, we do it proudly. But when we are asked to be accountable, we become “mere,” or “only,” or “just” volunteers. We debase the role to suit the performance.

Years ago, in one of my columns, I said that when I mentored people, I told them, “The first thing to write is your byline. Even before you have a title.”

Sign your work!

Do it as a reminder that its quality represents *you!* It’s *your* ability, diligence, and integrity that’s being displayed. Whether or not you are paid is completely irrelevant. This is *your* work.

And volunteers *are* paid. We are paid in gratitude. We are paid in recognition. (Admittedly, these may be paltry; we can be a thoughtless and often mean-spirited bunch.)

Even more, we are paid in the opportunity to learn and grow.

We are paid by the increasing value of the organization we serve. Our club is just that: *our* club. When it grows and thrives, we — as owners — benefit.

Perhaps most important, we are paid in satisfaction at a job well done — by the opportunity to contribute *excellence*. In general, the highest compliment a volunteer can hear is the grinning, “You’re making it really tough for the next guy.” This translates as, “You are exceeding all obligations and expectations.” (We have been fortunate in having several of these servants on our current board.) Why would anyone strive for less?

If all this is not adequate compensation, by all means, send out your resume, and sell your efforts.

But understand: you can’t have both. Even when an employer ‘shows appreciation’, it’s just a little more cash. It’s not admiration, gratitude, support, or camaraderie. To garner those, you have to be “only a volunteer.”

In some ways I can understand this sentiment among younger people. They are part of a generation for whom ‘showing up’ is equivalent to ‘achieving’. As time progresses they are in for a rude awakening: The real world doesn’t give out “Participation Trophies.”

But I am hearing this pitiful whine from contemporaries — people within our organization — people who should be nobler than this. And I am hearing it more and more often. It’s shameful!

This may seem like a strange time for me to write this editorial. It may seem that I am discouraging volunteers. Quite the contrary, I am celebrating them!

The present Board is about to retire. We need new people. The positions and job descriptions are on our website at: [http://cwc-sfv.org/J\\_Ds/](http://cwc-sfv.org/J_Ds/). Yolanda Fintor has agreed to be our Nominating Chair. If she, or one of her committee, calls upon you to serve, please seriously consider accepting.

And if you do, do it with a willing heart and the commitment to do the job with excellence.

Write your byline! Sign your name! Make it tough for the next guy!

Our branch will benefit. Our club will benefit. Above all, *you* will benefit.--rm--

# Review and Refresh

Dave Wetterberg

## Modifiers

*Modifiers* (call them adjectives and adverbs if you will) alter the view of nouns and verbs. With a modifier, a dog can become a *vicious* dog. A cat meows, but with a modifier she can meow *plaintively*. And modifiers come in larger sizes—call them phrases and clauses, if you wish—but they *alter* the view the same way.

*Growling viciously at the salesman, the dog leaped at the screen door.*

*The cat meowed like she had lost her best friend.*

Use care in the placement of modifiers. Otherwise confusion and sometimes unintended humor can result. Grammarians classify the most rampant errors of this kind as *misplaced modifiers*, *squinting modifiers* and *dangling modifiers*.

### Misplaced Modifiers

A misplaced modifier gives the impression that it modifies something other than what was intended.

*We have some new bicycles for serious riders with adjustable seats.*

Try: *We have some new bicycles with adjustable seats for serious riders.*

*Bobby continued teasing the goat with a smile of satisfaction on his face.*

Try: *With a smirk of satisfaction on his face, Bobby ...*

### Squinting Modifiers

When a modifier “squints”, it might be taken to modify either of two words.

*Mr. Holburn said on the first day of class he would ask us to keep a journal.*

Did Mr. Holburn say it on the first day or did he want it on the first day?

Try: *On my first day of class, Mr. Holburn said he would etc.*

*I thought all this time you were in Grand Forks.*

Did I think it all this time or were you there all this time?

Try: *All this time I thought you were in Grand Fork*

or: *I thought you were in Grand Fork all this time.*

### Dangling Modifiers

A dangling modifier is a modifier with nothing in the sentence for it to modify.

