



WRITERSTALK

Volume 26
Number 11
November 2018

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

NOVEMBER SPEAKER: JOHN W. EVANS

Writing a Memoir by Jamal Khan



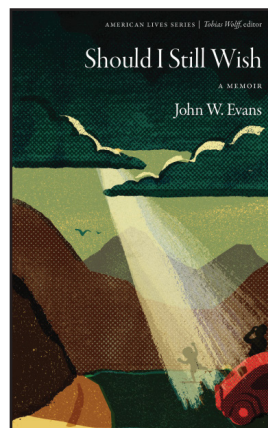
Benjamin Franklin once observed, “If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write something worth reading or do something worth writing.” A memoir is the culmination of the grains of one’s life experience sifted through the filter of sustained reflection. Among the routines and minutiae lie the nuggets of gold, the shards of wisdom that resonate deeply in the minds and hearts of readers and reaffirm our shared humanity. A memoir requires the courage to reveal one’s deepest regrets, longings, and vulnerabilities. It is a monumental undertaking, and it is worth it. On November 12th, John W. Evans will explain how to approach the daunting task of writing a memoir.

John is currently the Draper Lec-

turer of Creative Nonfiction at Stanford University, where he was previously a Jones Lecturer and a Wallace Stegner Fellow. He is the author of three books: *Should I Still Wish: A Memoir* (2017), *Young Widower: A Memoir* (2014), and *The Consolations: Poems* (2014).

His books have won prizes including the Peace Corps Writers Book Prize, a ForeWord Reviews Book Prize, the River Teeth Book Prize, and the Trio Award. *Should I Still Wish* was selected by *Poets and Writers* magazine as a “new and noteworthy” title of January/February 2017, and is published in the American Lives Series.

His work appears in *The Missouri Review* (2016 Editor’s Prize Finalist), *Poets & Writers*, *Slate*, *Boston Review*, *ZYZZYVA*, *The Rumpus*, and *Best American Essays 2011* (Honorable Mention), as well as the chapbooks *No Season* (2011) and *Zugzwang* (2009).



OCTOBER RECAP: KIM HERMANSON

The Power of Metaphor by Mark Vogel

A metaphor takes you somewhere. Where does it take you and how? October’s guest speaker, Dr. Kim Hermanson helped us dive into the psychological depths of metaphor. A metaphor is often confused with an analogy but they are quite different. In the analogy, “Ted is like a freight train” we are comparing two different things. Simple, yes, but the metaphoric “Ted is a freight train,” confuses our minds. After all, Ted is a human, not a train.

Our minds limit us to our perceptions within our thinking framework. When we create with metaphor, we are going beyond those perceptions. This is non-verbal, it’s the tool we use to explain something when words can’t. Hermanson calls that place “Third Space,” a place that’s beyond how we think about things. Metaphor helps us see deeply from a different perspective. It opens something in the mind we didn’t previously access.

The first five years of life are critical in the development of a person. Kim thinks that all writers bear those early key images and keep working with them. For her first exercise, she had us quickly write down five things we remembered from childhood, then find their metaphoric images. How are they connected to us? How do we think these images influenced our lives and writing? In what ways? We’ll find the most powerful metaphors come from the natural world.

Next, Kim had us close our eyes. She gave us a sentence: “When my writing is at my/its best, it is like a...” What things or images come to mind when you finish that sentence? If you thought “When my writing is at my best, it is

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When: Monday, November 12th, at 6pm

Where: Harry’s Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Ave, San Jose, CA 95129

Cost to attend: \$15 for Members, \$20 for Guests

Cost of admission includes \$10 rebate on purchase of dinner

Between the Lines

Edie Matthews
President, South Bay Writers



A Star is Born

Four times! That's right, this is the fourth version Hollywood has made of *A Star Is Born*. What can they be thinking? Isn't there a new story out there that can be made? But Hollywood loves itself – and though most showbiz sagas don't draw the public, this one, as they say in the biz, "has legs."

I've seen all of the versions.

At least I thought I had until I learned there's a fifth film. The 1932 original, *What Price Hollywood?*, spawned the rest.

The idea originated with David O. Selznick, famed producer of *Gone with the Wind*. Not surprising, he hired a female, Adela Nora Rogers St. Johns, to co-write the screenplay.

St. Johns was a respected writer with a resume of accomplishments as a screenwriter, novelist, and journalist, who honed her skills writing for movie magazines.

Born and raised in LA, she graduated from Hollywood High in 1910. As an Angelino and daughter of criminal lawyer Earl Rogers, (inspiration for Perry Mason), St. Johns knew the landscape and had numerous friends and contacts in Hollywood.

When creating the plot, she drew from true life, including actress Collen Moore, her alcoholic husband and producer, John McCormick, and director Tom Forman, who suffered a nervous breakdown and committed suicide.

I have never seen *What Price Hollywood?* However, I found clips of the film on YouTube. Constance Bennett played the lead role. The star-struck waitress works at the Brown Derby, a popular in-spot. Located Wilshire Boulevard, the entrance was shaped like a gigantic hat.

As a child, I recall catching a glimpse of the whimsical place from the backseat of my dad's car. (My 92-year old aunt told me, in the 30s, she applied for a position, and would have been hired but was too busty to fit into the uniform.) Sadly, the restaurant closed before I had an opportunity to visit.

Each rendition of the movie has been updated to reflect the decade – and adapted to showcase the talent of the leading actress, particularly in the case of Judy Garland (1954) and Barbra Streisand's (1976).

Like its two predecessors, the latest movie has morphed from actor to singer. The mega star, Jackson Maine a.k.a. Bradley Cooper, is a country western singer. By happenstance, after a concert, he ends up in a drag bar. He catches Ally, played by Lady Gaga, performing Édith Piaf's signature song "La Vie en Rose".

I was reluctant to see the latest film. I still have memories of the depressing Streisand-Kristofferson story. However, drumbeats hinted at a hit, and after watching Lady Gaga interviewed on *The Late Show with Stephen Colbert*, I was intrigued. Opening day I plunked down the dough and saw the film.

