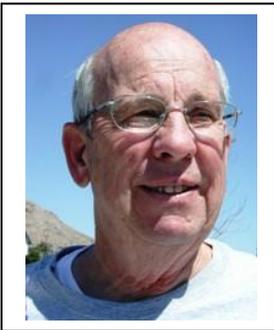


INKSLINGER

SAIL ON
HIGH DESERT BRANCH CWC

VOL 25. NO 1 – JULY 2010

The California Writer's Club (CWC) shall foster professionalism in writing, promote networking of writers with the writing community, mentor new writers, and provide the literary support for writers and the writing community as is appropriate through education and leadership



The
PRESIDENT'S
P O V

And so the reign of terror begins...

Seriously, I am so very proud and honored to be your selection for president of this branch for the next year. I am awed by the wisdom and talent in this club, and excited about the potential for this already growing group of writers.

Carol Warren threw down the Welcome Mat, and did it well. She led our club in a positive and friendly manner, and helped mold and characterize the HD CWC as a pleasant, hospitable organization. And we thank you, Carol, for all you did.

We've grown from 14 members in January of 2009 to 87 people on the books in June of 2010. That's a growth of 621%, a staggering development that would be envied by any business you can name. That equates to a little more than 4 new members every month for 18 months!

Numbers aren't everything. However, it's a method of measuring our success in a way, because it shows that what we are doing is what writers are interested in.

The plan for the new administration is to do more of the same, but with a special tweak to it. Because we are developing as a body of knowledge, we're going to be calling on you more

and more to share your knowledge as well as your ideas.

One of those ways is the implementation of the new program of 10 Minute Tips and Techniques. Every single HD CWC members should be able to come up with at least one, and probably more than one of these 10MTT's. If you don't want to get before the group, that's okay, but write it up for us and email it to me with "My Technique" on the subject line at risbill@aol.com.

Also, if you have an idea of a program you'd like to see developed, send it to me, but with this disclaimer. Research it a little bit first and attach at least one solution or strategy. In other words, you might send me an email that you'd like us to put on a program of writing while sky-diving. Fine. But don't quit there. Think it about it, research it a bit, and add: "There's a group of people in Helendale who own typewriters and parachutes and they meet on the 3rd Wednesday of each month at the Apple Valley Airport. The contact name is Ima Bit Nuts, and her email is looneyintheair@verizon.com. Would you like me to contact her?"

That sort of suggestion would be really helpful and make it easier for all of us to follow.

While it's important that you renew your membership and pay your dues, remember, we're not looking for dues payers; we're looking for members!

If you want further details of what to expect, just re-read our Mission Statement because that's the blueprint of everything we'll be doing for the next term. And remember....

"It is never too soon to do a kindness because you never know how soon it will be too late."

..... **Ralph Waldo Emerson**

ANTHOLOGY ANALYSIS

By Outskirts Press

(The following is an excerpt from our anthology publishers manuscript review team editor Lisa Connors. We thought you'd be interested. G. Gracyk)

I want to give you my overall impression of your work: This is a wonderful compilation of writing. You are right – it offers a reader a taste of just about everything. Each writer has their own unique style that brings so much to this anthology. It is always easy to tell when an author spends time with their writing – I can tell this is dynamic characters. So many authors rush through their stories without really developing them. Not yours. Each story read like a movie in my mind. You have compiled an excellent piece here. Bravo. True for every piece that has found itself in your collection. I can't even list my favorites because I found something about each one that I enjoyed. It is obvious that each writer spent a significant amount planning and preparation in crafting his or her work. Each plot was very engaging with nicely developed plotlines and round,



WORLD FULL OF NOTHING **Director Jesse Pomeroy**

By Fran Savage

A full eighty-six minute movie, World Full Of Nothing, is now available on DVD. It hits home the epidemic of teen suicides in our country. It tells of a young girl caught in the middle of an Internet predator, and an FBI profiler. A movie that should be available to teens that face problems, and have no reason to continue living then take their own lives.

