



WRITERSTALK

Volume 27
Number 09
September 2019

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

SEPTEMBER SPEAKER: KATE FARRELL

A New Age of Fire: Storytelling Focusing on Public Speaking

by Jamal Khan

Storytelling has been around as long as humans have. When we engage in storytelling, we are participating in a tradition that is older than written languages, older than agriculture, older than civilization itself. Neuroscientists have discovered that our brains are uniquely hardwired for stories; they nourish us in a way that bread alone cannot. Nowhere is this more true than with public speaking. Highlights of the craft, from TED Talks to the Moth Radio Hour, draw massive audiences and command immense prestige. Demand for skilled oral storytelling has persisted through the ages, and will never wane. In fact, the rise of podcasts, the ubiquity of smartphones and earbuds, and the proliferation of home audio assistants like Alexa have made oral storytelling more powerful and far-reaching than ever.

In our September 17th dinner meeting, Kate Ferrell will teach us how to effectively deliver an original, personal narrative. Storytelling is an art that is constantly evolving, emerging in new forms and styles, yet true to the essence of the oral tradition. Kate presents workshops and talks on the art of storytelling for a variety of groups, from the general public to writers, from educators to business leaders. She will explain how we are always looking for the fading human connection that is reliably found by telling enduring stories. Storytelling fills a crucial need in society by providing a direct, personal connection through its art and engaging oral tradition.

Kate is an editor of several anthologies and an author. She edited the anthology *Wisdom Has a Voice: Every Daughter's Memories of Mother*. She is a co-editor of the anthology *Times They Were A-Changing: Women Remember the 60s & 70s*, a finalist for Foreword Reviews 2014 Book of the Year Award and the 2014 Indie Excellence Award. She is also co-editor of the anthology *Cry of the Nightbird: Writers Against Domestic Violence*, a finalist for the 2015 Next Generation Indie Book Award and the 2015 Indie Excellence Award.



AUGUST RECAP: HOLIDAY PARTY

Summer BBQ

by J.K. McDole

The South Bay Writers would like to thank Edie Matthews and her family for hosting the annual summer BBQ! Much fun and merriment was had; the food was delicious and the company was out of this world! And what a treat to get to see Edie's lovely new home! Board meetings are sure to be a delight! — WT

The year might age, and cloudy
The lessening day might close,
But air of other summers
Breathed from beyond the snows,
And I had hope of those.

They came and were and are not
And come no more anew;
And all the years and seasons
That ever can ensue
Must now be worse and few.

So here's an end of roaming
On eyes when autumn sighs:
The ear too fondly listens
For summer's parting sighs,
And then the heart replies.

- AE Housman, excerpt: 'Summer's End'
XXXIX (from *Last Poems*)



Where: Holder's Country Inn, 998 S. DeAnza Blvd,
San Jose, CA 95129

When: Tuesday, September 17 at 6pm; talk begins at 7:30pm

Admission: \$15 for members, \$20 for nonmembers.

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

Between the Lines

Edie Matthews



Plotting The Simpsons

Switching TV channels the other night, I spotted Dana Gould. We met back in our stand-up days some 20+ years ago. He'd moved from Boston to pursue a career in San Francisco's burgeoning comedy scene. Now here he was an accomplished writer, executive producer, and occasional actor being interviewed on KQED's *On Story*, "A Conversation with Dana Gould." He mainly discussed his seven-year stint as a writer and co-executive producer of *The Simpsons*, TV's longest running animated sitcom.

I remember Dana as quiet and polite. Certainly not a boisterous comedian or the type you'd expect to be a writer for *The Simpsons*. Yet, I understand the enticement. Getting off the road, hanging out in the writers' room, and earning a generous paycheck.

Personally, I was never a fan of the show. Homer Simpson, the loud-mouth unprincipled father, turned me off. Plus, the stories often glorified the "dumb guy" (to quote my brothers). The anti-intellectual theme commonly used as fodder reminded me of *The Three Stooges*. (A show I abhorred — because I grew up with three stooges — my three brothers.) Still, there's no denying *The Simpsons'* success, and I'm always curious to learn the nitty-gritty of a show that has become a cultural phenomenon.

Dana described the show's three-act format as "'algorithm'. The first act is a free-standing story that has nothing (or little) to do with the plot — it's like an opening sketch." The main story begins at the end of the first act or beginning of the second act. "In the third act," said Dana, "you turn it as hard as you can without breaking it."

Though the terminology is a bit different, I found the format similar to the basic story plot. In the first act, you introduce the characters and set up the situation. The "inciting incident" is where the main story begins. This is in about the same place (at the end of the first act or beginning of the second act). The "rising action" or "complications" is where the story is "broken", followed by the climax and the conclusion.

Dana acknowledged that much of what he writes is about his father and their relationship. We've heard his advice before: "Write what you know."

For example, in one case while in a New York hotel, Dana had difficulty finding the bathroom. "It was disguised." Finally, he realized he was in the men's room when another man came in and urinated into the waterfall. Then, another man exited a cubicle hidden behind the waterfall.

This experience inspired an episode on *The Simpsons* where Moe (a reoccurring character) remodels his bar so it doesn't look like a bar. Moe describes it as "po-mo" or "post-modern," explaining it as "weird for the sake of weird." As expected, chaos ensues.

"When you get stuck," said Dana, "have your character do something completely contrary to their personality in an effort to achieve their goal." In films, this generally occurs at the midpoint. "I love those surprises in a movie," said Dana.

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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 20th 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)

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Announcements

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

Circulation: 200

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Sommar's End

I had originally drafted out a longer editorial for this month, but my inbox was full of so many splendid submissions that I went for short and sweet to make space. Also, Carolyn Donnell took so many great photos of our summer BBQ that I had to shift things around to accommodate for two collages. It's challenging work, compiling so many diverse and unique submissions into each issue, but worth it!

