

December 2012

**Merry
Christmas!**

Suburban Scribe



Newsletter of the Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

**On December 10th, our guest speakers are —
We the Club Members!**

This is our HOLIDAY POTLUCK MONTH !!

Come share treats with us. Please bring something to munch on.

This is a pot-luck party! Several members will be reading their work. We don't get many chances to hear how each other writes. As usual, our club library, silent book auction, raffle, and authors' table will be available. We'll have lots of food, so bring friends, family, and let's have a great time.



clipart from bing.com http://go.gl/xK7b0

Writing Can Help Ease Serious Health Problems

from John Powell

A recent study by Joshua Smyth, PhD, of North Dakota State University, and published in a book titled: *The Writing Cure: How Expressive Writing Promotes Health and Emotional Well-Being*, found people suffering from asthma or arthritis were greatly aided by writing. Subjects spent only 20 minutes a day for three days writing about the most stressful experiences.

When the patients were examined four months later, 47% showed marked improvement in their condition. Only 24% of non-writers had improved. This research lead Smyth to suggest that writing alleviates stress that exacerbates illness.

**** Author Events **** *With of our SSWC authors!*

Saturday and Sunday, Dec 15 & 16, at the "*Old Sugar Mill*," at Willow Ave, Clarksburg, CA 95612

Saturday, Dec. 22, 2012, 2-4pm at the *Market Place*, 1325 Riley St., Folsom, CA.
SSWC member author Sheri Cockrell. (*marketplacefolsom.com*)



**If I don't write,
the voices will
never
let me sleep!**

Our Club's T-SHIRTS — We'll order them as needed.

<—Whalaa, our club t-shirt. See Mary Lou or Bert for order forms or info. Options like long sleeves, XXLg or XXXLg, Vinyl lettering for dark colors and so on, cost extra.

Our T-shirts can be ordered in just about any color, but ***please pre-pay***.

Cotton works best with the silk-screening, says our talented shirt designer, Brennan.

WEBSITES: Sactowriters.com & Facebook.com/sactowriters

MEETINGS: December 10th, etc. Meetings are on the 2nd Monday of each month.

LOCATION: [Crossroads Christian Fellowship](#) 5501 Dewey Drive, Fair Oaks. 7:00 - 9:00 PM

Excerpt from “Me & My Money...a child’s story” Chapter 6 by A. K. Buckroth

Every couple of weeks, I pull out the pickle jar from under my bed and count how much money is in there. The last time I counted it all, I couldn’t believe how much I saved! “Mom, Dad,” I yelled, “I have sixty-two dollars in my pickle jar!”

“Wow, sweetheart. That’s great,” said my mother.

“What are you going to buy?” asked my father.

“I don’t know yet. Maybe I’ll get those pink bicycle pedals I’ve been looking at.”

“Well, you have plenty of money for those pedals with enough left over for something else. Maybe we should put it in a savings account at the bank until you decide how to spend it. That way the money would earn some interest and you would have a little more.”

“Maybe,” I said. But what I was thinking was ‘No way.’ I wanted to spend it but wasn’t quite sure on what. “I’ll think about that, Dad, and let you know.”

“Okay, sweetie. You do that and let me or your mother know what you decide.”

Anyway, I don’t know what “*earning interest in the bank*” means, but I have interests of my own, never mind a bank! I had a lot to think about that night as I went to sleep. I had an idea! This was something I almost forgot!

At breakfast the next morning, I told my parents about this particular idea. I thought about it all night and could hardly go to sleep. I want to get a puppy!

“Dad, remember you told me yesterday to let you and Mom know how I decided to spend my pickle jar money?”

“Yes, yes. Did you think of something?”

“Well, I’d like to adopt a puppy. I know I can take care of it. He or she can sleep in my room. I won’t let it in the kitchen. I’ll teach it some manners and how to sit and lay down and roll over. I’ll feed it every day and take it for walks with me. And I’ll pick up its poop. Whatdaya say, huh? Whatdaysay? I’d like to go to the rescue place and get one there.”

