



# INKSLINGER

HIGH DESERT BRANCH CWC

SAIL ON

Vol. 24-No. 5 - May 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



## CAROL'S COMMENTS

Greetings to members and guests:

High Desert Branch of CWC continues to plan interesting and informative meetings so you don't want to miss a single one. I begin looking forward to the next meeting the day after the month's current one. My thoughts become "What can I learn this day and what can I contribute?" I sincerely believe we each have something to contribute if we really want to. You may be thinking what could that be? Some of the things I think about start with your enthusiastic attendance. Sometimes when a member hears that the guest speaker topic will be about writing romance, as an example, and you may think, "I'm not interested in that genre". I believe you can learn something from what each speaker has to offer if you come with an open mind. Next, am I focused on listening to what is offered rather than having a whispered conversation with the person sitting next to me or thinking about all I have to do when the meeting is over? Do you recognize any opportunity to mentor another writer in some way? (that is part of our Mission Statement) You do have something to offer if you are willing to do so. After the meeting, do I think about how I can use what I have learned to

apply to my own writing (you are doing some writing aren't you?) There is an old saying, but still quite true, to the effect that you can only get something out of it if you put something into it. What have you done and what are you going to do?

With these thoughts in mind, this naturally leads into the upcoming elections next month. As my two year term as your President comes to a close, I reminisce just a bit. I think about how far we have come as a writer's group, how many we have served and helped and been helped by in return. The many and varied talents we are seeing and hearing is continually inspiring to me and I am sure to others. The opportunity for continued growth individually and as an organization is unlimited. I am looking forward to the horizons. How about you?

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*Teresa signed books for the members and donated one to the HATM raffle*

**“KEEP WRITING”  
TERESA BURRELL**  
*By Fran Savage*

As I re-read the March *Inkslinger* about author Teresa Burrell, I recalled her history, and how she became a writer. First

she was a teacher in San Bernardino for twelve years. She returned to school, got her law degree, and spent twelve years working as an Award Winning Attorney in San Diego. She specialized in cases with abused minors, and juvenile delinquents.

Her writing experience was in legal briefs, and she thought she could easily write a book. Same thing, right? She worked in the court system about sixteen hours every day, but she devoted two hours each morning starting at four a.m. to write her current book. A fiction book based on fact, and six months later she had her first novel.

At that point in her life she attended a writing conference in San Diego. She then rewrote her book the first of twelve times before it was released in August 2009. She stated that her writing is not graphic in nature, but brings to the readers facts of the numerous cases she worked over the years. She has now finished her second book, is searching for the title, and only edited it once. It is scheduled to be published in June of this year.

Even though she stated, “The Publishing Industry sucks.” Her words, yet her books have been published by that industry. Her new publisher will be helping her market her new book, among other things they will help set up book signing appointments for her. On her first book she did most of the marketing.

Like our previous speaker, Burrell advises writers to get active on line with our own web sites, blogs, Facebook, Twitter, e-books, etc. etc. She stated one reason her new publisher came about was because she was visible on line.

She stated it is harder for a self-published writer to have book signings at book stores. One thing they demand is a 100% return on unsold books. Book stores in small towns like Ridgecrest are actually hungry for writers to contact them. They are not nearly as strict as larger stores. She even set up signings in a local café in Ridgecrest,

and everyone who came into the café bought one of her books.

She travels all over, sending out post cards to groups like Rotary, Kiwanis, woman’s clubs, and any group anxious for speakers where she then sells books. Other pieces of advice that we writers would be wise to follow, “Write what you know, and keep writing. Attend conferences and book festivals. Join critique groups. After all, there is nothing like having your name printed on front page of a book.”

**JULIA AMANTE IS OUR MAY 8 SPEAKER**

Julia Amante, women's fiction author, lives in California in a home filled with bits and pieces of her Argentine heritage. Paintings of Argentine towns. A beautiful leather map with the outline of Argentina. Pictures and trinkets.



However, the real details of her beautiful culture unfolded gradually as she grew up the daughter of Argentine immigrants

Today, a product of the American Dream, Julia writes emotionally rich stories about family love, and the passion of chasing and achieving life's goals.