It's probably a good thing that I saved my first editorial for another month, because I have no idea how I'd get it cleaned up for this issue. My mind is in a seriously funky place right now. Last night my husband and I watched the director's cut of *Midsommar*, a trippy folk-horror film by Ari Aster. Unlike *Hereditary*, Aster's tense, demon-dabbling predecessor, *Midsommar* is a film that courts fear in broad daylight, spinning the tale of four American college students who attend midsummer ceremonies at a pagan commune in rural Sweden. The story focuses on Dani, a psychology student grieving the loss of her family to a gruesome murder-suicide, and her milquetoast boyfriend: the disloyal, gaslighting, thesis-stealing Christian. As Dani and Christian's relationship falls apart, so too do all pretenses about what this summer trip is really about — what secrets lie in the commune's cheerfully perverse rituals, and what its members seek from their foreign guests.

After months of hype (and having read a leaked screenplay online; sorry, Mr. Aster, I'm a writer who loves spoilers), I suspected that *Midsommar* would cost me movie-picking rights for who-knows-how-long. "It's gonna be weird," I warned my husband. "Like, really weird. You'll think I'm weird for wanting to see it." He rolled his eyes, but halfway through the film's disturbing climax (a scene in both the narrative and literal sense — I wasn't kidding about 'perverse') I glanced over just in time to watch him sink, physically cringing in his seat. "Good God," he muttered as the final scenes rolled past, "that was definitely a movie." We drove home feeling bewildered by it, trying to make more sense of it, picking over every unsettling plot point. The next morning, he woke up feeling ill; I too spent the day in a dim, irritable malaise. Was it the long weekend? An onset of back-to-school germs? Maybe we had too much popcorn. Surely I'm just wearisome over the end of summer, my favorite season, and the promise of upcoming fall. It couldn't be *Midsommar* and its messages about grief, healing from trauma, the metaphor of changing seasons symbolizing personal rebirth. Surely, it wasn't all those floral, psychedelic scenes that, like a ritual drumbeat, still gnaw at the back of my brain...

Send me your thoughts about provoking films and how they nibble at you the day after — the spookier, the better.

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View from the Board

by Marjorie Johnson



Marjorie Johnson
SBW Secretary

On August 14, six of your hard-working board members, President Edie Matthews, Jamal Khan, Marjorie Johnson, Trenton Myers, Inga Silva, and Alfred Jan, met at Edie's new digs to make sure that plans for fall are in place.

The minutes from the July board meeting were approved. Vice President Jamal Khan announced a slate of upcoming speakers:

- September 17, Kate Farrell, "A New Age of Fire: Storytelling Focusing on Public Speaking"
- October 15, Kirk Glaser, "Mastering the Short Story"
- November 19, Dave Denny, "Mechanics of Imagery and Metaphor"
- December: Holiday Party
- February 18, 2020: Lisa Mendelman, "Sex in Popular Cultures"

Next board meeting: 7 pm, Wednesday, September 11, at the home of President Edie Matthews. SBW Board meetings are open to all members. Come and learn what's happening and how to be a part of the action. Just RSVP to Edie.

WritersTalk Challenge Contest: The awards for calendar year 2019 will be given at the December meeting, which is also SBW's holiday party. We will need your help in judging; please let me know if you're interested. Also, with a new writing season upon us, now is the time to pursue any new SBW activities. Please come to a board meeting with your ideas and suggestions. — WT

FICTION

Mutt's Last Fight

by Michael A. Shipp

My father was a decorated Navy fighter pilot that at one time or another in his long career sailed on and flew over every ocean on the planet. Sometimes our family, my mother and sister and I, followed him to his postings and other times we served out our lonely sentences in silence. I never once heard my mom complain. And not that I would know it, but I'm sure, she never once cheated on him, and she had to have had lots of opportunities.

She was alone and beautiful and young on a Navy base full of horny sailors. But my father was the only man for her. She married him for love and life. He was a man of few words and hard to get to know. Even when he was home he was emotionally distant and always stared at the horizon as if he expected trouble.

I loved him with my whole being and I don't think he knew how to handle it. I

heard his father used to beat him. I loved him like a puppy dog loves its master and was always under his feet. If I thought it would have gotten his attention I would have chewed up his leather shoes.

My favorite posting was when he was stationed in Guam. The Island people were friendly and kind and I spent most of my time alone on the beach digging canals, making forts, or building massive sand castles. Often my only baby sitter was a lone albatross that had no fear of me. From there we moved to Norfolk, Virginia which I hated with a passion. Too many ships, too many sailors, and no beach. It was situated on a river and not that far from the ocean, but had that landlocked feeling of a jail.

Everybody was thrilled when my dad was transferred to Pearl Harbor and we moved to Honolulu. I was eleven and took up body surfing at Waikiki. As my skill devel-

oped I got a used surfboard and adopted Ala Moana as my home surf break and found my place in the local line-up. An old Hawaiian legend named Rabbit ruled the break and taught us kids more than simply surfing moves. He expressed Ohana and lived Aloha and made us feel like family.

I grew taller and skinnier and fell in with a group of friends who explored the better surf breaks of the North Shore. My dad is Irish and my mom is Portuguese and I tanned as brown as a coconut, but I was constantly reminded that I was white on the inside. Too many times to count I was chased from the water for being a "Haole Kook." Too many times to remember I had to fight a Big Moke nearly twice my size.

I was called a mutt, a piece of shit kook, a punk, and a puke. In time, Mutt became my

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September Member News

by Marjorie Johnson

On September 14, SBW author **Dave M. Strom** will bring to life Super Holly Hansson (geek girl/comic book writer turned super-heroine), her super friends, and their fiendish foes. He will read excerpts from *Super Holly Hansson in Super Bad Hair Day*.

This is an on-going second Saturday event presented by Fremont Area Writers & Half Price Books, Fremont Hub, Fremont.

Marjorie Johnson was the August featured writer, reading from *Jaguar Princess* and *Lost Jade of the Maya*. **Penelope Cole** read from her children's books in March.

If someone wishes more information about this event and how to set one up for South Bay Writers, please contact me. The three of us are dual members with Fremont Area Writers.

Please keep your writing news flowing this way. I can't include your news here if you don't send it! Please send more to membernews@southbaywriters.com. — WT

Plotting the Simpsons

Continued from page 2

Whether you're planning to write a screenplay or not, I'm always enriched hearing another artist's approach to the creative process.

