

July 2012



# Suburban Scribe



Newsletter of the Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

***On July 9th, our Guest Speaker is  
Linda Lohman, BA, RHS, LOL, HATS, LMBO***

Linda has been widowed nineteen years and has two grown sons, and four grand-children. Her activities with the Red Hat Society keep her in laughter and her four-footed Yorkie parole officer, Lucy takes her to exercise twice a day. They walk from three to five miles depending on weather, roosters, wild turkeys, and flower sniffing.



She is blessed with a wonderful family and a Mother that is an inspiration to everyone. At 85, she doesn't have time to listen to people talk about their ailments. She tells them to take vitamins and exercise and always obeys her Mother. She graduated from CSU – in 1980. It took her two years to get her degree because the tuition was astronomical at \$100 for all the units you could handle. She retired in 2005 and began to pursue her writing in earnest. Since then, she has been published in *The Reader's Digest*, *The Sacramento Bee*, *Sac News and Review*, *Senior Spectrum*, *Solidarity*, and currently writes a humor column for *Miss Kitty's Journal*. All her stories are true and probably exaggerated.

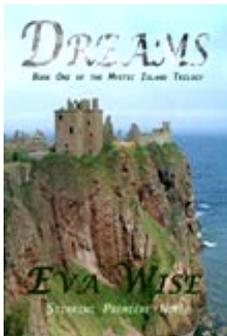
**Six Chicken Soup for the Soul books contain her stories:**

- Chicken Soup for the Soul: Thanks Mom *My Blessing*
- Chicken Soup for the Soul: Gifts of Christmas *The Christmas Stockings*
- Chicken Soup for the Soul: Tales of Christmas *The Christmas Stockings*
- Chicken Soup for the Soul: Grandmothers *Grandma's Advice*
- Chicken Soup for the Soul: Inspiration for the Young at Heart *When I'm Sixty-Four*
- Chicken Soup for the Soul: Finding My Happiness *A Friend in Need*

Linda belongs to the Renaissance Society at Sac State, the California Writers Club, Order of the Eastern Star, and the Red Hat Society. You can contact her at [laborelations@yahoo.com](mailto:laborelations@yahoo.com).



**New Book!**  
**Dreams**  
by Eva Wise  
[evawise.com](http://evawise.com)  
On her website, in Publications.



**Stubby Press Newsletter**  
**(New!) by MichelleLeMay**

<http://www.StubbyTheDragon.com>  
**What IS Stubby Press?**  
A brand-new publishing company.  
Target audience: 5-8 year olds (and young at heart) Please "Like it" if you will, at [facebook.com/stubbythedragon](https://www.facebook.com/stubbythedragon)  
Aug 26 is a Book Launch!



This Month's Workshop is *Characters* by Mike N. and Bert

**WEBSITES:** [Sactowriters.com](http://Sactowriters.com) & [Facebook.com/sactowriters](https://www.facebook.com/sactowriters)

**MEETING THIS MONTH:** July 9th. Next meetings are on the 2nd Monday of Each Month.

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

## My Idaho Experience *By Eva Wise*

[www.squidoo.com](http://www.squidoo.com)



When I was growing up my father liked to move around a lot. I never spent more than three years at any given place. One of those times, I spent third, fourth and fifth grades in Point Reyes, California. This would have been 1964 through 1966. My father was working on a dairy outside of town. The house we were living in came with the job but was located in town. In the summer of 1966, my father decided that we were going to move yet again. He had bought 40 acres of land in northern Idaho. He bought a big rig with a long flat bed trailer and left before us with our household belongings, including seven goats. My mother, me siblings and I left a month later in a pickup truck with a homemade camper shell which included a Mary's attic over the cab.

It was the middle of July when we arrived in Saint Maries and it was raining, hard. We met our dad there then followed him to the property. It was ten miles outside of town and another two miles on a dirt road. There was no electricity on the property. The nearest electricity pole was about two miles away, and according to my parents would have cost us \$500 to have the electric company bring electricity to us. We did not have that kind of money then. When we finally arrived at the property, it was starting to get dark. I could see the beginnings of a log cabin being built but it wasn't ready to be lived in. That night, and several nights after, me and my siblings slept in sleeping bags around a campfire while our parents slept in the camper. The property had a creek running through one corner. It was close enough to have a well dug near the cabin and the water was cold enough, even in the summer, to keep food items like goat milk cold. We had an old wood cook stove, including oven; a fireplace; and a long galvanized horse trough for a bath tub. Water was heated up and put in the tub so we could take a bath.