*Cleaning the garage, the shelf collapsed. Who’s cleaning the garage?*

*Driving across the range, some buffalo came into view.*

*He hit the dog driving the jeep.*

*I read a book on insects that I picked up.*

## Clichés

A cliché is an expression that, when it was first dreamed up, was doubtless imaginative and creative: *chicken-livered*, *happy as a lark*, *run like a deer*. But by the time it was borrowed and used over and over *ad infinitum*, it lost any or all of its freshness: *left high and dry*, *the finger of suspicion*, *a whale of an appetite*.

Clichés are acceptable and basic to informal conversation, and necessary to the comfort and the flow of the discourse: *red letter day*, *hard as a rock*, *leaps and bounds*. But good writers try to avoid them, or at least use them rarely and with discretion: *warm as toast*, *old as the hills*, *the life of the party*. Why use someone else’s overused expressions when you can create your own?

You can spot a cliché coming: *a diamond \_\_\_\_\_*; *an ace \_\_\_\_\_* Some of them have been around as long as the Bible: *the blind leading the blind*, *a multitude of sins*.

Certain nouns and adjectives have been glued together so long, they have become clichés: *clockwork precision*, *whirlwind courtship*, *crushing defeat*. Some expressions that were once new have been used so much they have become cliché already: *support mushroomed*, *a real hangup*, *what a ripoff!*

Clichés are, of course, not *verboten*. Sometimes you just can’t come up with anything better. Just try not to overdo them.



*As always, please check the websites for more information before submitting. When you see "ms" or "mss" this means manuscript and manuscripts respectively. Best wishes and good luck to all!*

### AARP THE MAGAZINE

AARP, c/o Editorial Submissions, 601 E. St. NW,  
Washington, DC 20049

E-mail: [aarpmagazine@aarp.org](mailto:aarpmagazine@aarp.org). Website: [www.aarp.org/magazine](http://www.aarp.org/magazine).

AARP The Magazine is devoted to the varied needs and active life interests of AARP members, age 50 and over, covering such topics as financial planning, travel, health, careers, retirement, relationships, and social and cultural change. Its editorial content serves the mission of AARP, seeking through education, advocacy, and service to enhance the quality of life for all by promoting independence, dignity, and purpose.

Covers: Bimonthly magazine covering issues that affect people over the age of 50.

Freelance Facts: Guidelines available online. Buys exclusive first worldwide publication rights. Circulation: 22,721,661. Byline given. Pays on acceptance. Offers 25% kill fee. Queries accepted by mail, e-mail only. Sample copy free. Responds in 3 months to queries. Publish period after acceptance: Publishes ms an average of 6 months after acceptance. 50% freelance written. Prefers to work with published/established writers.

Submit seasonal material 6 months in advance.

Nonfiction: No previously published articles.

Submission Method: Query with published clips.

Explain the idea of the piece, tell how you would approach it as a writer, give some sense of your writing style, and mention the section of the magazine for which the piece is intended. No unsolicited mss. Only personal essays should be submitted in full. Features and departments cover the following categories: money, health and fitness, food and nutrition, travel, consumerism, general interest, relationships, and personal essay.

Length: Up to 2,000 words. Pays \$1/word.

Tips: "The most frequent mistake made by writers in completing an article for us is poor follow-through with basic research. The outline is often more interesting than the finished piece. We do not accept unsolicited mss."

### THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

The Watergate, 600 New Hampshire Ave., NW,  
Washington, DC 20037

Submission E-mail: [submissions@theatlantic.com](mailto:submissions@theatlantic.com),  
[pitches@theatlantic.com](mailto:pitches@theatlantic.com). Website: [www.theatlantic.com](http://www.theatlantic.com).

Contact: Scott Stossel, magazine editor, Ann Hulbert, literary editor.

General magazine for an educated readership with

broad cultural and public-affairs interests. "The Atlantic considers unsolicited mss, either fiction or nonfiction. A general familiarity with what we have published in the past is the best guide to our needs and preferences."

Covers poetry, fiction, and articles of the highest quality.