Julia is a proud mother and wife, a teacher, and a lover of life and its many gifts. Following her passion to detail life in writing as well as share the joys of writing with other aspiring writers, Julia is currently pursuing an MFA. Julia has presented workshops at the Latino Book and Family Festival, the Mexican-American Organization Foundation, the Latina Business Women Organization, as well as in colleges such as the University of California, Riverside, Cal. State Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara City College

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"There are no secrets to success. It is the result of preparation, hard work, and learning from failure." - Colin Powell

I find television very educational. Every time someone turns it on, I go in the other room and read a book.  
----Groucho Marx

## **TIME IS RUNNING OUT**

We are at the end of April. May 14 is the deadline for submission of your work for the Anthology. Hopefully, the Anthology will be offered for sale at the HATM Writer's Conference September 25. It takes approximately 90 days for the publisher to prepare it once the copy has reached them. Don't delay sending your submission.

George Grayck has asked that before you send your work to him you review it with this in mind: Proof read it. Much of the work has sentences lacking a verb or a noun. He has received copy where whole paragraphs are fragments – certainly not what the writer probably wanted to project. Pay attention to your spell/grammar check – they are programmed to catch this kind of error. If it gives you an "alert", pay attention and fix it. That's why they exist. Not having a left margin creates a jumble, and using a "hard" return is another problem. Let your program utilize the word wrap feature. (An aside – don't substitute a "l" for a 1 – a lot of us learned to type that way but times have changed!) Some programs being used are old and cannot be converted. He then has to retype the submission, so if possible, try to find a friend with Microsoft 2007 and use the friend's PC for the final copy. And, please, use common fonts. This is not the time to "decorate" with odd and/or exotic fonts. Times New Roman or Arial are good basic fonts.

None of this is meant in a "down-putting" way – simply as guidelines. We're going to have an Anthology to be proud of and all of your submissions are solicited. The deadlines are not Branch-imposed, it's a matter of getting the whole thing put together so we can see our offerings between covers, in print, and for sale. We've worked hard – let's reap the harvest!

Be sure to send your check to Anne with "Anthology" in the memo line.

Anne Fowler, Treasurer

**20162 Hwy 18 Ste G-281**

**Apple Valley, CA 92307**

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There's nothing to writing. All you do is sit down at a typewriter and open a vein." - Walter Wellesley "Red" Smith, sports columnist

## **NOTICE! ALERT! NEED TO KNOW!**

To all HD CWC Members

Volunteers: We had a wonderful response for our request for volunteers at our Howl At The Moon Conference of September 25th. We had 16 sign up for a total of 18 with two more since then.

We are looking for brand new items that can be donated to the HDCWC for Door Prizes, Raffle Gifts, etc. If you have any such item that you would like to donate, please bring it to our next meeting, at the Apple Valley Library.

On Saturday, June 26, 2010 we will have a special meeting at the Hesperia Library. Details will be announced later, but hold that date open and please plan to attend.

When you send your checks to Anne Fowler for the anthology, please note "anthology" on your memo line. When you send your checks for the HATM Conference, please indicate "conference" on your memo line. Thanks!

Bob Isbill  
VP/Publicity

And those volunteers, to date, are:

Willard Brumbaugh  
Suzanne Holbrook  
Carol Warren  
Marilyn Ramirez  
Emily Pomeroy  
Howard Pomeroy  
Fran Savage  
Terry Posada  
Jenny Margotta  
Anne Fowler  
Elizabeth Paine  
Harold Meza  
Mary Thompson  
Penny Jenkins  
Judith Pfeffer  
Joan Bass  
Iris Baker  
Naomi Ward

As the time approaches, there will be one or two meetings of the volunteers to set out assignments and provide needed information. And to all, a heartfelt "Thank You". Membership participation will make our conference a success plus bring new information and help to each of our members – which, as of this month, number 83! Cheers to us!

## WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY?

How about spending an exciting evening with your writing friends at Maverick Stadium? Baseball, hot dogs, fireworks and publicity for our High Desert Branch of the California Writers Club... what could be better?