By the time I started sixth grade, we had five more goats, including a ram, 40 head of calves and a Shetland pony. The pony only knew how to go in circles, so you guess what he used to do. He also kept running away. We would always find him about five miles away near some other horses. I think he was only lonely for his kind. Speaking of school, the old cliché of walking two miles to get to school still held true. Only, we had to walk two miles to the main highway to the bus stop. That was after we milked the goats and fed the chickens and calves. My father at this point was hardly ever around. He had gotten a job with the Forest Service and spent most of his time in Canada. Despite it all, we only missed the bus once because we were dallying too much on our walk to the bus stop.

In the winter, the snowdrifts were upwards of ten to twelve feet. On those days, my mother drove us to the bus stop in this all terrain vehicle snow vehicle my dad had picked up somewhere. In the summer time, my siblings and I did a lot of walking the area near our property. We would find old homesteads, mostly eroded down from time. But there would be unique old items, such as old jars, plates, cups, etc. from the 1800's and 1900's.

One memorable moment, we were walking down a dirt road and as we came around a bend we met up with a brown bear. He went one way and we went the other. I think he was just as scared as we were. My family and I also had to deal with wolves and coyotes getting at the calves. I learned how to shoot a 22 and a 30 ought 6 rifle. I also learned how to drive a tractor. I spent sixth and seventh grade there. In the summer of 1967, we had to move back to California. My mother's family was living in Santa Rosa when an earthquake hit. My Mom wanted to back to be near them.

Of all the places over the years growing up, we've lived in Washington, Oregon, California, and Idaho. Not necessarily in that order. I remember going from California to Oregon to Washington to California to Idaho to California to Washington and back to California, where I finally graduated high school in Healdsburg, California. Of all the places, Idaho was my favorite.

## Reference Books; Grandma Knew her Grammar!

By M.G.Nichols



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I seek the correct way to present the English word on paper... or computer screen.

In this I envy my older brethren within the *plunderbund* of writers, for they are better educated in the way of the word than I! I was in high school right at the crux of the change from true learning and the sophomoric replacement of “feelgoodisum” that has left so many of us undereducated and misbelieving that we know where for of we speak. The attitude of learning and teaching is so screwed up today, that when I show *A Complete Course in Freshman English* by Harry Shaw to college students, they tell me, “Oh, we don’t get that until our third year,” or “You only have to take classes like that if your BA is in English.” So? Why bother to go to college if you’re getting what we used to call, High School? This is wonderment, and may be the reason good reference books for grammar are so important.

There is the English language to consider, and it is not all that easy to begin with. Begin, began, begun, beginning or start, started, starting? We know what we want to tell our reader sometimes we need help to do it right. Sometimes? The greatest editor in the world writes a book, and gets another editor to edit it! Editing is as important as writing the work being edited. If that sounds odd, I should place it in italics because technically it is a quote, by James A. Michener, and his editor didn’t like the way he said that, but it was during an interview and it’s on audiotape. One thing is true to writers beyond all other things; we screw up. At the very least, our grammar and spelling should be as well placed into our work as we are able to present it.

In colleges across this land, the two most common reference books for students are, *The Bedford Handbook* by Dianna Hacker, and *The Beacon Handbook* by Robert Perrin. For our nuts and bolt needs, these are the “go to” works. The next step up is *The Prentice Hall Handbook For Writers*, *The Little Brown Book*, and *The Holt Handbook*, there are many grammar reference books that claim to be great, but most fall short when compared to these three. Any one of them should be enough to get you through your writing, but... do you want to know more about writing? Ah! Then here’s the suggested book for learning and knowing the English language, *Writer’s Guide and Index to English* by Porter G. Perrin, current editions are edited by Wilma and David Ebbit, worth checking out, and always an excellent book for your shelf of knowledge. Again, there are a lot of books that claim to be the “one you need,” but consider the source, it’s usually the writer or publisher telling you that! With this well vetted tome, it’s college English teachers and professors making the statement, rather than the claim. Statement? Claim, hmmm? Let me get my reference book on grammar and see which of those words is the definitive one.

Grammar is so very important to the printed word, the quality of our words must be as refined as we can deliver to our reader, holding inside our style and genre without insulting or demining our readers, without going over their heads or writing beneath them. It is work! If the basic grammar is skewed, than reading the work is work, and that is unforgivable. Whether we are writing youth fiction, travel, mysteries, fantasy, or a textbook on brass doorknobs, clarity is paramount. Is the word, “paramount,” improper for this work?

Apply the rules of grammar, it isn’t, but if this were aimed at 6<sup>th</sup> graders, it would be. Grammar helps us write to our reader by supplying the level of grammar appropriate to that level of reading skill and comprehension. This little bit of info stunned the majority of students at a writing seminar at UOP. Even a few that were employed as English teachers! And the very adroit elderly woman giving that lecture knew it would. She had her mojo working, at least when it came to English.