My parents stopped eating and stared at me. Then they stared at each other. Neither one of them said anything for a while. Maybe I was talking too fast for them. So I let them digest this idea along with their breakfasts. This pause gave me time to crack my hard-boiled egg and eat it. We never had a puppy. Dad had one when he was a kid and tells me stories about him and “Max” growing up together near the Los Angeles, California harbor and the Pacific Ocean. I had asked my parents for a dog last year. Mom wasn’t too keen about the idea back then. When I brought it up this time, we talked about it all through breakfast. Well, actually Mom did most of the talking, Dad mostly agreed, and I mostly listened and agreed.

“Hmm, maybe it’s a good time for you to get a dog,” Mom remarked. “You seem to know what will be required. But as soon as you don’t take care of it, back to the shelter it will go. This is very important for you to realize, Kali.”

“Yes,” Dad agreed. “Having a puppy is more work than having a full-grown dog, you know. A puppy will need first-hand training whereas a full-grown dog will already know a few manners because of its former trainer. Hmm. We’ll have to try it out and see how both of you do together. But wait a second, young lady. I thought you were saving up for bike pedals.”

“Oh, I know, but this is more important,” I told him.

Hurray! With that statement as an agreement, it would now be up to me to come up with the fifty dollar adoption fee. I already had that in my pickle jar. As far as training a dog or puppy, I figure I could do this after school every day. I want to do this, real bad!

“I will take care of it, Dad. I promise.” So, not only did I agree to these ‘new puppy/dog rules,’ I had to make sure and keep up with my regular chores. I couldn’t wait to tell Wayne. He sure was going to be surprised! I also agreed to keep up with my school grades, including handing in my homework on time, reading my assignments, memorizing and practicing my spelling words along with memorizing and practicing my multiplication tables, and getting library books to read through my summer reading list. These are things I can do!



Excerpt from “Me & My Money... (Continued)

I like school and I have a lot of friends that help me to understand things that I don't fully understand, such as using a dictionary to look up the definition of words or how the words' syllables are separated. Subtraction is a bit of a problem for me. My friends help me with stuff like that. And sometime my English grammar is a bit, a bit, uh – *strained*, I'll say. Getting help works two ways. For instance, my friend, Lisa, wasn't sure how to describe a noun in a sentence. Because I helped her, she got a good grade. I like to help. All of this responsibility is good. Mom told me that responsibilities such as these will help me to mature, which means 'grow up.'

Andrea Roth www.mydiabeticsoul.com

“Me and My Money... A Child's Story,” by Andrea Roth is available on Kindle: <http://goo.gl/0sYzI>

The Cruise by Jeannie Turner

Travel is broadening, I have heard. For me, the broadening is usually in my girth, but sometimes travel really is broadening in the expansion of knowledge—whether it is sought after or not..

Just the other day I went in to speak with Madeleine, my favorite cruise consultant. She has found many cruises for me; she knows what I like and is very thoughtful. We got to chatting about the cruise I'd gone on with “her” cruise line the preceding spring.

“So how did you like that one?” Madeleine asked.

“Oh,” I exclaimed. “The delicious meals were spectacular as usual, and I especially enjoyed the Wednesday ‘Meet New Friends’ evening. The cuisine was outstanding.”

“I'm glad you enjoyed it,” she replied, as she poured sweet tea over the ice cubes she'd placed in two tall, slender glasses. “So you were OK, then, with the rearranging of the dining companions?”

“Thank you,” I said as she handed me the refreshing cool drink. “Yes, I certainly was fine with that change. I'll admit though, that I didn't like the idea at first; you see, I'd grown so comfortable with the ones I had been sitting with, and it really has never been easy for me to talk with strangers.”

“Actually, the management in the New York office was afraid that some people would feel that way,” Madeleine confided. “I really had to work to convince them to let me try it just this once on just this one cruise and see how it went.” Then she added, “But you are all right now with meeting new fellow travelers?”