Afterwards, I left the theater impressed – this is the best remake. There are no slow segments and despite the demise of Maine, the film isn't melancholy. Why? It's not

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www.southbaywriters.com

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SBW Mission

Educating writers of all levels of expertise in the craft of writing and in the marketing of their work.

Join Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Renewal dues are \$45 for membership through June 30, 2019. Dual membership, \$25; student membership, \$20. New member, \$65. Contact Membership Chair at a meeting or sign up online at southbaywriters.com or send a check to CWC-South Bay Writers, P O Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055.

WritersTalk

The monthly newsletter of South Bay Writers, the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club

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Deadline

Submissions are due by the 15th of the month.

Submissions

SBW encourages writers at all levels of expertise to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. All submissions should be sent to the above email address in the form of text or an attached MS Word file (sorry, no hard copy submissions can be accepted). Please prepare your work as carefully as you would for an agent. Use Times New Roman 12-font; no tabs; no colors; no page breaks. Send graphics separately as jpg files, with separate instructions for placement in the submission if placement is important.

All submissions will be copyedited. Titles and headlines subject to change. Managing Editor reserves the right to selection.

Suggested word limits (less is more):

Member Achievement / News (200 words)

News Items (400 words)

In My Opinion (300 words)

Letters to the Editor (300 words)

Creative Works

Short Fiction/Memoir (1200-1800 words)

Poetry (200 words)

Essay/Nonfiction (1000 words)

Reprints

Authors retain all rights to their works. *WritersTalk* gratefully acknowledges the authors' permission to publish their works here. Contact individual authors for permission to reprint.

Announcements

An announcement is information of interest and value to writers that does not provide direct economic benefit to its originator and is published free of charge.

Advertisements

Advertising of workshops, conferences, and events is accepted from other branches of California Writers Club. We cannot accept political advertising of any kind. *WritersTalk* does not accept unpaid advertising of events or services that benefit an individual. Advertise in CWC Bulletin or in the Literary Review. See Page 14.

Change of Address: Send changes of address to membership@southbaywriters.com

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J. K. McDole



Every Month is NaNoWriMo

In his memoir *On Writing*, author Stephen King says, "If you want to be a writer, you must do two things above all others: read a lot and write a lot. There's no way around these two things that I'm aware of, no shortcut." King is known for his prodigious word counts, his ability to write novel after novel without even seeming to pause and rest his pencil. It's no surprise that many writers take inspiration from King's prolificacy as they prepare for the event known 'round the internet as NaNoWriMo, shorthand for National Novel Writing Month. The challenge: write a 50,000 word manuscript in any genre or theme, style or language, in the span of one month. If you hit the coveted word count, you win. There's no prize for winning; only the satisfaction that you churned out fifty-thousand words in the span of 30 days. Something for which you can brag about to your friends.

I like NaNoWriMo. The concept, I think, is fantastic: a simple premise (and you can pore over its even simpler rules at the event's website, www.nanowrimo.org) with alluring results. It has its roots in our very own Bay Area, founded in San Francisco by freelance writer Chris Baty in July 1999. Today, NaNoWriMo garners a global following, with writers from over 633 regions around the world recording their progress online each November. That sort of spread means diverse manuscripts and projects are being hammered out by hard-working, optimistic writers across the globe.

But as I prepare for my fifth year of NaNo—no, I haven't won the darn thing yet, yes, I'm trying again this year—I circle back to more inspiration from King than just his stamina. His quote (along with the apocryphal assurance that he writes two thousand words a day, "every day, even on Christmas and the Fourth of July"), follows me through the month of November and into the new year.

If you're serious about writing, you will write a lot. You won't confine your efforts to a single month out of the year. Sure, you may not draft consistently. No one is a word count machine; planning, editing and rewriting are vital, necessary parts of the writing process that can gobble up enormous amounts of time. But if you write a lot, you'll have a lot of writing on hand. Drabbles may evolve into short stories, short stories into novellas, novellas to novels, so on and so forth. Dedicated writers write without ceasing. For them, every month is NaNoWriMo.

What do you think? Have you ever won the NaNo challenge? What's a month of dedicated writing look like for you? Send in your perspectives, progress, and thoughts on NaNoWriMo for the next issue of *WritersTalk*! — WT

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View from the Board

by Marjorie Johnson



Marjorie Johnson
SBW Secretary

On October 2, ten of us met at President Edie Matthews' home: Edie, Jamal Khan, Tatyana Grinenko, Alfred Jan, Bill Baldwin, Carole Taub, Sally Milnor, Trenton Myers, Jessica McDole, and Marjorie Johnson.

The meeting was called to order at 7:20 pm. **Minutes for September 2018** were approved. Meeting highlights follow.

Vice President Jamal Khan announced upcoming programs:

- **November 12:** "Writing the Memoir" with John Evans.
- **Sunday, December 9:** Annual holiday party
- **Sunday, January 27:** Mystery Writing Workshop with David Corbett.

NorCal Leadership Conference Report: Tatyana Grinenko, Bill Baldwin, Trent Myers, Jamal Khan, and Marjorie Johnson attended the "Building Better Branches" conference on September 29. Tatyana and Trenton gave detailed reports filled with ideas on how to improve SBW and make it a more exciting club.

Literary Review: Deadline for submissions November 30. Details on CWC webpage www.calwriters.org While you are at that website, check out the CWC Bulletin, produced quarterly and coming on November 15. There was a terrific deal on placing an ad in the Bulletin but the deadline was October 28. Other deals for advertising come up quarterly. See page 14 for details and plan for the next issue.

Member ID badges: Carole Taub and Trenton Myers are working on obtaining materials and making ID badges for SBW members. If you would like to help, contact Carole or Trent. The Board gave them an initial budget of \$110 by unanimous vote.