I don't know whether I'll cross paths with Dana Gould again, but if that happens, I'll remind him of our "open mike" days at the Holy City Zoo in San Francisco and mention how I enjoyed his interview on KQED. — WT

South Bay Writers BBQ August 2019



Everyman's Table

A Parable

by David LaRoche

Everyman left work late, his body tired, his mind vacant. His was a personal labor that kept him afloat in the churning river of progress. These days, it seemed only a gesture — this harried effort to put food on the table — that there was no broader purpose than to ready himself for the next day. But, even if occasionally faced with this worrisome doubt, he had, over the years, learned dedication and had sustained.

He had an expectation — strong and vibrant in earlier years — that his work, indirectly, would fuel the good, that rules of human kindness and care would continue to apply and charitable behavior endure. He had come to trust that the ethos he had learned as a child would survive, even grow and that somehow those purposes were served by his effort. On his return home, Everyman was confident these rewards would appear on his table, and he would see the good-will and be refreshed.

In the past, he had been desperate, occasionally contemptible in his struggle, and was sorry for that and repentant. He had countered his loosely reined conduct with compensating good, and later, as his view and his motives improved, he became aware of a facility for enjoining and uplifting others and had heartily participated.

But recently that had changed. Personal challenges, relegated by fate beyond his control, had narrowed his sight, and subsistence alone mandated a concentrated focus. A deference to self occupied the space that his social involvement once held, even as he had to believe — because he remembered — that good still prevailed, if currently out of sight. And now, exhausted from his burdensome day, satisfied his work had been ably done, it was his time to rest and recuperate. He opened the door to his house and entered the kitchen.

On the table, were sensations unfamiliar to his sight and smell. A stench of waste had replaced life's honey, and that in front of his eyes was contrary to those of the story he once told himself — unexpected, incredible, postposterous scenes in

place of those he expected. This cannot be? Everyman approached for a closer look.

There at the first table setting was the rubble of deforestation. Carcasses and stumps, after eons of verdant growth, and the life they protected were boldly laid out in a detritus of gluttony and greed, and swirling above, a residual pollution caused his eyes to tear and his lungs to burn.

At the next setting, he found hunger and dislocation — children, emaciated and alone in places strange to ordinary needs, mothers searching, fathers dying. Entire cultures fractured and dispersed, and there were men with weapons ready, some discharging. He looked further to another setting of rape and physical mutilation — sisters old and young, huddling and afraid. Absent were the rules of humanity that he had trusted were in place.

He saw religious crusaders at a setting, and the hordes annihilated for their belief or the lack thereof. Chinese hoisted on Japanese bayonets. He saw conquest and war and twelve-million reduced to ash at death camps and another fifty slaughtered in combat during The Big One. He saw the burning of Viet Nam and the separation of Korea and disfigurement in Iraq. He saw the Cleansing in Bosnia and Turkey, and the Zionist repression in Palestine. His table was laden with ignorance and malice — man upon man.

Further, he discovered a similar disregard for earth's other citizens; whole species consumed or thoughtlessly rubbed out for a modicum of wealth — some for sport. Where was the care-taking he assumed was in place while he was busy? Where was the promise from those he had trusted when he'd agreed to the 'river of progress,' the notion that man would preserve or return what he might use?

Perplexed now, depressed and despondent, he again scanned his table, breathing shallow the stench of indulgence. His shoulders sagged, his body slumped. It seemed, in his reliance on those who had promised, the unexpected had appeared.

His eyes welled again — now in self-pity. He had tried hard, followed their lead, and focused on the work put in front of him. He did his day's labor with an understanding the rest would be rightfully handled.

In time, Everyman rubbed out the tears with the back of his calloused hands and searched again through the array. There, off to the side of the waste, obscured by the smoke and haze, he saw a faint glow. It came from the tray of a highchair. He began to recognize it — the glow of love. He moved closer and thought he could smell the honey and glimpse an awareness, hope, and again, accountability. It was the child's setting, and with it yet came promise. — WT

ESSAY

Make Fast Food Great Again

by Chris Weilert

Fast food establishments are trying so hard to be all things to all people. When you walk into one of these chains the first thing you notice is the wall-to-wall menu. For Chrissakes, four hundred choices are listed on the board. Don't they know the reason why we are here? It's to buy a damn meal and be on our way and hope nobody sees us. When you tell somebody you ate there look how they judge you. So what, I like Big Macs... shoot me.

Why do they serve all the different kinds of salads? This is a waste of time and money. Give the people what they want, a dollop of grease and fat with a healthy dose of salt. I don't go to Jack in the Box for a limp looking salad containing a mealy orange tomato served in a plastic container. If I do order a salad at a burger joint, then I must be trying to ward off a guilt complex about my decision to order an extra-large offering of French fries.

The secret phrase at McDonald's is, "Go Big." This command allows you to purchase a bucket of soda and large shipment of fries for a fraction of the cost. There is

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South Bay Writers BBQ August 2019



My Camaro Took a Dip

by Lucinda Woerner

During my teen years I did not own a car, but I did have limited access to our family vehicles. When my older brother Rod lost his license, the result of chronic lead footitis, I drove his car. I had hoped my father would buy me a used car when I earned my driver's license like he did for my brother, but it was not to be. During his first two years as a licensed driver Rod had totaled his two highly modified Fords, damaged my mother's T-bird in a close encounter with a pole, collected several speeding tickets, and netted the Cadillac of insurance premiums. My driving record was virginal and therefore above reproach, so I felt my father's decision to deny me wheels was unfair. "Blame your brother," was his retort to my complaint.

Blaming my brother did not get me a vehicle, but it did get me sympathy rides in his third replacement vehicle, a dark green '65 Mustang fastback. Another revocation made me the beneficiary of his loss once again. Rod needed transportation to his job as an auto mechanic, and I traded him my time chauffeuring for use of his car. Eventually, I had no need of my brother's car. My new boyfriend Pat West drove a coco brown and white, 2-door coupe, landau hardtop, unmodified, V-8, 1968 Buick Skylark – destined to become a classic muscle car a generation later.