Freelance Facts: Established: 1857. Simultaneous Submissions: No. Guidelines online. Buys first North American serial rights. Circulation: 500,000. Byline given. Pays on acceptance. No kill fee. Queries accepted by mail, e-mail. Responds in 4-6 weeks to mss.

Nonfiction: Needs: book excerpts, essays, general interest, humor, travel.

Submission Method: Query with or without published clips to [pitches@theatlantic.com](mailto:pitches@theatlantic.com), or send complete ms to "Editorial Department" at address above. All unsolicited mss must be accompanied by SASE. "A general familiarity with what we have published in the past is the best guide to our needs and preferences."

Length: 1,000-6,000 words. Payment varies. Sometimes pays expenses.

Fiction: "Seeks fiction that is clear, tightly written with strong sense of 'story' and well-defined characters." No longer publishes fiction in the regular magazine. Instead, it will appear in a special newsstand-only fiction issue. Receives 1,000 unsolicited mss/month. Accepts 7-8 mss/year. Publishes 3-4 new writers/year.

Literary, contemporary: Submit via e-mail with Word document attachment to [submissions@theatlantic.com](mailto:submissions@theatlantic.com). Mss submitted via postal mail must be typewritten and double-spaced. Preferred length: 2,000-6,000 words. Payment varies.

Poetry: The Atlantic Monthly publishes some of the most distinguished poetry in American literature. "We read with interest and attention every poem submitted to the magazine and, quite simply, we publish those that seem to us to be the best." Has published poetry by Maxine Kumin, Stanley Plumly, Linda Gregerson, Philip Levine, Ellen Bryant Voigt, and W.S. Merwin. Receives about 60,000 poems/year. Submit 2-6 poems by e-mail or mail.

Needs: "Interest is in the broadest possible range of work: traditional forms and free verse, the meditative lyric and the 'light' or comic poem, the work of the famous and the work of the unknown. We have long been committed to the discovery of new poets. Our 1 limitation is length, we are unable to publish very long poems." Buys 30-35 poems/year.

"Writers should be aware that this is not a market for beginner's work (nonfiction and fiction), nor is it truly for intermediate work. Study this magazine before sending only your best, most professional work. When making first contact, cover letters are sometimes helpful, particularly if they cite prior publications or involvement in writing programs. Common mistakes: melodrama, inconclusiveness, lack of development, unpersuasive characters and/or dialogue." □

# II X LI\*

Mom and Carmen Miranda  
Lillian Rodich

“Isn’t she adorable...such personality. I just love her!” she whispers.

We sit in the anonymous darkness of Grauman’s Chinese Theater as my mother points to her favorite movie star cavorting on the big screen.

Mom doesn’t usually address performers with such superlatives. I study her face and squeeze her hand. As usual she wears no makeup and her bushy hair and large brown eyes do not reveal her shy and reserved nature. But today she is glowing with pleasure and sitting tall in her plush seat.

“I love you so much Mama.” The words come to me unbidden and are spoken from my heart.

*Chicka, chicka boom, chicka boom chick!* Carmen Miranda’s big brown eyes roll flirtatiously and her wide mouth becomes an exaggerated circle of bright red. The hat resting atop her turbaned head cascades with apples, bananas, sequins and feathers --- all shivering with her every move. And, delivered with a unique nasal quality, her throaty song continues.

I watch Mom. She is transfigured. The peppy *Souse American* on the screen has connected with something deep within my mother’s psyche.

Carmen dances, her ruffled sleeves shaking, while silver bracelets accent the beat of the music. I watch her footwork and I must admit I’m impressed. Those platform sandals are at least five inches high! She smiles at Xavior Cugat as one slim leg kicks through the high slit on her tiered skirt.

*Come, come ona! We go to Habana!* Continuing her song, the actress belts out the familiar lyrics as she disappears from view. Now I’m afraid Mom is actually going to stand up and applaud. But no, she just smiles and squeezes my hand.

I look sideways at my mother. She still stares at the movie screen and her feet tap expectantly even after the music stops.

My darling mother! She’s just so adorable and real! I think. I just love her!