We can do this for \$6 bucks a ticket. We'll have our own section reserved where our club members (and guests) are together to cheer the night away with our club advertised on the scoreboard! The game (Mavericks vs. Lake Elsinore) begins at 7:05 pm on July 4<sup>th</sup>.

And here's a great part: By buying a ticket, you automatically buy a chance to GET YOURS FREE! Yes, 12 people will get their money back in a drawing (just from our members and guests). So buy your ticket at the next meeting on May 8, 2010 or by May 15<sup>th</sup> at the latest and be in the pool for a refund. **Only those people whose tickets have been paid for by May 15th will be in the drawing.**

After that date, you may still be able to buy tickets to that game on July 4<sup>th</sup>, but you are not guaranteed to be seated in our club's section and you will not be eligible for the refund drawing.

The drawing will be held at our June 12, 2010 meeting. Just remember the cutoff date is May 15, 2010. Tell your family and friends and either bring your money for your tickets to the May 8<sup>th</sup> meeting or mail a check with "Baseball" in the memo to:

Anne Fowler, Treasurer  
**20162 Hwy 18 Ste G-281**  
**Apple Valley, CA 92307**

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### **MARK YOUR CALENDAR**

**OUR NEXT MEETING IS MAY 8, 2010  
AT 10:00 A.M.  
APPLE VALLEY LIBRARY  
BE THERE AND READY TO ENJOY**

## A JOYFUL NOISE

By Suzzane Hololbrook Brumbaugh

"Oh beautiful, for spacious skies," she bellowed, happily unaware she was slightly off key. Her long braids swayed as she kept time with the music in her body. Kevin, her older brother, longed to reach out and yank one of those braids. Anything to shut her up, he thought. Ugh! But she continued to make a joyful, if not so beautiful, noise, to the consternation of those around her.

"Hey, loud mouth," Kevin whispered in her good ear. "Give me a break. You're ruining my life back here."

But she continued to ignore him, tossing her braids in defiance.

Kevin grumbled under his breath, as his mother frowned, placing her index finger against her lips. Is it possible Mom's tone deaf, he wondered? Or is she just protecting her precious daughter? As soon as the service was over he planned to escape. His best friend, Jeremy, should be home by now and if he hurried, maybe they could make it to the basketball court before anyone else arrived. Kevin lived for basketball, so it was understandable that was the place he most wanted to be. At last the final hymn was sung and the benediction prayed.

"I'm out-a-here," he muttered as he made a bee-line for the sanctuary door.

"Kevin? KEVIN!"

"Aw, rats," he grumbled as he made his way back up the aisle where his mother waited impatiently.

"Where do you think YOU'RE going, young man?" asked his mother. "You know the routine."

Kevin scowled, and gripping the handles of the wheelchair began recklessly pushing his sister to the handicap van parked just outside the church foyer.

"And be nice about it," his mother called as he slipped through the door.

He skidded to a stop, narrowly missing the side of the van, set the brakes and kicked at a wheel. "There, your highness," he snapped. "Do I have your permission to leave?" But before she could answer he was off.

"Hey, Kevin! Catch!"

Kevin looked up just in time to see the basketball leave Jeremy's hands, hurtling towards his own. Rats. It was too high... Jeremy never could throw... Kevin's arms stretched high as he stumbled backward to catch the ball before it bounced.

"Kevin! Look out!" His sister's scream of panic reached him just before the squeal of tires. Then... darkness.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me..." The duo sang lustily, Kevin's critical ear somehow miraculously healed.

"Hey," she whispered with a grin. "You sing worse than I do."

"At least I keep better time," he grinned back, tap, tap, tapping with one of his crutches on the well worn carpet. Life was good. He wouldn't be playing basketball for awhile, but at least he was still alive. He was lucky... very lucky... just a broken leg and a slight concussion. His mind wandered back to that Sunday afternoon three weeks ago, when he stepped backward into the street, pausing for just a moment when he heard her call his name. He should have paid more attention. One more step and he would have been history.

"Thanks, sis," he whispered, then almost as an afterthought added, "the most wonderful voice in the world."