Other motions of interest:

- Alfred Jan moved, Trenton Myers seconded, **a motion to donate \$100 to Poets & Writers**. Motion carried, unanimous.
- Carole Taub moved, Trenton Myers seconded, **a motion for Tatyana Grinenko to purchase a club banner for \$99**. Motion carried, unanimous. Tatyana and Edie to present design proposals for banner and bags.
- Carole Taub moved, Trenton Myers seconded, **a motion to purchase logo-bearing shopping/ book bags for members**. Motion carried, unanimous. Jessica McDole to make a proposal to purchase book bags.
- Carol Taub has been working on a contest to be sponsored by SBW and open to all members of CWC. Trenton Myers moved, Jessica McDole seconded, **a motion to announce a themed contest in February; prizes, \$500, \$250, \$100 each genre fiction, nonfiction, and essay; \$25 entry fee**. Motion carried, unanimous. The details will be worked out by Carole Taub—stay

tuned. Contact Carole if you would like to help with judging or other aspects of promoting the contest. This will be a big contest and Carole will need your support.

- Trenton Myers moved, Carole Taub seconded, **a motion to continue to use Adobe products for \$21 per month**. Motion carried. This is needed because InDesign is used to produce *WritersTalk*.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:20 p.m.

Next meeting: 7 pm, November 6, Edie's house.

SBW Board meetings are open to all interested members of South Bay Writers, RSVP to Edie.

Come and learn what's happening and how to be a part of the action. — WT



Dr. Kim Hermanson speaking on the power of metaphor
SBW October 2018 Meeting (photo by Carolyn Donnell)

The Power of Metaphor

Continued from Page 1

like smoke." Then delve into being the smoke. If a cave image came up, the mind wants to go inside the cave because that's what the mind can understand. However we're not inside the cave, we are the cave. Being the cave is a very different feeling sense where the creativity is happening. You can also use that sentence stem to examine your book or characters. "When this book is at its best, it's like a..." or "When this (character in my novel) is at her best, she's like a..."

If you are writing something and you are wondering how to phrase it or trying to come up with a metaphor, think about what feeling qualities you are going for. And anytime you use a metaphor from the natural world, you're working with something that's going to connect with a reader.

Kim Hermanson, Ph.D. is the author of *Getting Messy: A Guide to Taking Risks and Opening the Imagination* and *Sky's the Limit: The Art of Nancy Dunlop Cawdrey*, which received an Independent Publisher Book Award. — WT

Member News

by Marjorie Johnson

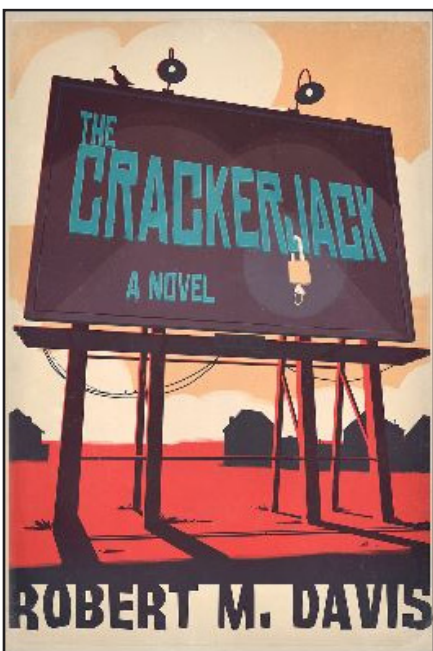
Robert M. Davis announces the birth of his fourth novel, *The Crackerjack*, in this issue of *WritersTalk*.

Lloyd Free launched his new novel, *Bittersweet: A Coming of Age Historical Romance*, in style at the Vesuvio Café, Beatnik watering hole and Jack Kerouac's favorite in San Francisco, next door to City Lights Book Store. Look for his book announcement in this issue of *WritersTalk*.

Finally, four years after its initial publication, *Bridges* by **Kymberlie Ingalls** is available as an eBook. Published on Smashwords, it's available for all platforms. *Bridges* is a memoir compiled of personal essays that chronicle distinct chapters of the author's life.

Marjorie Johnson and **Jac Fitzen** each wrote short stories that appear in *The Beckoning: North State Writers "2018" Celebrated Stories & Poems*. Marjorie is the author of "The Man Who Lost His Shoes," while Dr. Jac penned "Going Home," "Missing," and "A Very Cold Night."

North State Writers is taking submissions from members of any branch of CWC for its 2019 short story collection. Professional reviewers will jury all work. For guidelines and mechanics of submission, visit North State's website, www.northstatewriters.com.
— WT



THE WRITERSTALK CHALLENGE

NOVEMBER MEETING:

AWARDS WILL BE ANNOUNCED!

Don't forget! At this upcoming November meeting, awards will be given to contributors to *WritersTalk*. You need take no special steps to enter this competition; if your piece in one of the designated genres is published in *WritersTalk*, you are a contestant!



SBW Authors' New Book Announcements

Bittersweet

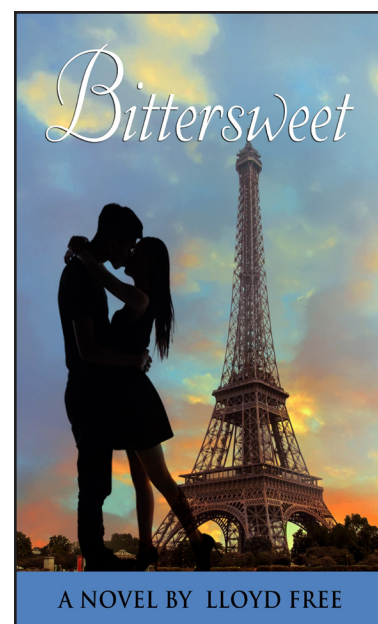
by Lloyd Free

Bittersweet: A Coming of Age Historical Romance, a novel by Lloyd Free, has just appeared on Amazon.

Escape to France with two college students who spice up the learning experience with wine and women. They learn more about life than they could hope to at UC Berkeley, where the story begins. Renny and Max discover new friends and adventures as they grow up in France, learning memorable lessons, some pleasurable and some painful, but all exciting.

A real treat for readers who wish to revisit San Francisco and the Paris Latin Quarter in the '60s.

— WT



The Crackerjack

by Robert M. Davis

Announcing a new book from CWC member Robert M. Davis: *The Crackerjack*.

Jackson Kingman changes his last name to bury traumatic childhood incidents. Through guts, guile, and determination he becomes an advertising mogul known as the Sign King. His prosperity and prominence, however, won't buy what Jackson yearns for most until an enigmatic woman tracks him down to unlock a door into the past he has been reluctant to open. The adventurous path can lead Jackson to the illusive happiness he seeks or forever doom his chances to achieve it.