Dress Rehearsal  
Lillian Rodich

dearest mom how many hours  
did you search for patterns and fabric  
sewn with your head bent low in dim light  
rhythm of the Singer lulled me to sleep  
then in quiet mysterious dawn  
I found each costume hung in my closet  
enchantment decorating my life and dreams

you cut and sewed and hand-stitched  
like an artist with your scissors and needle  
creating a peach and gold lame tap tunic  
George Washington’s pantaloons and vest  
a silken Japanese kimono  
beribboned Gypsy skirts  
an ice-blue satin and tulle tutu  
magical memories all

my dear mother with your quiet ways  
soft spoken there at lessons and rehearsals  
designing costumes of exquisite beauty  
with no expectation of praise  
your glow  
in the thrill of creating

## Caterpillar and Ladybug

Keyle Birnberg

Ladybug and Caterpillar are best friends. Every morning they get together to play. The sun is up, but Ladybug doesn't appear today.

"Come Ladybug, come play with me," the caterpillar begs as soon as he sees a giant green leaf move. Ladybug is walking around the very edge of the big leaf, going around, and around in circles — almost falling down to the ground.

"I'm lazy! I don't want to play today. I just want to stay here doing nothing! Besides, it's the first day of spring and I need to relax after the long, sticky, leaky, hot summer," she says.

"Not fair... I waited to play with you for a long time... It made me turn different shades of green all over again,"

The caterpillar wipes his tears and crawls underneath the wide green bird of paradise leaf, almost falling to the ground. A soft wind knocks the caterpillar down anyway. He shakes the dust off his green body in small waves. He smells and investigates the soft fertilized dirt left there by Mauricio, who carefully waters all greenery pressing the water hose spinning gently with a soft mist on all flowers and whistles a melody they seem to understand by responding with glorious brilliance.

All his flowers have unforgettable names. He named them all because he doesn't know what they are called in English. All names should mean something!!

"Good morning Margarita, Violeta, Rosa, Narda, y Petunia," he says, rubbing his thumb gently on their majestic stem. They bow with respect!

The caterpillar strolls down the forest-like garden. On one side he sees plum trees with small fruit attached here and there. Some plums have fallen and have split open when hitting the ground. An invasion of ants comes and goes, carrying heavy loads of fruit on the small of their backs, all for the queen ant who sits on her throne waiting, impatient, not caring that she is getting fat and lazy.

The ladybug finally comes down observing the ants and follows close to where the caterpillar waits.

"Oh! There you are! Let me tell you... I was

looking for you all over the garden. I saw the most beautiful roses dressed in petals of beige, red, orange, pink and white," the tired ladybug sighs. "There were lots of violets, daffodils, roses, lilies of the valley, birds of paradise and many others. I can't even remember their names... Oh! My! I must be getting old and fat. No wonder my red dress is not fitting well anymore, it splits in the back and my black dots are fading one by one."

"Not you my friend! You can't be old! Not you! It must be the sun going down." The caterpillar sadly smiles "You are just as beautiful as the day I met you... wearing your bright red dress with black freckles everywhere and a big smile." He sees her wipe a tear.

"Come on! There is so much to see and do. I also saw the beautiful flowers, just like you say." The caterpillar shakes, all excited, careful not to do it too strong or he will turn into a beautiful butterfly and fly away leaving Ladybug, his best friend, behind.

The caterpillar and ladybug hop along telling stories to each other, careful not to repeat and make the day boring. The bees don't bother them. They go unnoticed on their way to the front of the house. They see lots of trees, the bottom of their trunks painted white. It must mean something...but they don't know what it is.

Unnoticed by Mauricio, the two friends climb down the trunk of the willow tree nearest to the light-gray lovely house with big front windows. The tree is the envy of the neighborhood, especially the old lady down the street with pockmarks on her face. She knows everybody's business and one day almost slapped the life out of Ladybug with her pudgy hands. The same day, she almost stepped on Caterpillar on purpose.