The High Desert CWC was treated to the *trailer* of the movie, and then an informative talk by Jesse Pomeroy. The movie had a budget under \$100,000, a huge sum for most of us, but mere pennies in the movie producing industry. The movie written, produced, edited (etc. etc.) by family and friends who also acted, and even wrote much of the background music. The finished professional product was of top grade, and Jesse won the Best Feature Director award at the Naperville Independent Film Festival.

In 2009 Mr. & Mrs. Pomeroy joined their son Jesse, along with their producer Marcus Innocenti, to attend the Naperville Independent Film Festival,

in Naperville, Illinois. They flew into Chicago, and upon arriving at the Festival learned that World Full of Nothing had been nominated for three awards: Best Actress, Angela Bozier, Best Director, Jesse, and Best Feature Film.

The film was in production for three years, but took only six months to complete. The team had success producing short films, and World Full of Nothing was their first feature film. Jesse is one of the High Desert success stories graduating from the Apple Valley High School. Films were his great love, and he received his Degree in Film from the Art Center and Design College in Pasadena.

Technology today has improved greatly from days past so a camera purchased for far less money can produce the same results of a 35mm. It was a *family affair*, and the camera was but one of the problems. They had to deal with copy rights, the six-track Sound System, visual effects, disc makers, and the least of the problems cue cards for actors who could not remember their lines.

When the film reached its conclusion, marketing would be another stone wall to get through. Those in that phase of the business charged more than the film cost to produce. They were looking for name actors, and a decent budget.

Other ways are out there, and the Pomeroy's are researching for the best way to get the message out. There are dozens of film festivals. One of the most popular is Sundance, and they receive an average of 9,000 admissions. Needless to say those people never view every movie they receive. Back to word of mouth. They are on Face Book, Twitter, and their web site www.worldfullofnothing.com.

Some of our audience suggested approaching schools, another suggested contacting film clubs on campus, and University Screenings with a staff audience.

Mr. Pomeroy continued speaking directly to those interested in becoming a screen writer. We learned that screen writing consists of three acts, the beginning, middle and ending.

Act One: Something has to happen or has recently happened and you must have action and dialog to further that action. It should be about thirty pages with lots of dialog on the first page, and the first ten pages are key.

A reminder, film makers will fill in the gaps. You aren't writing a book so forget the details.

Act Two: Approximately sixty pages, stress the theme. Something new has to happen.

Act Three: Again thirty pages, totaling one-hundred-twenty pages. Has to be the turning point the climatic event, and leads to the end of the picture.

The Epilogue: The last line of the film. One of the most famous, and best end lines, "Forget it Jake. . . it's Chinatown."

He also instructed us to define our protagonist, and the bad guy who looks like a friend, but turns on the hero. Find the girl, and slay the dragon!

"Final Draft" is one program that will walk you through your screen writing from form, characters and scenes. It is rather expensive, about \$400.00. Another "Scribner" with script writing in the final draft. You can purchase it for \$40.00 with a free test for thirty days.

The Pomeroy's have put their lives into this film, and we wish them the success they deserve. You may contact them at the above web site, or you may call Emily Pomeroy at 760 242-5397 (she is a member of HDCWC, and the mother of Jesse). The cost of the movie is only \$12.00, and you won't be disappointed.



Jesse's easy-going manner and obvious enthusiasm kept the audience attention at high torque throughout his presentation

A member tells us that: Webcrawler.com is a *metasearch* engine that combines Google, Yahoo!, Bing, and Ask in one easy search. Besides websites, it also lists images, video, news, yellow and white pages. It's a great timesaver.

ARE YOU PUBLISHED?

Are you a published author? A producer of some other media?

We'd like to know about it. Is your book available? Where? How does one buy it? How much? Do you have a web site? What is your domain address?

Would you like this information posted on our web site? Featured in the Inks linger?

We'd like a short bio/description of your book in a compatible Word file, and a head-shot photo in jpg

file (optional) if you'd like us to help publicize your work in accordance with our Mission Statement.

We would also like to poll you on this question: Would you be willing to contribute a ONE TIME donation of \$3.50 for each book/product for the HDCWC to purchase identical individual plastic holders to display your product at our conference and other meetings?