Available now for your reading pleasure at the following vendors:

- Amazon.com
- Barnesandnoble.com
- Robertson Publishing (www.robertsonpublishing.com)

Learn more about the author at his website: rp-author.com/robertdavis/

— WT

PLOTTING YOUR CRIME:

Workshop with David Corbett

Sunday, January 27th, 8:30 AM to 2:30 PM



Mystery! Thriller! Caper! Noir! Crime Drama!

Each sub-genre has its specific requirements and reader expectations. In this one-day workshop award-winning author David Corbett, will guide students through the various demands of each category and layout their unique plotting requirements.

Early Bird Registration (up to November 12): CWC Member \$49, Nonmember \$59

Regular Registration Rate: CWC Member, \$59; Nonmember, \$67

Student (18 – 25 with ID): \$29

At The Door Rate: Member \$65, Nonmember \$69

Includes continental breakfast & lunch (\$10 credit)

Location: Hometown Buffet, 2670 El Camino Real, Santa Clara CA

Name _____ Member ☐ Non Member ☐
Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone/Cell _____
Email _____

**Register online at WWW.SOUTHBAYWRITERS.COM or send check to
CWC South Bay Writers
PO Box 3254
Santa Clara, CA 95055**



South Bay Writers Club October 2018



My Dream Dinner with Andrei

(A Tolstoyan Fantasy)

by William Baldwin

I grew more ebullient as the evening progressed. I hadn't seen Andrei for so long—why was that, I wondered? I had always so enjoyed dining, walking, and discussing philosophy with my good friend—my best friend—Prince Andrei. He could have been my lover, my life-companion, if one of us were a woman, or both of us were—Still, we both loved Natasha and shared her now, between his estate Bald Hills and my St. Petersburg residence. She loved us both, and we both loved her—always had.

"What a life we've had, my friend," I said to him, sipping my champagne. "I always respected your first wife—what was her name?—though I knew you were unhappy together. And then she died in childbirth. The hazards of being born a woman! She never wanted you going off with the army..."

A sudden disturbance somehow. Something about those statements bothered me.

"Well what can I say? We all make mistakes, my dearest friend," I continued uneasily. "Look at me, after all! Getting roped into marriage with that insipid woman Helen—even though I knew she only wanted my money. She was beautiful, though. She always rather made fun of me in bed..."

I paused again—something was wrong with the tone of what I was saying.

"And that stupid duel with her lover—someone could have been killed! Is that what we call 'honor' in this God-forsaken count—"

"That's why I wanted to talk to you, my friend," Andrei broke in. "I think you've been getting too political lately. Those aristocrats you've been meeting..."

"But how do you know about that?" I exclaimed. "I've kept that secret from everyone. Not even Natasha—"

"You're plotting to unseat the Czar," Andrei told me gravely. "You're planning to install his brother, more in line with your progressive ideas. That's treason, my friend. If you aren't shot, you'll be sent to Siberia for thirty years. Think of Natasha! Will she be waiting for you when you return? I don't think you realize where things are heading. You were always much too idealistic. Do

you want to destroy Mother Russia?"

I'm sure my face expressed horror. Yet his was totally calm—like a spectre.

"Destroy Mother Russia? No! I'm working for Russia's salvation! I am named 'Pierre,' after all! Remember Peter the Great! Pyotr--Peter--Pierre! He adopted foreign ideas—"

I broke off abruptly, disturbed by the realization that I could see through my friend's body. I noticed suddenly that I could see the fireplace, mantle, and clock dimly projected through his handsome face. I could detect faint signs of the table, napkin, fork, and champagne glass stem through his pale hands. And I remembered why we hadn't spoken for so long. My friend Prince Andrei—my always-destined-to-be-lover—my dearest Andrei had been dead these thirteen years—mortally wounded in defense of our country, on the fields of Borodino, fighting Napoleon.

I realized I must be dreaming. He noticed the change in my demeanor.

"I can tell your awareness is shifting," he told me, now speaking more urgently. "There isn't much time, Billy." Billy!? Only my family in—



"Some people's muse is music. Mine is chocolate."

But wasn't I Russian? A Russian nobleman—"Count Bezukhov?" Or wasn't I French—"Monsieur Pierre?" I'd fantasized about being Napoleon, after all! And sentencing William Pitt, Prime Minister of England, to the guillotine for crimes against humanity! Something was drastically wrong!

No—only my aunt and cousins in Pennsylvania call me "Billy!" My relatives, on that farm near Shanksville!

I now became aware of the bedsheets, the light poking through the blinds of my windows...

"When a country gets too sure of itself," continued The Spectre, "too sure of its mission—its 'Holy Mission'—or when the people become too confident about taking over themselves and making things better—their own alternate 'Holy Mission'..."

He was speaking as rapidly as he could, but he was fading. I heard my wife snoring. I stared into the dismal light of a dreary November morning. The alarm finally catapulted me from my pillow.

What had I seen? Who had I heard? What mixture of Dickens and Tolstoy,

Continued on Page 9

Halloween and the End of the World

by Betty Auchard

In 1938, when our parents were having troubles again, my brother, sister and I lived in a place called the Home for the Friendless in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. All the other children were there for the same reason. In fact, our whole city felt so sorry for us that they gave us more holiday parties than any other kid in town.

On Halloween weekend that year, the monitors let us stay up late to listen to a spooky radio broadcast called *The War of the Worlds*, starring Orson Welles. The staff members listened with us. In the middle of the action about rocket ships and aliens, Mr. Welles' voice started to tremble. He announced that he just got word that those aliens from outer space had invaded our planet, and the world would soon end. Then—just like that, he got cut off the air. We didn't expect the grownups to be scared, but they were, and their fear spread to the kids. Everyone in the room believed it was really happening, so the monitor turned off the the radio and sent us all to bed.

At eight years of age, I wasn't afraid. I didn't even ponder the safety of my little brother and sister in their dormitory rooms on the other side of the building.