The God of nature must have punished her, because her willow tree never grows and drops sick tiny yellow leaves in all directions. Sometimes she goes out with a yardstick to measure the trunks on both trees, chews her angry words in silence and goes back inside her house. There are apple trees next door. Caterpillar and Ladybug go around smelling the sweet aroma hoping to bake a cake someday. But, that's not what caterpillars do. Nor ladybugs either. They are on the grass now looking around the world and hoping that no one steps on his or her life. □

## The Driving Lesson

Ray Malus

Like some gigantic, grime-encrusted, cast-iron centipede, ‘The El’ crawls up the spine of The Bronx from Yankee Stadium to Woodlawn Cemetery ten miles to the north — a monstrous slavering predator.

At least, that’s how I remember it, as I think back to that particular day — and I was only being preyed upon by *one* of its legs.

A railway on stilts, the el stands on 25-foot-tall, rivet-studded metal girders that trisect the entire length of Jerome Avenue — a wide six-lane concourse. The two rows of its legs straddle the middle two traffic lanes, leaving two additional lanes on either side — one for traffic and one, next to the curb, for parallel parking.

I was ready to take my driving test. Even in New York, where a car was a mixed blessing, getting a driver’s license was a huge rite of passage for a boy — a secular Bar Mitzvah, if you will. In preparation, my father had taken me on a last practice drive. All had gone well, until now.

Finding a parking spot in The Bronx took an extraordinary amount of luck. Actually squeezing into one took the skill of a neurosurgeon. Parkers used every available inch, and it was not uncommon for a car to be trapped in a parking spot, locked between the bumpers of cars in front and behind.

Parallel parking was the most dreaded part of the driving test.

Returning from our jaunt, my father and I had discovered a parking spot directly in front of our building. Jubilant, I pulled next to the car in front of the space, and started to back into it.

That’s when the el pounced.

As the rear of the car slid into the space, the nose of the car had to swing to the left — just where the el had planted one of its pillars. I stopped, and pulled forward to try again. Again, I edged the car backward into the space. Again, the damned pillar was in the way.

I tried pulling farther up. Now the rear of the car wouldn’t clear the parked car on my right. I tried pulling farther back, but now couldn’t cut the rear far enough into the gap.

My father watched patiently, as sweat started to run down my cheeks from my sideburns. I made repeated attempts. The geometry just wouldn’t work!

Finally, I turned to him and said, “I can’t do it.”

Wordlessly, he got out of the passenger door, and walked around to the driver’s side. I slid over; he got in. He put the car in gear, pulled forward a few feet, and greased into the parking spot.

I heaved a sigh of relief as he switched off the engine. We sat in the heat and burnt-oil smell that is the cologne of old cars. The engine ticked. Finally, I opened the passenger door to get out. He didn’t move.

Without looking at me he said, “Y’know, I never thought I’d see that.”

“What?” I asked.

“As long as I’ve known you, I’ve never seen you give up. I never thought you would.”

Maybe it was just a simple statement of fact. In my memory, it tolls like a death knell. Whatever it was, I said to him, “Dad, could you pull out again?”

Wordlessly, he started the car. I shut my door, and he pulled out into the traffic lane — right back to where we’d started. I got out and we switched seats. I put the car in gear, took a deep breath, and carefully backed into the parking spot.

We got out of the car, and I handed him the keys.

As we walked to our building, he put his arm around my shoulders and squeezed just a bit.

As I write this, I suddenly realize that it’s been over a half-century since that day. I won’t pretend that, in the fifty long years since, I’ve been successful at everything I’ve attempted. But I can’t count the times that, when I’ve despaired, I’ve heard his voice in my ear, “Y’know, I never thought I see that,” and tried just once more. □

# The Bulletin Board

## 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 Andrea Polk, VP-Membership, at the meeting entrance or e-mail [andipolk4@gmail.com](mailto:andipolk4@gmail.com).