PLEASE RESPOND AND SEND IT TO THE FOLLOWING EMAIL ADDRESS:
vvmediator@aol.com

DO YOU HAVE A GREAT TECHNIQUE?

How do you stay on schedule? How do you make your characters come to life on the page? How do you say in a few words what takes the rest of us to say in many? What tip has helped you most as a writer? Did you recently (or not so recently) learn a technique of some kind that you would share with the rest of us?

Can you do it in 10 minutes...?

We're in the process of putting together just such a program. We'd love YOU to share that special something that has helped you as a writer to develop in a meaningful way.

But it needs to be brief and to the point. Ten minutes brief, absolute maximum.

Can you do it? WILL you do it?

Let us know. Give us a title, a topic, an estimated time, and an intro that takes 15 seconds or less. (Please use a 14 font or greater in your emails to me. Thanks.)

Please send your email subject line "MY TECHNIQUE" to risbill@aol.com

Target date for presentations: July 10, 2010 meeting. (And there will be others as well, so prepare a "10MTT" and have it in your hip pocket!

Following are the 10 Minute Technique Speakers for July 10th meeting so far: (mid June - more to come, obviously!)

Mary Thompson
Dwight Norris
Diane Neil
Curt James
John Kizziar

If you have a 10 Minute Technique, bring it to the July 10 meeting; however, it will have to take a "space available" position.

I know you are going to enjoy hearing these techniques!

DISCLAIMER

All items in this newsletter are the opinions of the author(s) and do not in any way represent the views or official position of CWC.

GET IT OUT THERE

by Thomas Kier

It used to be called vanity press; it had a questionable reputation and may or may not have been the last resort of authors who were not necessarily poor at their craft--only victims of a system that rewards those who can promote themselves and interact with the public in a positive and gregarious way. Except that some authors chose to use this avenue first; how do you classify them? I know from personal experience that if you are in a down-spiraling economy, and your job has been reduced, or worse cut out altogether, there is not time to wait for an agent and editor and publisher to sift slowly through slush-piles and make offers and counter-offers and sign documents, then wait for your gem to be discovered by the reading public. Your family has already starved. The traditional last-ditch is now moving into its own. I found a front-page article in June 3, 2010's Wall Street Journal that explains the revolution.

Amazon.com seems to be leading the way with their software an author can use to upload his or her own work as an e-book. In June, they are increasing the author's share of revenue on works priced at \$2.99 to \$9.99 from 35% to 70%. Also on Amazon, an author can authorize sections of the book to be available as a free teaser to the public, and reader reviews are posted on the website, as well as the site's own recommendations to all who view or buy similar products. In short, the more sales are made, the more publicity an author will receive. Amazon has received exclusive deals with Stephen King and Stephen Covey.

Apple, Barnes & Noble, and other established companies are jumping on the bandwagon, as well as many startup and now-converting companies; there seems to be a real future here. And as there is more competition, there is more to be gained by the author.

There doesn't yet seem to be support for advances, and there is not as much editing support as of yet, but they may be just down the road. This appears to be a growing technology, and I would suggest finding out all you can before submitting your work. Just as hooking up with a questionable

agent can ruin a writer's career, submitting good work with grammatical errors or unseen gaffs can ruin a writer's reputation.

I have not had a chance to follow up all the resources listed in the article, but they mention the companies of:

Amazon.com
Barnes & Noble
Apple
Smashwords
FastPencil
Scribd
Author Solutions

Good luck to all who are brave enough to write, and even more brave to let others critique their work through their pocketbooks. I've heard it said that there is a novel in every one of us, I just can't remember right now who said it . . . sorry.

Here's mine, developed through participation in Mr. Bonson's Published Author Course:

Ego writes your book. Humility publishes that book. Both are needed.

S. I. HAYAKAWA

by N C Ward

The story is told of Dr. S. I. Hayakawa at a banquet for the University of San Francisco. He was the university president, of course, but that was unknown to the gentleman who sat across from him. After the soup was served, the man opposite Dr. Hayakawa, apparently in an attempt to be accommodating, smiled at him and said, "You likee soupie?"