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## **ON THE ROAD AGAIN**

By Linda Bowden

Every day is an adventure as I set out to make that 101.4 mile trip one way to work. I'm blessed to be able to go to work these days with the recession and the many people in the

unemployment line. I say it's an adventure because the only reasonable way out of the desert is to drive down the forbidding Cajon Pass.

Some days the cars are zipping down at 4:30 a.m., but lately, these winter days are somewhat treacherous. First came the rains, and with the rain, comes people who can't slow down even for a safer drive. All around me are cars who can't stop, running into the back of people or slipping and hydroplaning through the air. It's no wonder our highway patrol officers are so busy, when just a little rain comes down from the darkened sky. Next minute comes the snow, the sleet, and the ice patches. These conditions can be so scary and add to the speed racer's dilemma. Here's what I see when I travel the 101.4 miles each day to my workplace of ten years.

I see the majestic mountains, pronounced, as if to cradle the commuters, and to protect them from the outside world. I see the green that the rain brings, as it falls sometimes gently and sometimes with pounding fury. I see the trees thanking the sky for a cool drink of water. I see white caps on the mountaintops which beckon snowboarders and skiers to laugh and to zoom past the trees with vigor and speed. I see the laughing, the joy, and the memories they will make with their families. I see it all, because I'm blessed.

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### **LISTEN!**

by

Thomas Kier

Come with me.

Walk with me and I will show you a wonder. I have many places secret and deep and powerful. I will show you of the balance and strength that were given to me to keep and to remember. Will you learn?

I love to move along the border of my woods; to scent and watch and listen for the little pieces of life that begin and grow and fill up all the hollow spaces. Trees are of the oldest and slowest of the new life. But there are lives spoken of by the rocks and the soft, damp earth -- these are but extensions of the living granite which underlies and supports us all. And the streams and pools of pure clean water prove again that which we all could never survive without.

All the moving creatures of my forest quicken my own interest, and bring all the joy of a new sunrise to my old, blighted eyes. For I, too, will pass into the memories of those who survive me. I feel my time grow short. I will show you some of my

wonder in the hope that you may understand and share in it.

My mountains are part of my glory and some of the strongest of my features. Indeed, they have proven too much for most of the forces that would destroy me. I need only inhale of their fresh and snowy climes and I am refreshed and strengthened for another day. I rely on their calm, steady silence more as the eons pass.

Deserts are some of the rough edges of my countenance; yet can you not see and sense their intrinsic beauty? They are as necessary and as beautiful to me as the next breath of life is to you. But they are also very fragile and I fear to lose all that they have taught me about myself. Can you see the end? Have you felt it?

Ah, the oceans are the gem of all I am and all I mean. Can you feel the soft and steady pulse of the life within? Their cycles and the untiring susurrus of the moon have oft lulled me to sleep when rest was not to be found elsewhere. What should I say? I can tell you of the way in which they take in the waste and detritus of the rest of my earth and cleanse it and make it whole. I can tell you of the preserving properties of their salt, or of the way in which many denizens eat the impurities of all which would be harmful to the rest of life. I can extol the waves and the tides, which constantly give new faces to the shores of the earth; and praise the way in which they decide what to take with them and what to return to the land. Do I need to point out that they are the most abundant of all my features?

But can you feel the way in which they, too, fail? Do you hear their faltering heartbeat? They too are sick, sick. Oh, feel it!

Will you weep with me? I cry out every day! I am faint with the effort at continued life -- will you help me? I need help of everyone who will listen, who will understand that without all my creatures working in harmony I Am Finished! We all will cease if we continue down this road of gluttony and wanton waste.

It is in your power to help. It is in your power to destroy! It is against all you have learned in your societies to give back more than you take. But it is a lesson you must learn if you love your children. For I am their future, and I am dying! You can change that if you and all your children will listen to my cries and my devastation. You can bring me new life which I so desperately need. Just live at peace with me; love all my life; give back more of what you waste.

Please help. Make a difference.

Please!

EARTH

(Tom Kier is a brand new member to our Branch. We're happy to have his immediate participation in the Club.)