“Yes, but not just *any* fellow travelers. It's still hard for me to enjoy talking with people I don't know, but sitting right next to me that evening at the ‘Meet New Friends’ dinner was this lovely young lady – at least she was young to me! She was . . . oh, maybe fifty-ish, but you know I'm in my 80s, and a lot of people seem young to me.” We both had a chuckle about that!

“Tell me about her,” said Madeleine, as she daintily crossed her still attractive ankles and tucked them properly off to one side.

“She is someone,” I began, “whom I had noticed on that cruise before the ‘Meet New Friends’ evening. I think I first became aware of her when we were on Catalina Island. She was surrounded by four or five beautiful, vivacious, vibrant girls—*they* really *were* young! Probably in their 20s, and that's young, isn't it!”

“Yes, even to me, that's young!” She sighed, and we laughed together again as she surmised, “You can see why she's my preferred cruise consultant.

Idly rubbing one finger on my cool tea glass, I went on, “Actually, one of the girls wasn't so very attractive, and she seemed kind of crippled. You could also tell that she was blind because of her white cane—oh I know many of your cruisers affect a cane but purely for style and drama; hers was white with a red tip, and that's what the blind use, isn't it?”



<http://free.bridal-shower-themes.com>

"And oh, those girls were beautiful and elegant and stylish. It was easy to tell that they were movie stars or actresses or models or heiresses at least. I would usually see them all together with the older lady. Oh, that is funny, isn't it! Calling someone in their 50s an 'older lady' when I am almost 85 myself!"

"Yes, it is," she agreed ruefully, as we laughed together. I certainly enjoy talking with her and having her help me plan my cruises. She is very pleasant, and also I do get very tired of trying to work with some others - those young whippersnappers who speak so fast that they're hard to follow, and so softly that I can scarcely hear a word they say, and then they treat me as if I don't have all my marbles.

"And you'll never guess what," I went on excitedly. "We became quite good friends on the rest of that cruise; we exchanged addresses and phone numbers and even email addresses, and have been in contact ever since!"

"I am so glad for you," exclaimed Madeleine, "You are one of my favorite 'cruisers,' you know."

"But wait," I continued. "There's more. She and her girls are going to visit me on their next trip to Sacramento AND they are going to stay with me in my Villa on Maui next month. Aren't you thrilled for me? Just think, I'll be hobnobbing with such glamorous people. I can introduce them to all my neighbors on the island. We are such good friends now, Lenore and I, that's her name, Lenore—but of course you probably know that."

Madeleine's expression changed at my announcement. She looked almost distressed. Her fingers twisted in her lap, seemingly of their own volition. She looked out the window. She took a sip of her sweet tea then set the glass back shakily on the table. She glanced down towards her lap and clasped her hands together, stilling her twisting fingers. After another fleeting glimpse out the window her mouth opened and closed twice. Then in a very faint voice she said something indiscernible to me.

What had I said to upset her so? What was happening? "Are you all right?" I inquired.

"Yes, I . . . I . . ." she stammered, nibbling her impeccably manicured thumbnail. "I don't know where to begin."

"Go on," I encouraged, as I leaned toward her, touching her arm lightly.

"Well," she said hesitatingly, looking up at the corner of the ceiling. "The girls, they aren't movie stars or actresses or even heiresses."

"Oh? Really? In truth that doesn't surprise me, now that I think of it. I certainly could see that their beauty was more than skin deep. They were so caring, and loving, and gentle, and kind to everyone, and especially to the handicapped girl. Why the way they doted over her and cared for her was a sight to gladden the heart. So then they are her daughters! How fortunate she is, to have such lovely, lovely daughters."

Madeleine brushed at her skirt as if there were dirt or lint on it. Then, taking a deep breath, she went on, "Nooo, they aren't her daughters, either. She does take five girls on our spring cruise every year, but . . . not . . . the . . . same girls."

"Oh, then they must be the winners of a big beauty pageant," I said, beginning to understand the situation, or so I thought. "And she takes them on a cruise as part of their prize?"