Pat and I eventually married, and we traveled to school and to our respective jobs using his car, the vehicle he had purchased on his return from Vietnam in 1969. Like everything he owned, Pat kept his car in pristine condition. Serviced regularly, the Skylark was a reliable ride for us, and it would eventually serve me well during the long winter months my husband was hospitalized after armed robbers shot him on Christmas Eve. Patrick did not survive his injuries and his loss to me is a much bigger story, but this small story is about cars and his car did not survive either.

Lack of fluids, which I had failed to monitor for months, caused the engine to seize up, burn out, or something like that. Whatever the cause, the engine was finished according to the mechanic who diagnosed it. Never having owned a car, and having grown up in a household where I was taught to care for the home and not motor vehicles, I knew nothing

about maintaining a car beyond the basics – air in the tires, fuel in the tank, get somebody to check the oil. Those months were the harshest of the Michigan winter and I should've checked the oil and antifreeze levels, but I didn't. I scraped the windshield, started the car, and drove it on my daily trips to the hospital to sit with Pat. God and luck kept the car running for me, until our luck ran out.

How could I have neglected to take care of Pat's car? Failing to service his Buick destroyed it, but I was reluctant to part with it – more painful letting go of him, another link to Patrick broken. A few weeks without transportation convinced me I needed to buy another car, I had daily trips to the cemetery to make. Fortunately, Pat had converted his military life insurance policy after our wedding, and I had the money needed to buy a car. Thank God Pat had been so responsible. Thank God he had not listened to me when I questioned the need for life insurance.

A check from the insurance company arrived and I headed to the Chevy dealership. Thinking like a 20 year-old, and one who had never purchased a car, I listened to the solicitous salesman who suggested I opt for a stylish ride. He eagerly wrote my order for a brand new Camaro, and within a few weeks it was ready for delivery. In 1972 era Michigan, cars didn't come much cooler than the Camaro. It was a ride Pat would have enjoyed, although I suspect he would have chosen something larger, more practical.

My new car allowed me to get out of my tear soaked apartment. As a distraction from my grief, two friends asked me to join them on a road trip to Daytona Beach. None of us had ever been there, and as college kids we knew it was traditionally the place for young adults to go for Easter break and escape the dreary end of Michigan's winter. I needed to escape the weather and more, so I agreed to the trip as long as I could do the driving.

The day I took delivery of the Camaro, the salesman advised me to leave it to be undercoated for protection against the salt that coated Michigan's icy winter roads. I declined his suggestion, but promised to bring it back to have the undercoating done when I returned From Florida. Forty-eight hours and 1100 miles later,

Patty, Jeanie, and I found a cheap hotel in Daytona Beach and headed for the shoreline. Arriving at the beach, I mimicked other cars full of spring breakers and parked my new Camaro on the super wide stretch of sand that paralleled the Atlantic Ocean – clever how the beach doubled as a daytime parking lot.

My friends understood I was grieving, so they didn't expect me to participate in all the Easter Week revelry around us. The sunshine and change of scenery from wet, post winter Michigan was therapeutic, and while grief dulled my energy I did try to enjoy Daytona with my friends. We strolled the beach, people watched, browsed the shops for Florida bikinis, and finished the day at a bon fire that ended late. When we walked back up the beach in search of my car we couldn't find it. My car was not where we left it, and all the cars that had been parked near it were also gone. I wondered if the cars had been towed away, or had mine been stolen? Partiers on the beach heard me stressing about my lost car and turned my attention to the surf. They asked if the one and only car in the water, the one with waves crashing onto it, the one with the dealer sticker on the window, might be my missing Camaro.

My brand new, V-8, copper colored Chevy Camaro was awash in 18 inches of pounding surf. The Atlantic Ocean was attempting to steal my car, and I had to rescue it before it was lost to the fishes. Panicked and pondering the situation, I was grateful when some inebriated boys from a nearby bonfire offered to try retrieval. I gave them the keys, and with one man inside to start the engine and several others pushing from the front, out of the ocean came my Camaro dripping sand and salt water. Cheers for the auto rescuers, and mocking laughter at the dummy that allowed her new car to fall victim to the tide.

I was relieved to have my car back, but the drama reminded that I was going to struggle without Pat to help me navigate life. He would have known about tides and known not to leave a car parked on a beach at night. How would I manage without him? I would have to learn, and this misadventure represented an important first lesson. It also became a reason to

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The Mad Walk

by Betty Auchard

On a sunny Saturday afternoon, my husband, Denny, and our oldest son, Dave, surprised me with a “gift.” They disappeared for hours and returned with boxes.

I said, “Hey, you two, what’s going on here?”

Denny said, “Don’t ask. It’s a surprise.”

I pulled weeds in the garden while waiting for the big reveal. I had almost finished the gardening task when they called me inside and told me where to sit. Then they instructed me to watch and listen. They both acted odd, but I did as I was told, expecting something amazing.

After a few seconds, the TV screen exploded in bright light, and a helicopter zoomed toward me. I screamed and ducked when it flew over my head and disappeared behind the sofa.

Dave said, “Mom, isn’t this great?”

“I don’t know. What just happened?”

Denny said, “We installed a surround sound system for the television. D’ya like it?”

I didn’t like it. Our family room had become a movie theater. I said, “It’s not cozy. How can I enjoy knitting while watching TV with so much commotion going on?”

“Betty, you’ll get used to it.”

“How much does surround sound cost?”

“Don’t ask.”

Resentment crawled over me. I had no words to express my anger, but the guys knew I was upset. They gave each other “the look” and stopped talking. I got up in a huff and left to walk off my pissy mood.

The farther away I got, the madder I felt. I stomped up the hill on Daffodil Drive and just kept going through the quiet and eerie neighborhood. I wasn’t sure which direction to go, so I hooked a left onto Hyacinth Hill, which led to Panorama Loop. I had never heard of them. The area looked kind of woodsy, which was a lot different from the suburbs, but I kept walking.

I didn’t want to get back too soon, after all; they would think I wasn’t mad anymore.

Having my husband buy something expensive without my input had brought out the worst in me.

Panorama Loop never seemed to end (which made sense, given the “loop”

part of the name), and my anger turned to nervousness. I felt lost, and the sky was turning dark. Hearing traffic in the distance gave me hope, and eventually I saw car lights. I recognized Rose Boulevard and realized how far away from my neighborhood I had walked.