If you’re one of the lucky ones, there is an English teacher in your past that was tough on you! There are two in my past, I wish there had been more!



## Songbird *by Gisela Butler*

I have a story I would like to share ... I have been feeling lousy for a few days with a flu virus. I was feeling sorry for my self. The big father in Heaven had other plans for me yesterday evening... I was watering my lawn and looked down in the green grass and saw a little movement. I thought oh my goodness it is a tiny infant bird. I picked it up ever so gently. It had a gash below his ever so tiny wings, the little skin was red but no blood was visible. I held it in my hand and I felt so sad and helpless. My kitty Fritz knew right where the little guy was. Fritz looked all over for him I had him in my hand...I put him in a plastic container with tissue to keep it warm and safe.

My little bird had already feathers, and I learned from the pc, it was about 3 weeks old. It had its eyes open. I gave it water from the cap and with my syringe I was able to feed it a bit. I also learned to give it boiled egg yoke with milk, in a paste and fed it through a syringe. My little guy was eating and his beak was wide open, so cute. I still seen his wounds when he opened his wings a little, I felt so helpless. He was too young to fly. It was midnight by now and my new little friend was sleeping so I did too.

In the morning I heard that little chirping noise telling me "I need food and care." I called an animal clinic and they told me were the wildlife rescue was. We packed up our little one. I had bounded with it so well, and felt it needed help so bad. Here, it fell out of the nest, my cat got it some how, what kind of greeting did my small friend have from this new world? My little creature was homeless, in pain and had no mommy. So I became its mommy for a few hours.

My husband thought I was nuts driving so far to the rescue place for this little infant bird. He did agree it needed help. As we arrived at the shelter the girl lovingly thanked me for caring. She examined the wound on its back and told me they will sew it and give it antibiotic. I think it will make it. I donated money for a good cause before I left. I had tears in my eyes upon saying good bye to my little roommate. I just hope it will pull through that it can sing for all of us... a little songbird a finch.

## QUAHOGS *by Anthony Marcolongo*

On the eastern shores of New England, there lives a clam that grows to an average size of half a softball. The are called Quahogs, pronounced "co-hog."

The word Quahog is derived from the Narragansett Indian word, "poquauhock," and Quahogs are a sought after delicacy whose numbers have been decimated from overharvesting.

To protect the species from further exploitation, the authorities set up breeding beds; shallow depressions in the beach isolated from the ocean and fenced off. The beds are then filled with several feet of sea water and the clams are inserted and allowed to mature, undisturbed. Every season, several of the matured beds are open to the public for harvesting. On-duty game wardens check each bucket, basket and pail for permissible amounts, as well as the individual size of each Quahog in one's catch. On one particular weekend my family went "Quahoging," and I watched as every clammer tried their best to cheat, to stash away a few extra clams.

My brother-in-law Cosmo, a very large, muscular man, squirreled away an extra couple of large clams down and alongside that considerable bulge in the front of his tight wetsuit. Now, although that specific hiding place would not have been my first choice, they were quite unnoticeable there, I assure you. As people were scurrying about, bending over to excavate clams from the bottom of the water-covered bed, I moseyed alongside this rather large lady who was talking to her husband. She was holding a basketful of the clams.

Although I was only ten years old, I decided to have some fun with her. I pulled out my knife, and lifted a Quahog out of her basket. She turned quickly and asked, "Young man, just what do you think you're doing?"

Before she could say another word, I quickly forced my knife between the shell halves of the clam and sliced it open. I then drained the saltwater, and scraped all the meat together, first from one side, then the other. At that point I tilted my head back, put the monster-sized thing to my lips, and with a loud slurping noise, gulped it all down, raw. Her basket of clams dropped from her hand, and that poor, and now wide-eyed, woman let out a shriek and fainted dead away, hitting the water with a large splash.

The wardens came running, along with a life guard. The gang of them raised the woman to a sitting position and began working on her.

All us kids laughed our heads off ... until the adults started to admonish us for our unkind behavior. But I have to tell you, none of that was as funny as what happened next, when my brother-in-law Cosmo suddenly began letting out some blood-curdling screams.



## ***MOUNT THE GALLOPING HORSE***

Beauty contest!  
Thrill. We're in the hunt.  
Competing against others we will not see.

I love the intrigue.  
One short meeting—a minute race.  
The prize, a turnaround to lead for months or years.

We race to prove our metal, wit and pride,  
but most of all tenacity and grit.  
Expose our thoughts upon the fly, to those who will decide.

Questions hurled and answered in a flash.  
“Can you tame the dog?  
Its teeth are in my loin.”

Or mount the horse that gallops nigh?  
Its hooves, shod steel,  
strewn sparks upon the path.