"Uh, yes, yes that is sort of it." Madeleine seemed to be grasping my words as she would a life preserver had she been drowning. "They *are* the girls who have done the best that year, who have brought in the most money for her." Looking thoughtful, she paused. "Do you know *The Purple Pleasant Peacock Palace* near Hollywood and Vine?"

"I don't. I so rarely attend the theater any more," I confessed.

"It...isn't...actually...a...theater." She paused. "It's uh, it's uh..."

Madeleine seemed at a loss for words; this wasn't like her at all.

Taking a deep breath she continued. "*The Purple Pleasant Peacock Palace* is... well... Lenore's in charge there. She runs the finest place—of its kind—in all of Hollywood. She's, she's Hollywood's consummate Madam!"



Hawaii photo from TDY Bert

Used Bookstores

Happy Hunting in Stacks of Tomes by Mike Nichols and Bert D.

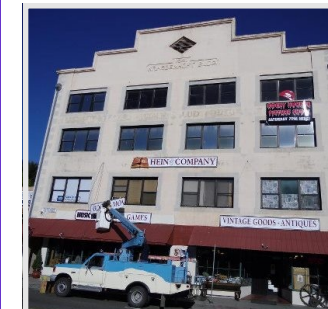
The many used books stores that carry such names as *BOOKWORM* and *BOOKLOVERS* or cutesy take-offs on romance novels with swooning women draped over Mister Right's strong bare arm are not the subject of this article — thankfully!

We, a pair of book scouts/tome hunters, or *too cheap to buy new*, and fellow writers have been rummaging around some local used books stores and with a little bit of worn shoe leather, have discovered a few new old books for their cherished shelves. Saving a few bucks is one perk of a good used book, while the other is, that a ton of great books haven't been in print for years.

I've been searching for titles by Howard Pease, some of his work has been out of print for fifty years, and since he was "rediscovered" by readers that like the good ol' adventure story, his work is a little hard to find, which makes them a treasure worthy of the search. Besides, the search is the fun part. How often have we searched for one book, and found an absolute delight that we had never heard of? Often enough to keep searching, and we not have found that *one oh so special* book yet.

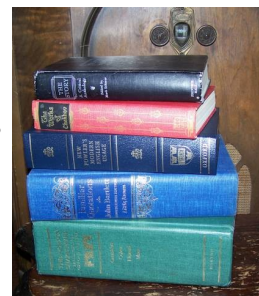
Reference books can be really expensive, so buying used makes perfect sense, as Benjamin

Franklin would agree, considering his thoughts on thrift. And once in awhile, we come across that sweet little book that makes a dozen and one trips to all those different stores worth every moment, and gallon of gas, which brings up on-line book buying. It's a convenience we've grown accustomed to, and often we can save a lot of folding George Washingtons, but holding a book in hand and knowing that *this is the one* is still pretty nice. It's so nice, that I really hope used books stores stay around for a long, long time! So...here's a few used bookstores that Bert and I have stumbled around in. We'll concentrate on the pretty darn good to great ones.



For this month, let's start with a really great one in Jackson. Worth the drive to the Gold Rush town of Jackson on Hwy 49, *Hein & Co Books* has been there for decades, and has amassed two floors of everything from bent old paperbacks to rare tomes whose aged pages draw us into realms forgotten, and they have great cats. Say hello to the star cat in Bert's photo. The staff isn't in your face, but is helpful and the owners don't act like they're above it all, they sell comic books, too. Of all the used books stores within reasonable driving range, this may be the best. It certainly has my vote and I have spent many enjoyable hours searching through the full shelves, and when I leave, my arms are full.

From Bert: We didn't mention there are also some antiques in there! What were my favorite nabs? It's hard to find shelves full, (emphasis on plural) of really usable reference books not only from dictionaries, thesauruses, or writers guides, but specialty books like the *Visual Dictionary* and *Descriptionary*, but this place has a great assortment. Aside from much needed serious topics, my sci-fi side snagged "*The Complete Science Fiction Treasury of H.G. Wells*" with *The Time Machine*, *The War of the Worlds*, and several others of his hit stories. I'd say this place has a warm, sublime atmosphere that I'd just like to hide out in with my laptop and get some real writing done.