I was curious, though. What if it was true. Would the whole world be a big mess? That meant our town would be destroyed. Would being destroyed hurt? However, none of that deep thinking kept me from sleeping soundly that night.

We all woke up alive, but at school, it was hard to do our lessons. The only thing the kids could talk about was that radio show and Orson Welles. Our teacher made us raise our hands if we wanted to share, and I didn't dare say anything. I hadn't even been worried about my little brother and sister, and I couldn't say that.

Arthur said, "I was scared to death, and I hid under the bed for a long time."

A boy whose father worked at the police station said someone phoned and asked, "What time is this going to happen?"

A girl whose father was a fireman said a lady called the fire department and asked, "When it happens, shall I close my windows?" Another student said

that when her mother tried to help her older neighbor, the neighbor said, "I don't have time to talk right now! The end of the world is coming and I've got a lot to do!"

We all laughed about those stories, even the teacher. Then she said, "Boys and girls, when a large group of people are afraid of something they sometimes do strange things to get away from the fear. It's called mass hysteria and it means that fear is often contagious...like the measles."

Aha, that's exactly why the other kids were scared, because the grownups who worked at the Home were scared.

That night after supper, all of the kids and staff gathered close to the big Zenith console to listen to the news. A lot of people were really mad about the show being broadcast, especially on Halloween. I felt sorry for Mr. Welles because he probably had no idea what a ruckus he would cause. When a reporter asked him what he thought about the commotion, he said, "I apologize to the producers of the CBS Mercury Theater for this getting out of control. The show was only a story and not real. We announced that at the beginning."

"But, Mr. Welles, anyone who tuned in late didn't know that," the interviewer said. "The broadcast seemed so real that everyone was confused."

"I am so sorry. I don't think we will ever broadcast that program again."

While I was listening to the show, I'd been a little bit confused, too, but I didn't think it was real. Maybe growing up with such hullabaloo in my family all the time had taught me to take things in stride. When bad things happened in the adult world, like kidnapping and bank robberies, I knew the grownups would fix it. But, after listening to *The War of the Worlds*, the grownups at the Home caught fear from each other and were no help to anyone.

The show had wrecked our party, and that made me sad, but down deep, I was glad the world hadn't really ended on Halloween. — WT

My Dream Dinner with Andrei

Continued from Page 8

Dostoyevsky and Victor Hugo, T. S. Eliot?

I lifted my cell phone from the floor and switched it on. I saw it was a Wednesday in November; oh yes, I thought: That Wednesday. I took a deep breath—by now I'd forgotten my dream—and summoned the election results. — WT

A Star is Born

Continued from Page 2

heavy-handedly portrayed to wring tears from the audience.

Also without jarring digressions, the film reveals Maine's back story. As much as back story is poo-pooed, it provides keys to the character's personality and motivation. When done skillfully, the insight deepens the story and engages the audience.

My husband, who is the first to scoff at cornball melodramas, praised the film. Maybe because he appreciated the evenly developed story of both the male and female characters.

By the way, this is Lady Gaga's first film. An impressive debut. (I hope to see her in person.)

Meantime, I'll be checking TMC's listing for the next airing of *What Price Hollywood?* I'd like to see the genesis that begot four remakes. — WT

SBW JANUARY WORKSHOP CHANGE OF LOCATION

Please take note: the January workshop with mystery author David Corbett will NOT take place at our usual meeting place of Harry's Hofbrau. The workshop will be held at:

HOMETOWN BUFFET
2670 El Camino Real
Santa Clara, CA

Airman Steve Roberts

by Richard Burns

The guy was very inquisitive, always turning knobs in the cockpits on systems he had no responsibility for. "What happens if I pull this strap hanging alongside this seat?"

"It will eject us both out of the damn plane, Steve," I said. "Don't mess with it, not with me in it."

He heard me, but that didn't stop him.

Airman Steve Roberts, fresh from tech-school, arrived at the 367th Avionics Maintenance Squadron, June of 1973. I had two years of flight-line experience and was assigned to be his on-the-job training instructor.

Once, I met him out on a job fixing the inertial navigation system. I sat next to him in the cockpit. He lifted a black flexible hose from a hook and handed it to me.

"Here, inhale this," he said, "it'll make you high."

He had figured out how to turn on the oxygen supply that pilots used in flight. Surprised, I laughed. "You're going to get yourself in real trouble one of these days," I said.

"You are so square, man," he said, shaking his head.

While on duty removing and replacing avionics equipment on F-111F fighters, Steve often neglected to wear a hat, and his head of hair got to be long and scraggly. He was just that way. If he was told to put the hat on he would do it backward.

Soon after his arrival, hand-scrawled statements began appearing on the walls of restroom stalls. They were signed, "-the editor." Often, they were eloquent diatribes against the Vietnam War. There were jokes, complaints about pay, insults of unnamed officers, the stupidity of military requirements like marching or shining shoes. "The editor" was no great fan of Richard Nixon.

Squadron leaders investigated, but since it was a very private place, it was a difficult case. Steve, a known rebel, was immediately a prime suspect. When asked, he admitted, with pride, being the author of his creative works.

Steve made a deal with the officers. If the squadron would hang a large tablet of white paper on the inside of each stall, he would promise to write only on the

paper. Other restroom artists would be encouraged to do the same. Soon, we had large paper tablets hung in every stall of our squadron's hanger to write graffiti on, and Steve continued to write more elaborate articles and essays, always signed, "-the editor," his trademark.

On our off time, I found out he was a very good harmonica player, with a soulful bluesy sound, and he liked the way I played guitar. One of the reasons he liked me was I had an electrical engineering degree. He had flunked out, but it was more due to lack of patience with theoretical math problems than lack of technical competence.

One time, we jammed in his room. Taking my guitar out of its case, I could see, his room was spotless and organized. Most rooms in the barracks had two airmen assigned to them, but Steve was incompatible with other airmen. The officers, knowing how unmilitary he could be, allowed him to have his own room. A recumbent-bicycle stood neatly in a corner. The bed was made, blankets pulled tight. He was very much into electronics; had bread-boarded circuitry for various projects of his own. He even had a bench stock, little boxes with resistors sorted by value, capacitors, inductors, LEDs, efficiently arranged on an electronics workbench. Positioned along the worksurface were a voltmeter, an oscilloscope, even a curve-tracer. It was beyond impressive.