Since we have just observed Earth Day this past week, this would seem to be a tad late but deadlines and special days don't always coincide; however, it's never too late to be cognizant of our environmental problems so here is Tom's take on our planet.—nw)

## What's In A Name....?

### NAMES SHAKESPEARE NEVER KNEW

*Juliet: "What's in a name? That which we call a  
rose*

*By any other name would smell as sweet."*

[Romeo and Juliet \(II, ii, 1-2\)](#)

By Anne Heimback

Juanette Merita was the name my mother gave me. Since she was not married, she gave me her last name of Brown, and my sister and I were known as "The Brown Twins."

A year later, my twin and I were removed from that home and adopted by the Rowleys in Oklahoma. Our new parents named me Ellen Ann and called me Ann. But they also liked the nickname "Annie Rooney," and shortened it to "Rooney" most of the time.

Daddy died when I was nine. Mother remarried two years later, and we were adopted by the new man, Mr. Butler, who moved us almost immediately to San Diego. People there began to call me "Ellen" and I tried to squelch that by changing to "E. Ann Butler." They thought I had just made a mistake with my own name, and was really Ann E. or Anne. Therefore, in Oklahoma I am Ann Rowley, to my school friends in San Diego I am Ann Butler.

I grew up and married, and was known as Ann Miner for 40 years - in San Diego, Germany, Phoenix, Albuquerque, Victorville, Las Vegas, Apple Valley, in that order. I was very involved in the community when I lived in Victorville, and again in Apple Valley, so lots of folks knew me as Ann Miner.

When I came to Apple Valley, which is next door to Victorville, I was single, and was still Ann Miner. Soon, I re-married and joined my new husband in some groups of which he was already a member. Those people all know me as Ann Wadsworth. We

were married for nearly 10 years before my husband went home to Jesus.

I was going to use "Ann Miner Wadsworth" for a pen name when I began to write. Or, I thought about using the first letters of all my first names - Juanette, Ann, Merita, Ellen, and Roonie. Having discovered that the last name of my birth father was Mc Carson, I even added that. And for a while, I wrote under "Jamer Mc Carson," as if I needed another name!

After a time, I married again, and am Ann Heimback today. Adding Heimback to Ann Miner Wadsworth is just too cumbersome, and leaving out Wadsworth doesn't seem right. My husband tells me that since most people know me as Ann Miner, I should use that. And I often do.

Now, imagine, if I get on the phone to call someone, I have to think of how they know me....and I hesitate ever so slightly before I give my name. "Hello, This is Ann, uh ....."

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**ON TRACK FOR GOOD FOOD**  
by George Grayck

Two of my friends, Fred and Larry, are Railroad buffs and I try to pass along items that may be of interest to them. In this case, it concerns the refitting old RR Station Depots into restaurants. Here in our home area most of us are familiar with the old 20<sup>th</sup> & Jay Street Sacramento depot. It was refurbished in Victorian style and now known as The Old Spaghetti Factory. They are a very large, successful restaurant chain. They provide a nice ambience, and very decent food at reasonable prices. These same people have worked their magic also in Orange County at the old Fullerton RR depot.

Next time you're in Fargo, N.D. check out the beautifully renovated RR Station conversion to a microbrewery & café. We were visiting there last fall and when the grandkids felt a bit peckish, we stopped in for a snack. The kids had a giant basket of onion rings and cola drinks. Marj and I polished off a couple of Scotch Eggs and found the local ale to be admirable. I don't know what RR it was way back then, but they sure knew how to build big, sturdy depots. And that big brick building next to the spur track – back in the 1920's it was a Ford

pick-up truck assembly plant. All the parts came in the back door from Detroit by rail in boxes. After assembly, they drove out the front door as pick-up trucks.

Later on, same trip, we took a dear old friend to dinner in the La Crosse, Wisconsin former RR depot. Again, it was a masterful job of restoration and renamed The Warehouse. But this was unlike the usual arrangement. This was not pub grub and beer! This was now a rather tony, upscale restaurant. We all agreed that it had been an excellent meal but our octogenarian friend Harriet sniffed, "Most expensive place in LaCrosse!"