After the dinner, Dr. Hayakawa was introduced as the keynote speaker and, of course, delivered an eloquent address. As Dr. Hayakawa returned to his seat after a standing ovation, he turned to the unknown gentleman opposite him and asked, "You likee speechie?" (contributed by Dwight Norris)

Can you imagine the embarrassment of Dr. Hayakawa's fellow diner? Ouch!

Following our last wind "episode" I was tackling the dust in the back room where my books are housed, when I came across an old friend -- "Use the Right Word - a Modern Guide to Synonyms" by H.I. Hayakawa. There it sat on the shelf in its tattered dust jacket, long ignored, and unopened, but in spite of several "downsizings" in my life, it had survived the periodic weeding of my bookshelves and was just waiting for this moment.

Soon after, I was talking with Dwight on the phone. Out of curiosity I asked him if he knew of S.I Hayakawa and received a surprisingly strong affirmative. He then related the above anecdote to me. Dwight's response was surprising because Dr. Hayakawa's highly acclaimed ascent into the rarified atmosphere of academic stardom and recognition in linguistic issues in both the academic world and the general community really took off in the 1950's. Now, half a century later, it is gratifying to realize his influence is still being felt in the literary world. His book *Language in Action (1939)* established his credentials as an internationally recognized authority on semantics. However, for most aspiring writers, it was his *Use the Right Word – a Modern Guide to Synonyms* which he edited in conjunction with Funk & Wagnall, that became our "go to", ultimate source for the synonym that most correctly defines the absolutely correct nuance to the word we sought. At over 725 pages, it is easier to tote the popular "pocket books" of synonyms and antonyms than this far more complete compilation but this work demands room in the reference bookcase.

Born in Canada, Dr. Hayakawa received his B.A. and M.A. from top Canadian universities then came to the US to be a graduate associate at the University of Wisconsin, obtaining his Ph.D in his English and American Literature while there.

In the mid-1950's he became a US citizen and a professor at San Francisco State College, rising to the presidency of the University in 1968. The current edition of *Use the Right Word* was published in 1969.

This book of synonyms is addictive. Open at any page and you find a series of mini-essays relative to the definitions. They are fascinating reading and it's a lot like looking at a catalog of any coveted item— one thing leads to another and you've missed the late news on TV!

Senator Hayakawa, (he was elected to the US Congress in 1976) died in 1992 at 85 years of age. If you've not seen this outstanding book of semantic revelations, I recommend it to your attention...

NEIGHBORHOOD REPORTERS

By Marilyn Ramirez

My first typewriter was an old 'Underwood'. I was infatuated with the black and red tape that rolled around as I pecked away on the round keys, that stair-stepped up the black machine. At first I didn't have any idea what to type. So I filled the page with

any number of words, first in black, then in red. This lasted for a few minutes until I got bored.

The year was 1957 and a lazy hot summer in Fresno, California. My sister, Tessy and I had just finished picking the large grapefruits off the tree for mother, when our neighborhood girlfriend, Christie dropped by to see what we were up to. Christie eyed the old 'Underwood' and began pecking at the keys.

All at once a grand idea popped into my head. Why not put the old typewriter to good use? "Hey," I said. "Let's be reporters!"

All I got from the girls at first was a deer-in-headlights look. Then they nodded their heads in unison. At 8 years old, we didn't know the first thing about reporting, but we had seen some of it done on our black and white TV. After several minutes of rounding up pad and pencils, the three of us set out in our neighborhood. We took turns going to the front doors of each of our neighbors. Some of the women who answered the door we had never seen and we shyly asked the question of the day. First we had to introduce ourselves. "Hi, I'm Marilyn LeRoy and I'm your neighborhood reporter. Got any news we could put in our Newspaper?"

It didn't take long to collect a swell bunch of news. Within an hour the three of us girls worked our way home and stood in front of the dandy ole 'Underwood.'

"Whose going to type?" was the first thing in order. It was decided we'd all take our turns. We slipped our blue-lined school paper in the machine and started pecking away. By the end of the afternoon we had a swell bunch of news typed out on our Newspaper.