His room could pass a white glove inspection, a necessary evil for airman who lived in the barracks. The bed was always perfectly made. He showed me why. Underneath the bed, he rolled out a low platform on casters with his real sheets, blankets, and pillow. "I sleep here," he said. He was a slippery guy.

After we finished playing a few songs, he told of adventures he had like once he bicycled clear across America. On that journey he got chased out of a woman's bedroom by her irate husband, who had run for his rifle. Steve found out how fast his ten-speed could go. I shook my head. "Steve, Steve, Steve."

He told me that one time the com-

mander, a colonel, visited his room to show it off to a visiting general. The general was astonished at the completeness of the electronics there. The colonel showed-off a project that Steve had out in the open. The general commented on how orderly the equipment was kept, how the room looked shipshape.

Then, to the surprise of both officers, Steve, who had been napping, scooted himself out from under the bed, lying on his movable hidden mattress. He jumped to his feet. "Hello, officers," Steve said, saluting them!

The two officers were speechless. According to Steve, they mumbled a few words to each other, took one last look around, and left the room.

As I was leaving, Steve pulled out six photographs. He handed them to me. There were the two officers photographed in various positions around the room, and, in the last one, there stood Steve, with his messy hair and beard, talking to them.

"How in the hell did you get these?" I asked, trying to comprehend what I was looking at.

He pointed above the door. There was a camera. I hadn't noticed it. The camera was motorized, had a diode sensor that could detect movement in the room such as while he was out of the room, and even take pictures. With detector and motor, the camera could automatically track an intruder.

I laughed so hard, I almost dropped my guitar. That was Steve to perfection.

Maybe the colonel and avionics officers had a deep discussion or two about Steve's unorthodox ways. About a month later, he didn't come to work anymore. I asked my sergeant if he knew the reason. He said Steve had received what he wanted the whole time, a general discharge. I suppose the officers decided he would have been a liability repairing jet planes in Vietnam. I never heard from Steve again except...

Thirty years later, by a strange coincidence, out on the levee of the Guadalupe River, a trail I liked to walk during lunch-hour at work, a thin man with a

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Cinderfella

by Penelope Cole

Karll was at his usual boring parking valet job, now at his second big, high-tech company. But one valet job was pretty much like any other. Except now, as a lead, he was making the full \$17 per hour, 'big whoop.' But Karll gave it his all, with the possibility of a supervisory position at \$19 per hour. He didn't want to do anything to jeopardize this job and his chances of a sweet promotion. He was exceedingly courteous and deferential, holding doors, saying please and thank you, and "Yes, Sir, and Yes, Ma'am." So he hustled, actually running during peak times, to get more done faster – sometimes logging fifteen miles a day. And man, it really paid off.

Karll's amazing break came when one manager, Keith Yamamoto, looked down from his office, day after day, and observed Karll's excellent work ethic, his hustle to be the best. One evening, as he was leaving work, Keith called to Karll. "I've been watching you for awhile now and I like what I see," Keith said.

"Thank you, sir. I do my best," Karll said, appreciative of the compliment. He knew who Keith Yamamoto was – a very important manager.

"So, Karll, I have five intern positions opening up and I'd like you to be one of them," Keith said with a big grin.

Karll's smile was even bigger. "Yes, sir. Whatever it is, I'm up for it. And I'll do. . ."

"Yes," laughed Keith, "I'm sure you'll do your very best. I don't always get to see hard work, initiative, and ambition, since we hire mostly graduates. But you stick with me, and you're going to do just fine. I'm absolutely sure you have what it takes to succeed here."

And that was the beginning of the mentor/mentee relationship that gave Karll his big break and set him up for a bright future. Of course, he still had to hustle. But he brought his hard driving and exceptional work ethic as he trained with his fellow interns – all college graduates and one with a master's degree. Pretty soon Karll was training new interns. He was the one Keith called upon, at all hours, for special projects and events. Keith knew that Karll would be available and could come in at a moment's notice. He knew Karll would bring enthusiasm, a positive attitude, and closely attend to all details – just like he had as a parking valet.

Now all Karll needs to do to rise within the company is to get his college degree in computer programming. But however long that would take, Keith said he'd have Karll's dream job, a video game designer/programmer, waiting for him.

Don't tell me there's no such thing as fairy tales and happy endings. There's a lot to be said for being in the right place at the right time, but you also have to have the attitude, confidence, and willingness to do the job right – like Karll. – WT

Cartoons by Madeline McEwen



"Here's my submission. I await your compliments, praise, and unflinching adoration."



*South Bay Writers Halloween Contest Winners
Congratulations!!*

Airman Steve Roberts

Continued from Page 10

beard wearing his hat backward was holding court with a half-dozen engineers on the rocky dirt, showing off his recumbent-bicycle with a built-in laptop computer. The computer was electrically connected to finger-sensitive buttons on his handlebar grips. Different combinations of buttons gave him all the letters, numbers, and punctuations he needed to write while he was riding his bicycle across country. The engineers were understandably dazzled and asked many questions. This man had been riding his recumbent-bicycle from Boston across the country to Palo Alto.

Indeed, it was Steve Roberts, apparently still quite a character. Strangely, he didn't remember me at all, a huge disappointment. Yet our fleeting months together in the air force and running into him out on the levee that day three decades later, I'll certainly never forget. —WT

Where the Rainbow Ends

by Richard Burns

Oh, beautiful one
with golden hair that flows down to your waist
fair woman with crimson lips and green eyes
tell me the secret of where the rainbow ends.

Oh, fair one, is it past the slough and over the rutted road
that circles around the hill of the screaming cave
where the purple dragon sleeps
the gigantic one that creeps out each morning
shaking the ground with its mile-long tail
snorting its eye-stinging breath at all who get lost there
playfully swatting with razor claws at weary wanderers
solely for its own cruel entertainment
the relentless troublemaker that is father of all sorrows?

Or does the rainbow end
just on the other side of the rustic brick bridge
on an undiscovered field piled high with
finest jade and cut diamonds
covered with midnight dreams and visions of possibilities?