I would have to say that the most impressive reconstructed RR Station I have seen is in Eugene, Oregon. For me, this is truly a first class operation. With authentic Victorian area furnishings and a handsome saloon bar, it is Class with a capital "C". I think my filing system needs a little work. I am positive that somewhere here in my den is a colored brochure and menu saved from our last visit. I cannot find them but I remember the place vividly. For some reason or other, it is named "The Electric Company".

Just a month or so ago, northbound, we stopped in Roseburg, Oregon. We were moteling it and stayed once again at the Travelodge just off I-5. This motel and the Holiday Inn next door both have beautifully manicured lawns and gardens along the Umpqua River. I have always liked Roseburg, not quite as much as Ashland, but more than Grants Pass. Just a few blocks away we found the McMenamins Roseburg Station Pub & Brewery. Another RR Station conversion, and nicely done. Warm, friendly place, decent food and featuring their own "Terminator Stout". Marj had the India Pale ale.

We must have enjoyed McMenamins Pub & Brewery because on the southbound return we stopped in Roseburg and had dinner there again. This time we stayed at the Holiday Inn for the excellent continental breakfast.

The conversion from RR depots to restaurants and pubs is an interesting sense of revival. In Suisun, the RR depot is still the depot, but the old Post Office is now a pub and brewhouse. Speaking of food, I know this authentic Russian restaurant in Medford.....well, that's another story.

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## HEY! WE'RE UP TO 83 MEMBERS IN HDCWC

OUR LATEST MEMBERS ARE:

And we extend our warmest greetings to:

Madeline Gornell  
Thomas Keir  
Dr. Robert Kirk  
Rebeka Koontz  
Jenny Margotta  
John Margotta  
Judith Pfeffer

WELCOME – you're just in time for the fun.

Keep informed with the website: [hdcwc@org.com](mailto:hdcwc@org.com),

take time to browse your *Inkslinger*. and

be aware of the following **RED LETTER DAYS**

May 8 – Branch Meeting –Victorville  
Library – 10 a.m.

June 26 – Special HDCWC Day at  
Hesperia Library – watch for details

September 25 – HD CWC Howl At the  
Moon Writers Conference

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### REMINDER

PLEASE REMEMBER TO HELP KEEP THE  
PANTRY FULL SO THE *INKSLINGER* CAN  
CONTINUE TO PUBLISH YOUR WORK!

**!!!!   !!!!   !!!!**

***EXCUSE US WHILE WE BRAG***, but one of our  
own has been professionally recognized by her  
peers and is making her imprint as a poet. I asked  
her for a "sample" of her work which follows the  
brief description of her recent honor.

Mary Langer Thompson is the featured poet in the  
April issue of Quill and Parchment, a subscription  
only journal. The April issue includes three of her  
poems on poets, and celebrates National Poetry  
Month. In March, Mary was also a winner of an

American Pen Women Poetry Contest and read her  
poetry at the San Francisco main library.

### HOT CORNER PICKUP

by Mary Langer Thompson

I'm waiting for you outside the antique shop  
feeling as old as the curbside Venus looking at me  
when a bee lands on my arm,  
probably attracted to that hormone cream  
I keep rubbing on myself  
to no avail.  
It's over a hundred degrees in the shade,  
wet-camisole humid,  
and I'm getting a hot flash while  
drivers stare like I'm an actress in a flopsweat.  
The shop's owner breezes out to say,  
"Everything's negotiable,"  
as though I'd buy her junk.  
"Don't we wish," I reply.

### A MOTHER'S FINAL GOODBY

By Linda Bowden

This story I tell from the end,  
To the beginning.  
It's the way I remember, it best.  
The last time I saw you, your head laid at rest,  
On a blue satin pillow,  
Inside a box made so fine.  
Your sweet hands bore the marks,  
Of the needles,  
Which pierced your veins, dried up with no blood.  
The next time I saw you, I held you close to me.  
Cradled you on my lap,  
Your naked body still warm with your soul.  
The line from the bag of blood, still hanging,  
Still dripping one drop at a time.  
Into a vein already slowly collapsing.  
The next time I saw you, they were pumping hard  
on your chest,  
Trying with all their scientific knowledge,  
To save your shell of a body from death.  
The next time I saw you, I looked over and that  
straight line,  
Beeped across the monitor,  
A look of peace on your face.  
The next time I saw you, a tube down your throat,  
But you still wrote me a note,  
How much longer do you think?  
The next time I saw you, was before that hospital  
stay,  
You sat next to me watching,  
The California Angels play.  
You looked over with that very special look,  
And blew me a kiss, from a body already

Scheduled to fail.