Mrs. Henry's cat just had a litter of kittens and she was looking for homes for them. Mr. Bosley just got a new motor bike and was going to try it out that afternoon. Mrs. Kinsley was looking for a babysitter and would pay 15 cents an hour. And Katie's mom just had a baby. And so the news went on and on. .

We couldn't wait to sell our Newspaper. After we had one typed up to perfection, we had to make more just like it. Our chubby little fingers got sore, so it would be someone else's turn to do the typing for a while. Once we had a nice little stack of the neighborhood news, we had to decide on the price we'd charge for it. After much thought we decided a nickel a paper would be worth the trouble to put it together.

The next day, the three of us set out to sell our neighborhood Newspaper. We proudly walked up to the door of all our neighbors houses and announced we had a paper to sell. We sold everyone of those papers and had a small pocketful of change. The pay wasn't nearly as satisfying as having put a plan together and seeing it through.

Two things occurred to me years later. Number one, I bet our neighbors got a kick out of reading all about their neighbors news, and two . . . that was the beginning of my writing career.

SPEAKING OF SHAKESPEARE

By Ann Miner Heimback

My son had a dog named Shakespeare. He also had dogs named Beethoven, T. S. Eliot, and - well, you get the picture.

Shakespeare was a British Mastiff.

I stored some boxes of books in my son's backyard shed. Shakespeare, a puppy of six months and a mere 100 pounds, discovered them and chewed them up!! The big baby was just cutting his teeth!

After that, whenever I visited I simply had to ask the dog, "So, Shakespeare, eaten any good books lately?"

#####

BUT YOU PROMISED ME A SHOWER

By James Elstead

"FALL IN!!" I called out, and thirty pairs of boots snapped together.

"Listen up, today's duties are posted, it's your responsibility to read it and fulfill your assignments. Any questions?"

Private Jimmie Smith raised his hand, "Sergeant, I haven't had a shower in the seven days we've been here. You keep promising me a shower when're you going to let me go?"

I glanced at my clipboard and looked up. "If I call your name get your shower gear and get in HQ-4, for those of you who don't know that's the pick-up with the camouflaged cover." Then I started to read off the names:

"Private Smith, Sergeant Johanson, Corporal Ericsson, Private First Class Pagan, Staff Sergeant Morgan, and Sergeant Anderson, the truck leaves in five minutes. Specialist Miller you're my driver, you had a shower yesterday so don't bring your gear. Dismissed."

Fifteen minutes later we were two miles down the road, we turned a corner to find a

barricade blocking our access to the shower point. A Specialist moved from the tree he was leaning on and walked over to my side of the truck.

"Sorry Sergeant you have to turn around, you can't pass."

I shook my head, "All I want to do is get to the shower point that's a half-mile from here. If you look carefully you can see the tip of the tent from here."

"Sorry Sergeant, artillery's firing," he paused as a round went overhead; the road's closed until 1300."

From the back of the truck I heard Private Smith whimpering, "But, that Sergeant promised me a shower, it's been seven days, I stink."

I looked at Miller and shook my head, he smiled, glanced back through the window at the cargo bed. I opened my door, walked to the rear and pulled the cover up. Private Smith looked at me with tears in his eyes, "y, you, promised me a shower two days ago, everyone else's had one, some have had two and I haven't. IT'S NOT FAIR SERGEANT!"

"Son, shut up! Have I brought you back without a shower?" I didn't wait for an answer, just closed the cover and went to the front of the truck. "Miller, turn around, go back a half-mile."

"Okay Sarge, I like your ideas let's go." He turned the truck around; ten minutes later we were moving along a dirt road.

"Okay, Miller, pull off here, get far enough in so we can't be seen from the road. Park under that tree, - that should do it."

Smith was the first one out of the truck; he stood under the tree and looked around in confusion as everyone else jumped off the tailgate and grabbed their gear. As they headed toward the flowing river I called out: "Johanson, take from that rock to the tree. Ericsson, take from his tree to that sandy spot. Pagan, take from that sandy spot to the first sapling by the bend in the river. Morgan, take the far side of the wide spot by those small rocks. Anderson, take from the small rocks to the big boulder. I'll take from the big boulder to the bumper of the truck. Smith you take from the bumper of the truck."