Oh, fair and beautiful one
You know that from my cradle, I've been wandering
feeling my way, no real plan
and no real knowledge
Kindly take my hand
and help me find a better path.

2019 CALIFORNIA WRITERS CLUB LITERARY REVIEW

Send in your entries of fiction, poetry, memoir or essay for publication in the 2019 California Writers Club Literary Review. Submissions are open to current members of California Writers Club and will be accepted from September 1 through November 30, 2018.

Maximum lengths: Fiction and nonfiction: 2,500 words. Poetry: 30 lines.

Submissions must follow standard publishing industry formatting in Word doc/docx.

- The \$10 fee covers ONE prose piece (not two as in previous years). For poetry, two submissions of up to 30 lines each may be made for each \$10 payment. Limit of three prose pieces at \$10 each, or six poems (\$10 for each two poems).
- Critiques will not be given. By submitting to the Literary Review, you are granting the editors the right to do light editing to correct grammar, spelling and typos, to preserve historical accuracy, and/or to maintain consistency with the style guide.
- A separate submission form MUST accompany each piece. Download the PDF form to your computer, fill in the blanks, and attach to your submission email. All material should be submitted in a single email with separate attachments for each submission.

Submissions are accepted by email only.

Submission address:

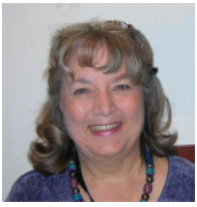
SubmitLitReview@calwriters.org

Payment is by PayPal or by check (made out to CWC Central Treasury.)

See full guidelines and FAQs at
<https://calwriters.org/publications/#submit>

Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



Listings are for information only. No vetting has been done by South Bay Writers Club. Some contests have been around for a long time and the reputation is known but some are newer. Please read all guidelines carefully before submitting. And please share any experience you have with them,

good or bad!

For more websites that list contests and markets and tips for writers, as well as some Facebook pages and groups for writers, check out the August and September 2018 issues of *WritersTalk* at:

www.southbaywriters.com.

If you are in the Facebook Group for the South Bay Writers Club, you can find some listings in the Files section. The Files section can be found on the left-hand column of the page. If you aren't already a member, check us out on Facebook and ask to join!

Writer's Digest:

- **Short Short Story Competition:** Deadline 11/15/18. See guidelines at:

www.writersdigest.com/writers-digest-competitions/short-short-story-competition

Local Publications:

- **Sand Hill Review:** Stories, non-fiction articles, and poems. <https://sandhillreview.org/>

Other contest and submission sites:

- **25 Literary Journals that Accept Reprints:**
www.authorspublish.com/25-literary-journals-that-accept-reprints/
- **2018 Wilder Series Poetry Book Prize:** a poetry contest for women over age 50 (born on or before Nov. 30, 1968). Prize: \$1000 and publication. Deadline Nov. 30. Unpublished books only (Individual poems can have been published).
<http://twosylviaspress.com/wilder-series-poetry-book-prize.html>
- **The Poetry Society's National Poetry Competition:**
<https://poetrysociety.org.uk/competitions/national-poetry-competition/>

More resources:

- **Poets & Writers:** pw.org/grants
- **The Write Life:** thewritelife.com/writing-contests/
- **Freedom With Writing:**
<https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/>
- **Authors Publish:**
<http://www.authorspublish.com/>
- **How to Adapt a Novel to a Screen Play:**
<https://www.ingramspark.com/blog/how-to-adapt-a-novel-to-a-screenplay> — WT

Conferences and Events November 2018

by Margie Yee Webb

Shine When You Need It Most:

How to Create a Powerful Presence When You Pitch and Market Your Work

by Jess Ponce III

November 2, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/shine-when-you-need-it-most-how-create-powerful-presence-when-you-pitch-and-market-your-work>

<https://sfwriters.org/mil-classes>

Class co-sponsored by Mechanics Institute and San Francisco Writers Conference/San Francisco Writers Foundation.

Nonfiction Writers Conference

November 8-9, 2018, Online Virtual Conference

<https://nonfictionwritersconference.com/>

Fall Event Theme: "Become a Profitable Author"

San Francisco Writers Conference

February 14-17, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://sfwriters.org/>

"16th Celebration of Craft, Commerce and Community"

PLUS Optional Pre/Post Event Master Classes. — WT



News from the California Writers Club

Ads in CWC Bulletin

by Bob Isbill (760) 221-6367

Want to increase your visibility? Sell your service? Promote your book? Increase speaker engagements? Pump up your web traffic? Or just send a greeting?

Each issue of *The CWC Bulletin*, published three times a year, reaches 2,000 published and aspiring writers in 21 CWC branches throughout the state and is published on www.calwriters.org.

Now we are accepting writing-related advertising from businesses, CWC members, and individuals who wish to reach our target market at reasonable prices. See calwriters.org for details and how to format your ad. —WT

You may advertise in the CWC Literary Review or The CWC Bulletin

Go to www.calwriters.org for details

CWC Around the Bay

Published meeting locations and times for other CWC branches in the greater San Francisco Bay Area. If you want to attend one of their meetings, first check their websites for details.

Berkeley: 3:00 third Sundays, 1204 Preservation Park Way, Oakland. cwc-berkeley.org

Central Coast: 5:30 third Tuesdays, Point Pinos Grill, 77 Asilomar Boulevard, Pacific Grove. centralcoastwriters.org

Fremont Area: 2:00 fourth Saturdays, 42 Silicon Valley, Fremont. cwc-fremontareawriters.org

Marin: 2:00 fourth Sundays, Book Passage in Corte Madera. cwcmarin.com

Mendocino Coast: 6:00 third Thursdays, Mendocino Hotel. writersmendocinocoast.org

Mount Diablo: 11:00 third Saturdays, Zio Fraedo's Restaurant, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill. cwcmtdiablowriters.wordpress.com

Napa Valley: 7:00 second Wednesdays, Napa Valley Unitarian Church, Napa. napavalley-writers.net

North State: 6:00 third Mondays, Butte County Library-Chico Branch. northstatewriters.com

Redwood: 2:00 second Sundays, Flamingo Conference Resort & Spa, 2777 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa. redwoodwriters.org

Sacramento: 11:00 third Saturdays, Cattlemen's Restaurant, 12409 Folsom Blvd., Rancho Cordova. cwcsacramentowriters.org

San Francisco/Peninsula: 10:00 third Saturdays, Sequoia Yacht Club, Redwood City: check website <http://cwc-peninsula.org/>

San Joaquin Valley Writers, 12:30 second Saturdays, University of Pacific community room

Tri-Valley: 1:30 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. trivalleywriters.org

Wanted: Information on Conferences

Send information on conferences and other events of interest to writers to newsletter@southbaywriters.com for consideration for inclusion on this page.