The next time I saw you, you'd just rode up on your bike,

A birthday surprise from your mommy,  
That smile worth all of my strife.

The next time I saw you was the very first,  
As the doctor lay you near to my breast,  
I didn't know then that Cancer would take you; I  
was happy and felt very blessed.

The last time I saw you, wasn't by far the best,  
But I hold all my memories so close,  
In a box, where I laid you to rest.

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**TWO POETS**

By Diane Neil

I saw a lady-poet-doll, petalled, rosy-beaded.  
She said "Life is my soul strolling the stars.  
A lavender shower in mists of time. Sweet.  
Complete.

My soul sings serenades at Heaven's gate."

I saw a manly poet – tall, bearded, thorny-tweedeed.  
He said "Life is raw flesh crawling in straw.  
A black, bloody grovel in grists of time. Mean.  
Obscene.

My guts shriek blasphemies at Hell's domain."

I stood somewhere between them,  
screaming flesh and dreaming soul,  
and knew I was the child of both.

**LITTLE BOY**

By Zoe McCall

A little boy stood at the end of the stream staring  
endlessly at me  
His glance held something...  
Two sharp rocks sat in his hands bleeding  
I stared back as I danced in the stream  
As I watched him bleed I began to cry  
'Somehow as I wept my sorrows became drowning  
The world grew dark and somehow only he could  
save me  
Sadness overtook me showing me what the boy  
really could be  
Smiling he handed me a rock and taught me to  
breathe  
You see all along the boy was just like me  
Always wading in the stream collecting rocks from  
behind the desolate trees  
One day when I could breath he showed me where  
to find that which bled  
And accepted me for my best  
To him I owe my very being  
Because though he was small that little boy set me  
free!

**KUDOS & THANKS**



In April we met at the Hesperia Library. Our gracious hostess was June Cline who not only made us welcome but who promoted our program, our guest speaker, and CWC. We have some plans for "pay back" in June, but nothing we do can match her hospitality and support.

If you are in the Hesperia Library, be sure you let her know that CWC appreciates her cooperation and involvement.

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**HOW TO SUBMIT AN ITEM TO THE  
INKSLINGER**

DO NOT CONFUSE THE GUIDELINES FOR THE ANTHOLOGY WITH THOSE OF THE INKSLINGER – (see article on Anthology submissions)

**Please send your items single spaced.** I know, almost everything we've ever read about submitting a MS calls for double spacing, but this is a newsletter and single space is fine in fact, better for designing the layout. And I don't have to fight "fancy" formatting.

Try to have a title – I might title it for you and totally miss your emphasis.

Font size should be at least 10 point, 12 is better but may be reduced to allow inclusion in a given space. "Times New Roman" or "Arial" are good choices.

Don't trust your spell check blindly – "to", "too" and "two" don't mean a thing to a spell check – they are all correct and its choice may not be your choice. Recheck after you use Spell Check,

Please understand that with our space constraints, submissions should be less than 800 words. But you can easily give us a sample of your style and skill in that amount of words – make them short and pithy – fun to write, fun to read! An over-run isn't "fatal" if the item warrants it – and most of them seem to be something worth the extra space.

From this last group of submissions I find a couple of other minor things – for you – major for me!

One story/item per submission. If you are sending more than one item, please send it separately from any other one(s). Until I a) get a secretary (doubtful), or b) really get used to this program, (a faint hope) I need to be able to put each item in the folder where it will be used –

Thanks, and if there is one among you who knows the ins-and-outs of doing "editing" in Word, and wants to volunteer your skills – give me a call – 241-9642

----- Naomi Ward, Editor