Smith just stood there and shook his head. "Sergeant I knew I couldn't trust you, you promised me a shower and now I'm not going to get one. I want my shower!"

"Smith, I can't get you a shower, I can get you clean, just get in the water and take a bath in the river."

"I can't do that, I don't know how."

"It's easy, look at Staff Sergeant Morgan, he took his clothes off, he's wading into the water and he's getting himself all wet."

"B, B, But Sergeant the water's cold, I can't get in the water."

"Look Smith, I've had it with your sniveling. You get in the water, take a bath or I take you back dirty. If you don't I can't guarantee it won't be another week before you get to a shower."

Smith slowly took his gear and walked to his assigned spot on the river bed. He slowly took his clothes off and hung them on a tree so they wouldn't get wrinkled.

Twenty minutes later I'd finished my bath and sat on the tailgate putting my socks on when Smith came up.

"Boy, Sarge that was the best shower I never had."

"I thought that was an aspirin."

"Well... did you take it?"

"No. I didn't have a headache."

"You ALWAYS have a headache, whenever I ask you to take me anywhere."

"Well, not this time. I thought we were going to Catalina."

"We can go to Catalina anytime. How often do we get to go deep sea fishing?"

"I had hoped, never!... O-o-oh... I think I'm dying."

"You're not dying. Pick up a pole, and try to catch something. It'll get your mind off your stomach. Here, I'll even bait your hook."

"Don't bother. I just want to go home."

"Suit yourself, but remember, this is an all day trip. It's a long swim back to Dana Point."

"I think I really AM going to be sick."

"If you think you're going to, do it over the side. I really would rather not clean it up."

"Such sympathy," he groaned, as he made a desperate lunge for the side of the boat.

* * *

The smooth oak railing felt somewhat comforting, and he clung as if his very existence depended upon it. Twenty years with this woman, he thought, and she still doesn't know me. He glanced quickly at his wife as she slowly let out her line.

"I'll get you for this," he muttered. "Just you wait and see. I'll get you for this."

THE FISHERMAN

By Suzanne Deboard Holbrook

The unmistakable scent of bait and salt intermingled with the heavy, acrid smell of Diesel fuel. Seasoned fishermen roamed the deck, eager to cast out their lines. With the wind in their faces, they breathed in deeply, reveling in the coolness of the early morning hours, knowing the hot summer sun would soon be upon them.

The raucous cries of seagulls filled the air as they soared, bickering among themselves, then plummeted toward the unprotected bins of anchovies and chopped mackerel. "SHOO! you blasted thieves", shouted one of the deck hands. But they paid little attention to this insignificant human.

On the starboard side of the boat, a middle aged man slouched in a faded blue and white deck chair, arguing quietly with his wife.

"I am deathly ill," he moaned. "I told you we shouldn't have come."

"You do look a little green. Did you take the Dramamine I gave you?"

"What Dramamine?"

"That little white pill I gave you before we boarded."

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SHE STILL USES BECAUSE
SHE'S NOT DEAD YET

She bends over that mirror,
Or that book,
Or any flat surface she can find,
Because she uses.

That straw or that hollow pen,
Is perfectly erect to the right angle,
As she prepares,
To use.

She uses her fantasy world,
Engulfing every reality and sweeping,
It under the rug.
She still uses.

In one quick snort,
She feels the instant burning,
Of the fantasy enter her brain,
She still uses.

And after her eyes stop tearing,
And her nerve endings begin to tingle,
She looks into a reflection of some ghostlike
transparency
Of her former self.

She can't see the lines on her face,
Or the dryness of her skin,
Or the tearing of her brain tissue,
Or the stress on her heart

She can't see anything at all because,
She's still using.

Yes, she's not dead yet,
And how do I know?
I know it ONLY because,
She's still using.

by Linda Bowden.