I found my way back to Blossom Hill Road and then to Wood Road and finally to the street where I lived. Although I was relieved to return safely, I wasn’t about to let the guys know I had been slightly scared. To mask my relief, I cranked up my pouty face and stomped in the front door.

Denny said, “Where have you been? We were worried sick.”

They did look kind of scared. My resentment softened, and I decided I was ready to talk. I said, “Okay, Denny. I’m not happy with you. A few days ago, I wanted to buy a garden mulcher, and you said it wasn’t cost effective.”

Denny listened while resembling a puppy being scolded. He knew he was in the doghouse, so I pushed on.

“You said we could buy mulch for my garden cheaper than making our own.”

Denny and Dave remained silent, so I spoke in a quiet voice, because quiet is scary. I got real close to my husband and said, “We can go to the movies for a lot less than buying our own fancy sound system. Is this thing you installed ... cost effective?”

Denny sighed, acknowledging I was right. He looked at Dave and asked, “Do you want to go with me to buy a mulcher for your mother?”

“Yeah, Dad. I think we should.”

I really enjoy my new mulcher, and Denny was right. I am getting used to the surround sound system. I’ve also learned to appreciate the woodsy area I trekked through on my mad walk. I still take that route once in a while, but only for exercise and not for blowing off steam. — WT

My Camaro Took a Dip

Continued from page 8

laugh as the Camaro was actually saved from the surf and able to be driven back to Michigan without issue. Over the years, the Daytona Beach story has given me more mileage than the car ever did, as I sold it the following year.

My first car gave me temporary bouts of enjoyment, followed by long periods of guilt. How could I enjoy driving a flashy new car knowing the only reason I had it was because the love of my life had died? From the moment I first drove the car, I had a love-hate relationship with it. Most people talk about their first car with fond recall, but I cringe a bit when I think of mine. The Camaro’s cool factor was always overshadowed by guilt at how I came to own it. Still it was an amazing muscle car that I wish I still owned. — WT

Make Fast Food Great Again

Continued from page 8

no need to provide a low-calorie menu with tasteless replacements. The simple solution being the “Go small menu.” You can order half a burger, five French fries and two sip cup of milk shake.” This can also be called “The Guilt Free Menu.”

Please, fast food management people, condense the menu. I don’t understand why fifteen different versions of an egg sandwich and twenty different hamburgers are listed. What happens at the ordering counter is stressful. I feel the pressure to decide because of the ten people with hunger breath standing behind me. When I come home with the wrong order, I’m given the third degree of interrogation for my misdeed.

Decide on the weight; a quarter pound, a third pound or two ounces. Make fast food easy, no math. And lastly, the menu at the drive-through is also too long. You don’t want to be sitting in your car waiting behind the mini-van with screaming kids who just want the toy. You will see the parent trying to reason with them about their choices. “But honey, you should have a juice box instead of a chocolate shake.” Hey, van mom! they are eating a damn chicken nugget meal and let’s move on. I’m done with your exhaust fumes. Let’s make fast food fast again. — WT

The Day the Girls Saved Me

by Russ Towne

I was in a high school Marine Corps JROTC program when the Vietnam War was coming to an end. It was a turbulent era and not a popular time to be in uniform. One of the many changes occurring was that girls were allowed to participate in the JROTC program for the first time. It was a big deal. Television crews came to the school, and the female cadets ended up on TV and in the newspaper. They got so much attention that many of the male cadets were understandably jealous.

I stood up for the girls and the girls' program. Probably partly because I supported them, I was asked to be a sort of student teacher in the all-girls JROTC class. There was also, of course, an adult retired Marine instructor. I was there to assist him in teaching the girls.

I loved those girls. They were like family to me. I knew what it was like for them to wear a military uniform during the Vietnam era.

Worse for them, the girl's uniforms appeared to have been intentionally designed to make the wearer look as unattractive as possible. Their uniforms were downright ugly. Plus, the girls initially had to deal with the resentment of many of the male cadets.

We were required to wear our uniforms to school once per week. For some reason the week this story occurred, the boys' uniform day was a different one than for the girls. On the girls' day, I was in civilian clothes walking about twenty feet behind them as one of the girls led them in formation down the long tunnel-like hall that ran through the center of the school.

As they marched along, three boys who were standing in a group near some lockers taunted and jeered the girls, calling them all sorts of names. This type of thing was something the girls often had to endure. I don't know what set me off that particular day. I guess that I'd just had enough. Irritation became anger, which unexpectedly turned to rage. What happened next must have been due to a brief outburst of temporary insanity.

I ran toward the boys with both of my arms extended outward from my sides and slammed all three of them into the lockers. The loud crashing sound likely startled hundreds of people in classrooms along the long hallway; those boys and I most of all. I saw the looks of surprise, shock, and fear in the eyes of those boys. Unfortunately, about two seconds later, anger was clearly their primary emotion,

and my eyes must have been the ones reflecting shock, surprise, and fear as we realized what had just happened.

They and I quickly did the math as we all came to our senses: There were three of them and only one of me. All four of us knew what was going to happen next and only three of us were going to enjoy it.

In the meantime, the girls who had been marching had heard the crashing of the boys against the lockers. They stopped and turned to see what the commotion was and quickly realized how much trouble I was in. Two of the biggest, most athletic girls peeled from the girls' formation and stood behind and slightly to each side of me. There was no doubt in anyone's minds that the fight was no longer going to be three against one.

The boys quickly redid the math. They realized they were now in a no-win situation. Even if they won the fight, everyone in the school would know that they got into a fight with girls. And, there was always the possibility that they wouldn't win. By now, I was the least of their worries. I doubt whether I was even in their equation anymore.

I don't recall exactly what happened next. I like to think I asked the boys to apologize to the young ladies for their insults and they did.

But it may be the girls demanded an apol-

by Edie Matthews



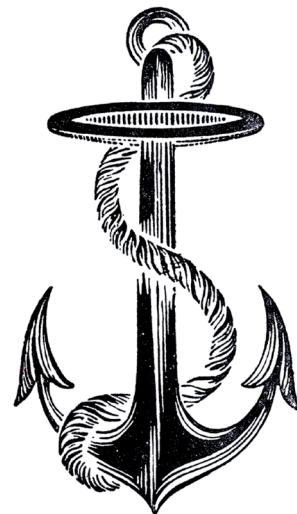
"Writing IS power!"

ogy and got one, or the boys apologized on their own.