## MEETINGS

ARE HELD AT 1:00 P.M.  
ON THE 1<sup>st</sup> SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH

Katzenberg Pavilion, Motion Picture & Television Fund  
23388 Mulholland Drive, Woodland Hills, CA 91364  
(Directions & Map on last page)

## UPCOMING MEETINGS

May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1 p.m.  
Gayle Pool— The Anatomy of a Short Story  
Open Mic: 1:00 p.m. (Sign-ups start at 12:30)  
Details on our website: [CWC-SFV.ORG](http://CWC-SFV.ORG)

Check out our writers on the  
**So-Cal Writers Showcase.**

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

Do YOU have a website?  
Be the  
'Member Website of the Month'!  
Send your URL to:  
[cwc-sfv@roadrunner.com](mailto:cwc-sfv@roadrunner.com)

## 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.  
(We regret that we cannot accept 'hard copy' submissions. We simply do not have the personnel to re-type them.)  
Size limits (with a tiny bit of latitude):  
- 500 words or fewer  
- 800 words or fewer  
- Limited to 40 lines  
- 150 words or fewer

- Articles/Essays
- Short Stories
- Poetry
- Book Release Notices

Regular Features:  
Submissions:

Submission deadlines:  
TENTH of the previous month.  
FIFTEENTH of the previous month.

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.

## This Month's BIRTHDAYS!

Larry Levine May 5  
Sylvia Molesko May 31

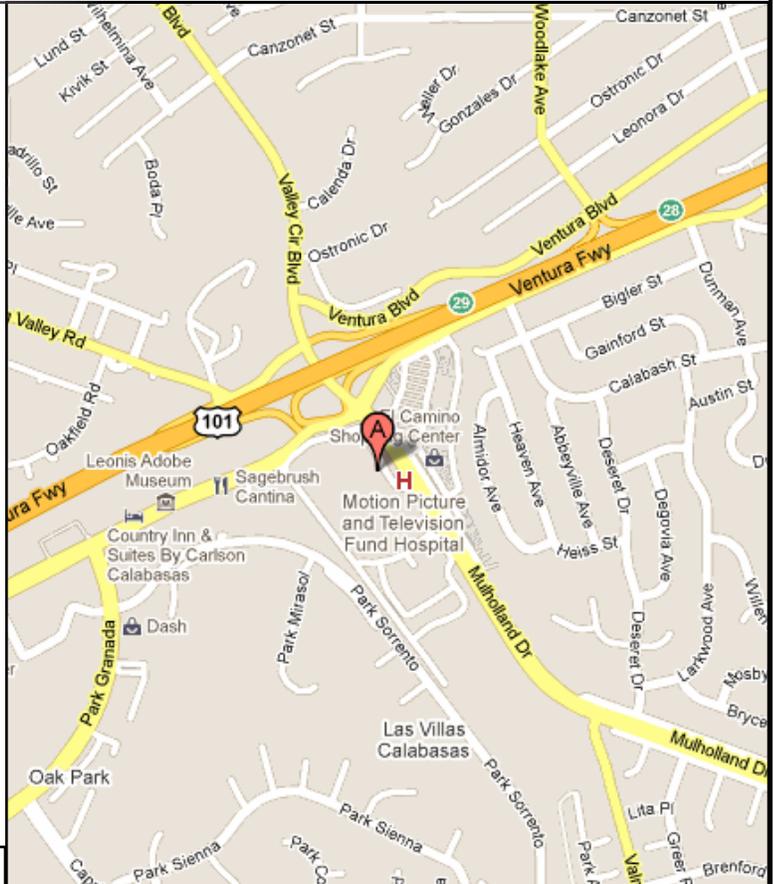
# The Fine Print

## San Fernando Valley Branch of California Writers Club meets at:

Motion Picture & Television Fund  
Katzenberg Pavillion  
23388 Mulholland Drive  
Woodland Hills, CA 91364

### Directions:

From the 101 Freeway exit on Mulholland Drive South. Proceed to Steven Spielberg Drive and turn right into the campus.  
(If questioned at the gate, tell the official that you are attending a CWC meeting.) At the 'T', turn left and follow the road to the large parking lot on the left for Villa Katzenberg.  
Parking is free in any of the lots.  
(Please do NOT park on any of the streets. You will be ticketed!)  
Interactive maps at:  
<http://cwc-sfv.org/Meetings/Location.php>



## 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")

Editor

[Ray Malus](#)

Staff

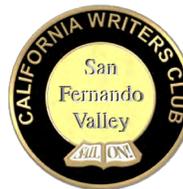
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## California Writers Club San Fernando Valley Branch

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