Poetry is the art of
substantiating shadows and
of lending existence to
nothing.
Edmund Burke



FOG

*Shadowed figures immersed in uncertainty.
Hidden faces lurking in wisps of gray...of silver
blue.*

*Dimly lit, grasping for light, yet-
reveling in the moisture of the air.*

*Trapped in solitude –
awaiting the lifting, the rising of the mist,
the settling of the droplets, 'til light returns
to flood the valley with remembrances and life.*

Suzanne Deboard Holbrook-Brumbaugh

LESSONS FROM THE FLOWERS
_by Diane Neil

The shadows of the evening
crawl across the sky
reminding us, the living
that we are bound to die.

One way in, one way out.
it's whispered from the flowers'
struggling up through mud
to brighten up some hours.

They bloom their heads off
before they turn to dust.
however brief their blooming,
they show off as they must.

And so must we,
allotted years, not days,
bloom where we are planted
to learn the flowers' ways.

THOSE DARN FIREWORKS...

The stars have an envious stare
As July's shadowed sky is lit.
For a trade stolen is hard to bear
Heaven's eyes reply in a fit.
Intolerable are those bursts,
When, after all, the stars came first!

How can stars compete with such gleam?
They strive and sigh. Attempts in vain,
Though prideful the man-made bangs may seem...
The ARE! Now leave! For here, stars reign!
No one likes those conceited blasts,
So leave the stars alone at last!

By Rebekah E. Koontz

The "Inkslinger" was in the process of being compiled even as the Saturday 26 meeting was in session. Fortunately, our on-the-spot-reporter put together a great report/summary of that meeting which you will find below – it is too valuable and interesting to hold until the next issue!

Enjoy Fran's offering!

TRAINING MEETING **Saturday June 26, 2010**

By Fran Savage

Our second meeting for the Month of June proved to be an excellent training session for those, like me, who are dummies when it comes to blogging or setting up our own web sites. A good turnout with donuts and coffee served after the coffeepot had a miraculous healing, and the learning began.

Dr. Freddi Gold and member of HDCWC was the first speaker. She taught us the importance of having our own Blog, and Blogging is a huge part of Marketing. She suggested that we try to be guest Bloggers, and whenever possible to use free tools to practice.

She first explained the many types of Blogs that are available to us as amateurs. She mentioned Personal Blogs; Corporate and Organizational Blogs; Genre that include authors, photographers and artists; Media Blogs; Device, such as PDA's, smart phones, computers, and others that are too numerous to mention. Blog can now be used as a verb, such as I blog, and I don't yet.

Writing is the only profession where no one considers you ridiculous if you earn no money.
Jules Remard

Another thing in this texting world is that we not use abbreviations in our Blogs. A couple of them like u r, and others that the young tend to use to simplify their typing. Students try to get their papers filled with those abbreviations, and normally that technique is not acceptable. That also applies to Blogs.

Check out her Power Point Slide Show on www.hdcwc.org and click on Dr. Freddie Gold "Blogging 101." All your questions will be answered.

Our Second Speaker was our own Bob Isbill who spoke on "How to Build Your Own Web Site". Bob also passed out four pages of Step by Step information to help you get started. But first you must prepare yourself, and before you start you must choose a domain name. Beware of those who offer to search your name. There are some who charge for this service. Choose a backup domain name in case your first choice is taken by others.

Plan what you want to put on your site. Write it down before you begin. Then search other web sites, and decide what you want to say in your own site. What do you find attractive in others? Think about your message, and what you want to accomplish. Keep it clean, friendly and truthful.

HDCWC uses officelive.com, and the total cost is \$50.00 per year. They offer other free services. Someone in the audience said that Verizon offers web sites free to their customers. So do your homework, then work on your Blog.

HOW CAN YOU HATE THIS EDITOR?

Every author fears that arch-foe, the rejection slip. In China, one economic journal has reportedly come up with a "Thanks, but no thanks" note that has real style:

We have read your manuscript with boundless delight. If we were to publish your paper, it would be impossible for us to publish any work of a lower standard. And as it is unthinkable that, in the next thousand years, we shall see its equal, we are, to our regret, compelled to return your divine composition, and to beg you a thousand times to overlook our short sight and timidity .(Reprint from Playboy Magazine)