I do know what didn't happen. I didn't get pounded into the ground.

I will never forget those girls. As I said, we were like family; a family that stuck together and stood up for one another. It didn't go unnoticed.

Word spread around the school about the girls standing up to the bullies, and the girls were more accepted and shown greater respect after that incident. — WT



Poetry Page

My Ravaged Soul Laid Bare

by Russ Towne

My whole being
Aches for you
My ravaged soul
Laid bare

The depth of my pain
Only rivaled
By the depth of the love
We shared.

Even asleep
I still feel
Desire's raging flames
I jolt awake
Bathed in sweat
Calling out your name.

My flood of tears
Has no chance to quench
The thirst of my desire
While bottomless wells
Of memories
Feed this all-consuming fire.

How do I tell
My trembling hands
And longing lips
Of everything they'll miss?
They'll never again
Caress your skin
Or share your
Breathless kiss.

My poor heart
Became adrift
And drowned
In a raging sea.
Our joyous love
That burned so hot
Consumes my thoughts
And memories.

Not long ago
You left my life
When life left you
But to me
It's an eternity.

Give Me A High Note

by Carolyn Donnell

I don't like the sopranos, the opera type
at least not the one that right now comes to mind
I listen to wavering, quavering pitch
Can't make up its mind if it is what or which
G or G sharp or somewhere in between
Leaves me with wishes to leave sight unseen

Give me a high note that soars like a lark
A clear voice to rise on a breeze in a park
Think of the women who sing Celtic tunes
Dream about walking through Irish-green ruins
Forgetting life's problems i manage a smile
A moment of freedom for just a while

Broken Promise

by Russ Towne

An unopened bud
A leaf left unfurled
A loss of great beauty
To a beckoning world
Withered by fear
From memories and pain
Won't risk rejection
Shame and disdain
Unrealized potential
Hidden deep in a ball
They suffer in silence
A broken promise to all
Kindness can open
Closed buds over time
Heal shattered hearts
And ease fearful minds
A bud can be opened
By the love of a friend
Who believes in their dreams
So their spirit can mend
Sometimes it takes
The smallest of sparks
A word to encourage
Those alone in the dark
Nurturing love
Can go a long way
To help beautiful petals
Feel the light of each day
Bask in the glory
Of knowing they dared
Make the world better
By the beauty they shared
Often late bloomers
Are most lovely of all
As their beauty is deeper
From their time in the ball

RENEW YOUR SBW MEMBERSHIP!

ALL current members
need to renew for 2019-
2020, even if you pur-
chased a half-year mem-
bership in January or
February or March.

RENEW TODAY by:

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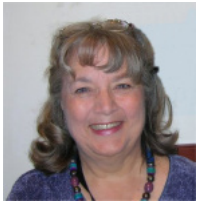
Pay in Person: cash or check at the next
meeting

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check for \$45 to

CWC South Bay Writers Club
P. O. Box 3254
Santa Clara, CA 95055

Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



Let us know if you have any success with any of the contests listed in Writers Talk. (Or any other contest for that matter.) Send your writing victories to membernews@southbaywriters.com

and any new stories, poems, articles, etc. to newsletter@southbaywriters.com.

You can also check other branches for their current contests, submission, anthology, etc. requests. See a list of other CWC branches at

<https://calwriters.org/cwcbranches/>

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.

CONTESTS WITH DEADLINES

Writers Digest Awards for 2019

<https://www.writersdigest.com/writing-competitions-pricing-and-deadlines/>

- Popular Fiction Awards deadline: Sept. 16, 2019
- Poetry Awards deadline: 10/01/19
- Short Short Story Competition deadline: 11/15/19

Zoetrope

<https://www.zoetrope.com/contests/>

- Stories 2019: Twenty-third Annual All-Story Short Fiction Competition. Deadline: October 1
- Films 2019: Third Annual Coppola Short Film Competition. Guest Judge: David Benioff (co-writer and showrunner of *Game of Thrones*). Final Deadline: October 15
- Screenplays 2019: Seventeenth Annual American Screenplay Competition. Guest Judge: Francis Ford Coppola. Deadline: September 5

LOCAL PUBLICATIONS AND CONTESTS

WNBA 2019 Bay Area Contest Fiction, Nonfiction, and Poetry. Deadline Oct. 31, 2019.

- <https://wnba-sfchapter.org/2019-bay-area-writers-contest/>

The Literary Nest: July 16, 2019 to Sept. 30, 2019 Theme: Free Will.

- <https://theliterarynest.com/>

Sand Hill Review: Stories, non-fiction articles, and poems.

- <https://sandhillreview.org/>

Catamaran Literary Reader: A West Coast quarterly literary and visual arts journal. Fiction, poetry, creative nonfiction, and fine art. Submissions year round with a quarterly production cycle. Submission fee includes a coupon for a \$14 discount on their website store.

- <https://catamaranliteraryreader.com/>

OTHER CONTESTS AND SUBMISSIONS

The Writer Magazine: free downloadable guide (Winter 2019 Guide to Writing Contests) at:

- <https://www.writermag.com/contests/explore/winter-writing-contests/>

The Write Life - 31 Free Writing Contests: Legitimate Competitions With Cash Prizes

- <https://thewritelife.com/writing-contests/>

Winning Writers - Lists poetry and prose contests that are free to enter. Usually accepts previously published work. Tom Howard/Margaret Reid Poetry Contest. Submit April 15 - Sept 30.

- <https://winningwriters.com/our-contests/tom-howard-margaret-reid-poetry-contest>

Hidden River Arts - Hawk Mountain Short Story Collection Award

- <https://hiddenriverarts.wordpress.com/awards-deadlines-and-guidelines/hawk-mountain-short-story-collection-award/>

Women Writers

- <https://www.soulsetinmotion.com/2019/05/14/women-writers-call-for-submissions/>

SOME SITES FOR POETS

Up The Staircase Quarterly - Submit 3-6 poems in a single document. Submit up to 10 .jpgs for art. No previously published poetry, but previously published artwork is okay.