Hein & Co. Bookstore, 204 N. Main St., Jackson, CA More at their Facebook page: <http://goo.gl/OG9P5>



OFFICERS

Elected Officers:

President	Mary Lou Anderson
Vice President	Brittany Lord
Secretary	<u>Need a nominee!</u>
Treasurer	April Edsberg

Chairs:

Achievement	Mary Lou Anderson
Chairs Chair	Westley Turner
Coffee/Treats	Rotates
Conference Coord.	John Powell
Critique Groups	Tom Hessler
Directory	Britt Lord
Historian	Roberta "Bert" D
Librarian	Ron Smith
Membership	Jeannie Turner
Newsletter	Bert & Crit Team
Nominations	Westley Turner
Publicity	Andrea Roth
Raffle	Mort Rumberg
Sunshine	Patricia Phillips
Facebook	Bert (and ? help!)
Web Masters	Brittany & Bert
Workshops	Eve Wise

Special Thanks

to April Edsberg and Tom Hessler for their workshop on the Club Anthology.

CLUB ELECTIONS are coming up! SSWC needs a new Secretary, and other help. Bert is stepping down as Secretary (too many other duties)

Recent Publications by April Edsberg

Frank Leek	Shared Parenting	7/30/12	Book
Andrea Roth	Me and My Money	9/25/12	ACTV, Book
Dolly McClure	My Humming Bird	11/11/12	Suburban Scribe
Tony Marcolongo	Sisters of Pearl Harbor	7/10/12	Suburban Scribe
Tony Marcolongo	Invisible Wings	9/10/12	Suburban Scribe

"IT" by Dolly McClure

It, this thing, grinned at me with a half gaping, sagging mouth showing its odd-shaped, discolored, rotting teeth drooling with slimy decay.

I shivered and cringed fearing to get closer, fearing It would somehow contaminate me, and yet I was also fascinated by its drastically changing features.

Peering into the one partially opened eye, now swelling with bloat, I could see the remains of brains, hanging like loose threads. The other eye was almost sunken within itself, squinting at an unseen world. Its cavernous cheeks gave way to a rotting cranium oozing away with Its life force. Mold was creeping in all directions like a blanket attempting to hide this hideous thing. It was ugly and unwanted. And It smelled. Bad.

Oh, how proud I was to have looked upon this beloved masterpiece and say, "My great-grandson carved this Halloween pumpkin three months ago and he is only seven years old. And he named it, 'It.'"

Membership Fees: \$\$ Jan 2012

Individual	\$40	Not to bear bad news, but dues are coming due this January.
Couple	\$55	Fees go to our Treasurer, April.
Full-Time Student	\$38	Jeannie in Membership can
Platinum Senior (70 & over)	\$38	update emails and other data.

ADS: Andrea K. Roth, CA Notary Public, Member of the National Notary Association since 1996. Need a notarized affidavit to travel with your children or grandchildren? Buying Real Property? Transferring a Vehicle? Nine times out of ten, people need a document notarized and don't know where to go. When you learn that a form needs to be notarized, call. Call Andrea. (916) 396-3414 or (916) 489-1599 or mydiabeticsoul.com

Sacramento Suburban Writers Club
c/o Buckroth Enterprises
P.O. Box 601013
Sacramento, CA 95608

MEETING INFORMATION:

December 10th
2nd Monday

Crossroads Christian Fellowship
5501 Dewey Drive, Fair Oaks.
7:00 - 9:00 PM

Writers, musicians, artists, & guests are welcome to attend.

You do not have to be published. Membership is not mandatory but brings privileges.

For membership info, call or message Jeannie Turner
At 916-635-5797
turnerjeannie@yahoo.com
Or see the Websites:

Sactowriters.com
Facebook.com/sactowriters