Participants of South Bay Writers' October Meeting Halloween Contest
(Photo by Carolyn Donnell)

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
November 2018				1	2 7:30P Open mic Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose	3
4	5 2P Valley Writers	6 7P Well-RED at Works 7P Board Meeting	7	8	9	10
11 10A Our Voices	12 2P Valley Writers 6:00P SBW Dinner Harry's Hofbrau	13	14	15 7P Third Thursday, Poetry Center DEADLINE: WritersTalk Submission	16 7:30P Open mic - Willow Glen Library	17
18 1P Poets@Play, Markham House	19 2P Valley Writers	20	21	22	23	24
25 10A Our Voices	26 2P Valley Writers	27	28	29	30	

Future Events:

SBW Board Meeting: Tuesday, November 6 at Edie Matthews' home

Next Meeting: November 12th at Harry's Hofbrau

**SBW/CWC Events
appear on this calendar page.**

Ongoing Events

Critique Groups

Our Voices: Meets at Bel Bacio Coffee in San Jose every other Sunday 10 AM. Genres: Fiction, memoir, nontechnical nonfiction. Contact: Dave LaRoche at dalaroche@comcast.net

Valley Writers: Meets at Valley Village Retirement Community, Winchester at Dolores, Santa Clara, Mondays 2 PM. Marjorie Johnson, marjoriej358@comcast.net

Your Critique Group: Send info to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Do you belong to a critique group? Please send details to *WritersTalk*.

SBW Board Meetings

Board meets on Tuesday, 7 PM, in the week preceding the dinner meeting. Contact Edie Matthews for more information on how you can attend at pres@southbaywriters.com.

Open Mics

South Bay Writers Open Mic: Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen. First Friday evenings, B&N Almaden. Third Friday evenings, Willow Glen Library or Rosegarden Library. See calendar for schedule. Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

CWC SF Peninsula Open Mic: Third Wednesday of every month, 7:30 PM at Reach and Teach, 144 West 25th Ave., San Mateo

Ongoing discussion groups

Facebook Group: Members of South Bay Writers can join our Facebook group—South Bay Writers Club.

**Add your discussion group
here!**

**You may advertise in the
CWC Literary Review or
The CWC Bulletin**

Go to www.calwriters.org for details

Poetry Readings

Poets@Play: Meets at Markham House History Park, 1650 Senter Rd., San Jose, Second Sundays most months, 1 – 4 PM. www.poetrycentersanjose.org

Poetry Center San Jose: Meets Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose, 7 PM Third Thursday, 408-808-3045 www.poetrycentersanjose.org

Well-Red Poetry Reading Series: Second Tuesdays, 7 – 9 pm, at Works San Jose, 365 South Market Street. Featured reader followed by an open mic, if time allows.

www.poetrycentersanjose.org

SBW Recommends ...

If you know of a regularly occurring event for writers, send an email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com.



California Writers Club
South Bay Branch
P.O. Box 3254
Santa Clara, CA 95055
www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

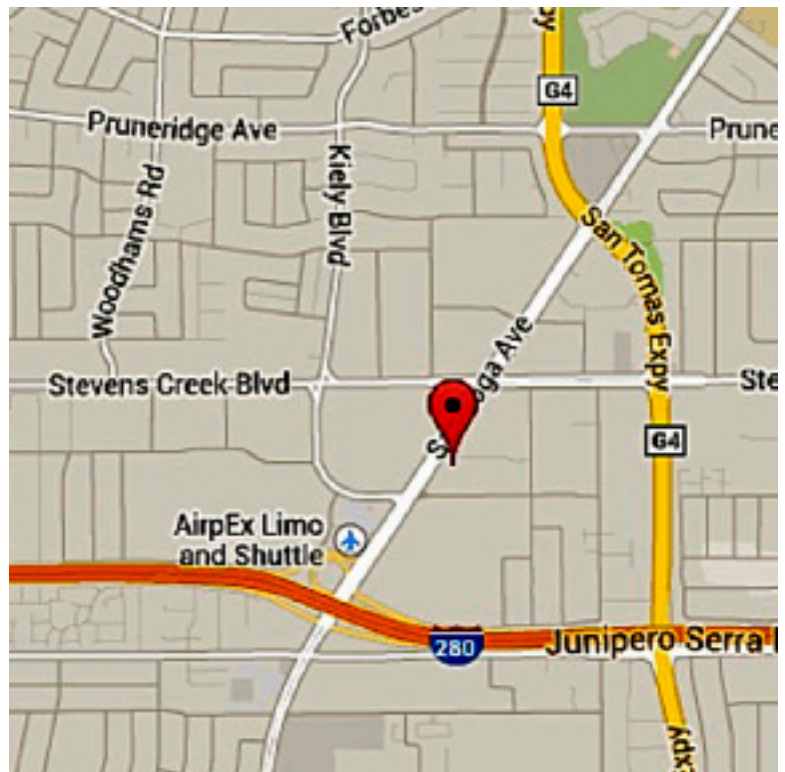
Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers
Regular Dinner Meeting
6:00 - 9:00 p.m.
Monday November 12 2018
Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose**

Writing a Memoir with John W. Evans November 2018 Speaker

Please send contributions and submissions for *WritersTalk* by or on the 15th of the month!

Regular dinner meetings are second Mondays 6 – 9 PM of every month except July, December, and workshop months



Harry's Hofbrau

From Highway 280, take Saratoga Avenue North. Harry's is on your right near Stevens Creek Blvd.