- <https://tinyurl.com/yc6e26ru>

Poets & Writers - lists poetry and other contests.

- <https://www.pw.org/grants>

The Thimble Magazine - A quarterly online journal.

- <https://www.thimblelitmag.com/submissions/>

Poetry Pacific

- <http://poetrypacific.blogspot.com/>

Poets.Org: ecommends several book and magazine contests.

- <https://poets.org/text/entering-win-poetry-contests>

Freedom With Writing: 78 Poetry Manuscript Publishers No Reading Fees

- <https://tinyurl.com/yccuwzj6>

No Fee Calls for Poems: Facebook Group that lists contests that don't charge fees.

OTHER RESOURCES

Poets & Writers

- <https://www.pw.org/grants>*

The Writer

- <https://www.writermag.com/contests/> (*The Writer Magazine)

The Write Life

- <https://thewritelife.com/writing-contests/>*

Freedom With Writing

- <https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/>*

Authors Publish

- <http://www.authorspublish.com/>*

The Best Writing Contests of 2019 curated by Reedsy

- <https://blog.reedsy.com/writing-contests/>

Get Free Write - a list of the writing contests in 2019

- <https://getfreewrite.com/blogs/writing-success/2019-writing-contests-the-complete-guide>

Jerry Jenkins - Your Ultimate Guide to Writing Contests Through 2019

- <https://jerryjenkins.com/writing-contests/>

NewPages Classifieds - Writing Contests & Book Contests. Announcements of new and current writing contests.

- <https://www.newpages.com/classifieds/calls-for-submissions>

Hidden River Arts - Many different book award deadlines.

- <https://hiddenriverarts.wordpress.com/awards-deadlines-and-guidelines/>

* On both the Internet and Facebook.

— WT

Conferences and Events

September 2019

by Margie Yee Webb

San Francisco Writing for Change Conference

September 14, 2019, San Francisco CA

<http://sfwritingforchange.org/>

"At the 11th San Francisco Writing for Change Conference you will discover how what you write can change the world . . . and how to get your writing published."

What's Your Story?

Become an Unforgettable Storyteller with Kate Farrell

September 21, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/whats-your-story-become-unforgettable-storyteller-sep-21-2019>

Central Coast Writers Conference

September 26-28, 2019, San Luis Obispo CA

<https://www.cuesta.edu/community-programs/writers-conference/>

35th Annual Conference

How to Write Stunning Sentences with Nina Schuyler

September 28, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/how-write-stunning-sentences-nina-schuyler-sep-28-2019>

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

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

Litquake

October 10-19, 2019, San Francisco CA

San Francisco Literary Festival

20th Anniversary of San Francisco's Literary Festival

Lit Crawl San Francisco

October 19, 2019, San Francisco CA

"... a massive, one-night literary pub crawl throughout the city's Mission District. Lit Crawl SF brings together 500+ authors and close to 10,000 fans for the world's largest free pop-up literary event."

2nd Annual Book Fair

October 19, 2019, San Francisco CA

"... at The Chapel in the heart of the Mission District on the afternoon of Lit Crawl San Francisco."

—WT

Mutt's Last Fight

Continued from Page 6

nickname, changing from a derisive curse to a term of endearment and I embraced it. By the age of fifteen, I could hold my own in and out of the water. *The Big Mokes knew that they could still take me, but I dished out enough punishment to make it no longer worthwhile. And then, for some unknown reason, the much respected surfer, But-ton, took a liking to me, took me under his wing, and I never had to fight again.*

I was Mutt. I was Button's Haole. I was Untouchable.

At sixteen, I seriously began to lift weights to gain strength for paddling in and surviving the powerful winter swells. I learned humility in the big waves and earned respect in the Line-up. At seventeen, I could bench press twice my weight, and at eighteen, almost three times. I graduated high school a hard core North Shore charger who didn't have a clue what to do with his life and whose only ambition was to be a well-respected waterman.

My father suggested that I join the Navy and see the world until I found myself.

I enlisted and tested then it was suggested that I had the perfect temperament for submarine duty. That and the fact that I was only five feet eight inches tall. If it was Fate I cannot say, but it seemed I was destined to sail under the waves that my father flew over. I loved submarines and the comradery of a close knit crew. My fellow sailors were my family.

It can be argued that no one parties harder than a submariner on shore leave. Deprived of fresh air, warm sunshine, and hot women for as much as a three month stretch a submariner attempts to cram twelve weekends of fun into one.

We worked well together in close quarters and partied hard as a unit on the beach. I would usually spend the first two days blind drunk, then spent the rest of the week recuperating, but that wasn't the problem. The problem was that I was getting into too many hard fought fights that I didn't start. Upon learning that I could handle myself in a fist fight my crew mates picked out likely candidates in local dives and instigated things. I was an idiot for not stopping it sooner. Maybe the real problem was that I thought I had to prove something to somebody other than myself.

I had only three rules. Don't fight anybody

smaller than myself. Never throw the first punch and always throw the last. I am right handed and lead with my left, but I can usually knock out most guys with either hand. I actually liked to fight and hated to lose which is something I picked up on the North Shore. My crew mates made a lot of money betting on me.

A submarine can take out any and all ships in any Navy in the world. Carrier, cruiser, destroyer, you name it. Part of it is the stealth factor and the other the destructive power of the torpedoes. I fought like a submarine maneuvering for the right moment to deliver the explosive knock-out punch. I had a surprise left upper cut that was just short of nuclear. It came from the depths like a guided missile launched underwater and landed with pinpoint accuracy.

I never lost a fight that I landed that upper cut.

I remember my last fight in the Navy like it was yesterday.

It was at a dive bar called the Conch Hunter on the island of Martinique. The other guy was a Marine temporarily assigned to a destroyer escort. Almost all my fights were with Marines. I really didn't like fighting with my fellow sailors and there was no shortage of Jarheads that thought they could take out two or three sailors at a time. I don't even remember why we fought. There never are any good reasons, only alcohol fueled stupidity.

I distinctly remember landing the upper cut square on the jaw of the Jarhead and the instant pain of shattering the bones in my left hand. I was in trouble and he knew it too. He was about to clean my clock in short order. I feared for my life, panicked, and head butted him in survival mode.