To mount it sir. I'll stand erect, throw arms around its neck,  
Grab mane and swing aboard to balance bare back  
Or fall gashed beneath the hooves.  
Aboard is good enough!

Jobs go to those who win this race.  
Runner up?  
No money is paid for second place.

Fallen from the horse? Then walk you must.  
Pragmatic did not do the job that time.  
An errant plunge? A countered thrust?  
Or was it being first to speak?  
An empty hook? That time an empty sword  
Except the one that twists within.

A beauty contest won gives only entry to the toil.  
A dog to tame, A stead to ride,  
A mountain yet to climb.

If chosen we unclench the dog to hoist above our head,  
Tame the horse and ride it for our purpose.  
Stride upon those visioned heights,  
and drink from lakes of calm beyond the present storm.

But first the thrill, another beauty contest looms.  
Again we're in the hunt.  
Plunge. Thrust.  
A minute race to win!

### ***Written by Robert C. Greeley:***

The poem “Mount the Galloping Horse” won a \$300 first prize at the Poetry Contest held at the California Insolvency Conference two weeks ago in Palm Desert.

The statewide three-day conference brings judges, attorneys, CPA's, Bankers and other professionals together to discuss the issues of business insolvency and tools such as bankruptcy, receiverships, and assignments for the benefit of creditors. The poem is about the process one goes through (often called “beauty contests” ) to be hired for the task of leading a turnaround or liquidation project—what I do for a living.

The winnings have been sent on to the St. Jude's Children's Hospital.

... What're you  
on my back for?  
What? Run?  
HAHA!





**OFFICERS**

**Elected Officers:**

President	Mary Lou Anderson
Vice President	Brittany Lord
Secretary	Roberta Davis
Treasurer	April Edsberg

**Chairs:**

Achievement	Mary Lou Anderson
Chairs Chair	Westley Turner
Coffee/Treats	Rotates
Conference Coord.	John Powell
Critique Groups	Tom Hessler
Directory	John Powell
Historian	Roberta "Bert"
Librarian	Ron Smith
Membership	Jeannie Turner
Newsletter	Bert, & crit team
Nominations	Westley Turner
Publicity	Andrea R & Shawn
Raffle	Mort Rumberg
Sunshine	<i>need help</i>
Website & Facebook	Bert (and ?)
Web Assistants <i>new</i>	Brittany & Bert
Workshops	Eve Wise

**Imagination Theater and Events from Andrea Roth**

"A Garden Affair" Fundraiser - Friday, August 17 at 6:00 p.m. Silent and Live Auction at the theater. Accepting donations of goods and services. Food, wine, desserts & entertainment. [itplacerville@yahoo.com](mailto:itplacerville@yahoo.com). Tickets are \$25. 9am-1pm.

**Intermediate Acting Workshop** ages 14 through 20, July 9-13, 9am-1pm. Scenes from selected plays will be covered--from dramas, comedies, classics, and Shakespeare! The workshop is \$50.

Call the box office at 530-642-0404 or email [itplacerville@yahoo.com](mailto:itplacerville@yahoo.com)

Tickets on Sale Online for The SecretGarden and A Little Princess [www.it-tickets.org](http://www.it-tickets.org). Ticket prices are \$17 Adult, \$14 Senior, and \$10 Child, special opening night pricing and group tickets. [imagination-theater.org](http://imagination-theater.org)

**Twenty-Seventh Sierra Storytelling Festival**, July 27 - 29, 2012, North Columbia Schoolhouse Cultural Center, Nevada City, CA [www.SierraStorytellingFestival.org](http://www.SierraStorytellingFestival.org) Featuring: Willy Claflin, Donald Davis, Brenda Wong Aoki, Slash Coleman, Olga Loya and more!

**Gold Country Writers, Supporting Local Authors**, meets every Wednesday, 10:00am, Depoe Bay Coffee Co., backroom, 893 High St., Auburn, CA.

**Free Computer Classes!** [www.placerlibrary.org/Department/Library](http://www.placerlibrary.org/Department/Library)  
 "Computers for Beginners," "I-net Basics," "Social Networking," "ebooks."

**JOKES MORE JOKES**

"Dad, I'm considering a life in organized Crime." "Government or private sector, son?"  
**"The secret to life: Something to do; Something to hope for; Someone to love."** *Anthony Marcolongo*

*Special Thanks to Terry Maxwell, our June guest speaker [www.tmgpubco.com](http://www.tmgpubco.com)*

**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 not 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](http://mydiabeticsoul.com)

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

**MEETING INFORMATION:**

July 9th  
 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](mailto:turnerjeannie@yahoo.com)  
 Or see the Websites:  
[Sactowriters.com](http://Sactowriters.com)  
[Facebook.com/sactowriters](https://Facebook.com/sactowriters)