It crushed his nose, and he dropped like a ten ton anchor into deep water, out cold.

Later, a rumor floated to the sub that the Marine was in a coma for three weeks. My hand took more than four months to heal, and I still, to this very day, feel guilty about it. I never fought dirty. As stupid and ignorant as it sounds, I liked a good clean fight and nothing more. Luckily, I never ran into the Marine again, as I'm sure, he would have killed me on sight. After that, I went my own way on shore leave.

Continued on Page 14

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

Mutt's Last Fight

Continued from Page 13

I left the boat and crew behind for two weeks at a time and that's when I fell in love. She was tall and slim with long wavy hair down to the middle of her back. A dark brown at its roots turning to a light auburn with hints of copper then sun bleached to a platinum blond at its ends. She looked like she had been born and raised on a beach. Her mother was Bahamian and her father British. She was an all natural woman comfortable in her own glowing skin. She had sea green eyes I wanted to dive into.

Her name was Monique and she was intriguingly, stunningly beautiful. She had left a carnage of broken hearts, crushed egos, and jilted lovers in her infamous wake. I was just one of many, and, if I knew then, what I knew later, I still would have done it all over again.

She was that great of a joy ride.

I don't think there was a man born that could handle her, let alone tame her.

At the end of two weeks I asked her to

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.

marry me and she laughed. Not out of meanness, she wasn't cold hearted, she was just too much woman for any mortal man. After three months at sea I came back to find out that she had hooked up with a rich sports fisherman and moved to Miami. All that was almost twenty years ago, although it feels more like two hundred. Last year I was diagnosed with ALS.

Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis.

It seems most likely to me that I probably acquired it from playing in the sand on Guam where something like a million tons of bombs exploded on the beach in WWII.

A year ago, I hired a private investigator to search for Monique and it took him all of five weeks to find her on the island of Antigua. Six months ago, I flew down there to meet her. She had fallen on hard times. Her lifestyle had taken a heavy toll on her beauty, but she still had a gorgeous smile. She said that she remembered me fondly and I don't think she was lying.

I explained my situation and asked her to marry me and this time she cried and accepted. As my widow she will be entitled

to my Navy pension and Social Security. At least somebody will reap the benefits. She has a nine year old son named Will, by some jackass that abandoned them. On my good days I am teaching him how to surf and it is doing wonders for his self confidence.

I love the kid.

I don't know how much time I have left to fight, but Monique takes great care of me, and we have become close friends, which is more than I could ask for. —WT



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2 2p Valley Writers	3	4	5	6 7:30p Open mic: Almaden B&N	7
8	9 2p Valley Writers	10 7p Well-RED atWorks	11 7p Board Meeting (Edie's House)	12	13	14
15 10A Our Voices	16 2p Valley Writers	17 6:00p SBW Dinner Holder's Country Inn	18	19 7p Third Thursday, Poetry Center	20 DEADLINE: <i>WritersTalk</i> Submission 7:30p Open mic: Willow Glen	21
22 1p Poets@Play, Markham House	23 2p Valley Writers	24	25	26	27	28
29 10A Our Voices	30 2p Valley Writers	September 2019				

Upcoming Events

Board Meeting (Edie's home):	Dinner Meeting (Holder's Country Inn)
• September 11	• September 17
• October 9	• October 15

SBW/CWC Events
appear on this calendar page.

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

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 Wednesdays, 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!

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

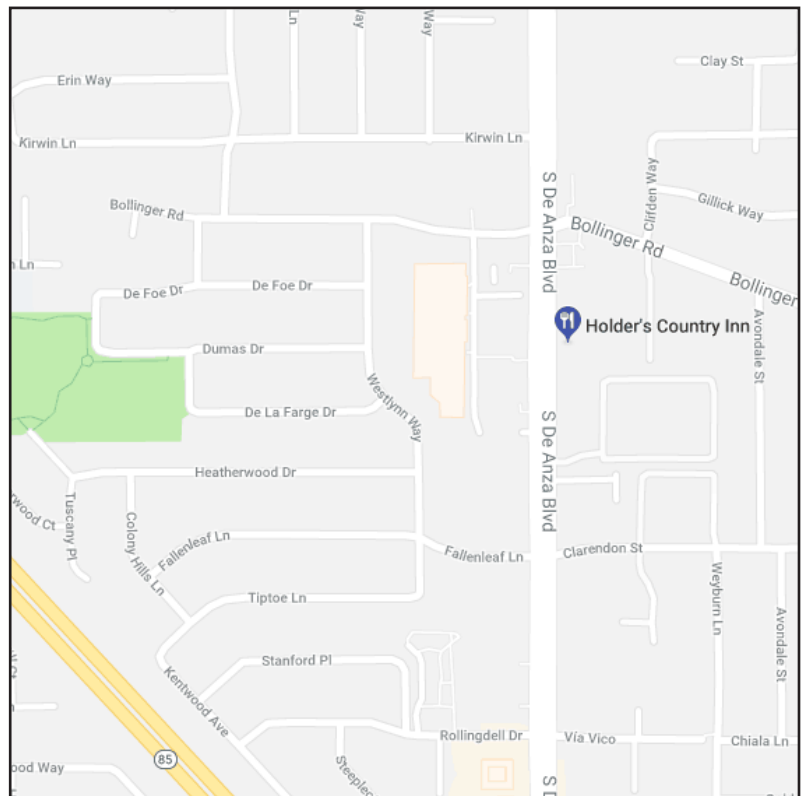
Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers
Regular Dinner Meeting
6:00 - 9:00 p.m.
Tuesday, September 17
Holder's Country Inn
998 S. DeAnza Blvd, San Jose**

A New Age of Fire: Storytelling Focusing on Public Speaking with Kate Farrell

Please send contributions and submissions for *WritersTalk* by or on the 20th of the month!

Regular dinner meetings are third Tuesdays 6 – 9 PM of every month except Summer BBQ, December, and workshop months



Holder's Country Inn

Located on South De Anza Boulevard after Bollinger Rd.

Accessible from Stevens Creek Blvd. or 85 (Mineta Hwy)