



INK SPOTS



*The Newsletter of the Fremont Area Writers, A part of the California
Writer's Club*

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Visit us at <http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org>

Webmaster – Linda Lee

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MISSION STATEMENT: Fremont Area Writers educates writers and the public by providing: a. Forums for educating members in the craft of writing and marketing their works and, b. Public meetings, workshops, and seminars open to all writers and the general public to facilitate educating writers of all levels of expertise.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Robert Garfinkle

It is that time of the CWC year (July 1 to June 30) when each branch starts looking for officers for next year. The strength of our branch comes from the leadership.

We will hold the election of officers for CWC year (July 1 to June 30). The positions that need to be filled are: President, Vice President, Treasurer, and Secretary.

We need everyone in the branch to consider running for a branch office or taking on a committee position either this year or next. No experience needed, but only your enthusiasm to keep FAW running to help all of our local writers.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL - Dues for the upcoming 2018-2019 year is \$45.00. The dual member fee is \$25.00 (if you are already registered with another branch, please specify which one). Student member fee is \$10.00.

EXCERPT FROM THE FAW BYLAWS:

ARTICLE VI: OFFICERS

Section 1: The officers of the Fremont Area Writers shall be elected by the members of FAW as specified in ARTICLE VII: ELECTIONS of these bylaws.

1.1 There shall be four elected officers: president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer.

1.2 The duties of the officers shall be as described in this article.

Section 2: President. The president shall preside over meetings of the Board of Directors and general membership.

2.1 The president shall, subject to the advice and consent of the directors, direct the affairs of FAW in accordance with these bylaws.

2.2 Except for the nominating committee, the president shall appoint such committees and chairpersons as necessary to conduct affairs of FAW. Such appointments end when the business of the committee is finished or at the end of the term of the president who made the appointments.

Section 3: Vice President. The vice president shall assume the duties of president in the absence of that officer at any duly called meeting. The vice president shall also serve as the chairperson of the Programs Committee.

Section 4: Secretary. The secretary shall prepare agendas and keep minutes for all meetings, handle incoming and outgoing correspondence, and maintain the administrative files for the Fremont Area Writers.

Section 5: Treasurer. The treasurer shall keep proper books of account showing receipts and disbursements for Fremont Area Writers and report the financial status of the Branch at each duly called meeting of the Board of Directors.

5.1 The treasurer shall receive and keep all funds of Fremont Area Writers and pay them out only as authorized by the Board of Directors. Any funds received for the organization shall be promptly deposited in an account at a financial institution set up for that purpose.

5.2 The treasurer's signature shall be required on all checks \$350 or less. A second cosigner's signature shall be required on checks of more than \$350. The second cosigner shall be either of two persons so authorized by the Board of Directors.

Vice President's Message:



Knuti VanHoven

Fremont Area Writers is only as strong as our members are willing to be.

Many people have ideas and/or time that they'd be happy to use toward a good cause, but they don't want to put themselves forward. They feel as though there's always someone else out there who's smarter, stronger, thinner or cuter.

If you know where those perfect people are, please ask them to step up and volunteer for an FAW committee, but until you find them, please consider joining a committee.

There are so many things our group could be doing if we had the active volunteers.

We could: sponsor writing clubs in local elementary, middle and high schools.

form a market research team to research sales trends for paying work, then report to our members on who's hiring writers right now and for what assignments?

mentor high school interns to write and design of promotional brochures for local non-profits.

You probably have even more ideas to add to this list. Do you have energy to work with us to see them through?

Both our State and Local organizations offer all the training and guidance you'll ever want.

All you need to bring to the table is dedication and time that you're willing to dedicate to a good cause.

Interested? Jot down your ideas and bring them, along with a copy of your schedule, to our June 23rd meeting.

I'm looking forward to hearing from you. Thanks for thinking about it



Fremont Area Writers

The Centennial Branch
"Writers Helping Writers"



Creating a Media Image for You and Your Project, with Knuti VanHoven



Your book is almost complete. If you haven't already begun marketing it, now's the time to begin.

Welcome to the world of Photos, Author Bios, Live Readings, Book Signings and Interview Techniques!

When you decided to become a writer, you may have thought you'd just be telling stories or imparting facts, not trying to create a media image - but unless you're intentionally writing as "Just a hobby," you're stuck with the reality that not only is it necessary to sell your book, you too are a product in need of marketing. To succeed, you need your fans to recognize your "brand" and come back for more. Creating an identifiable media image for yourself and your work is a must.

You need your fans to recognize your "brand" and come back for more. Creating an identifiable media image for yourself and your work is a must.

Knuti VanHoven will show you ways to choose an overall image, create the tools you'll need, then pull it all together into an instantly recognizable media package. As an actress, writer, director, producer and agent, Knuti has over two decades experience in developing promotional materials. She's worked with graphic artists, copywriters, ad agencies, professional video and still photographers and musicians and sound engineers.

She trained over a thousand performers, models and speakers to sell their messages in stage, radio, TV, print and corporate presentations.

Is there "One RIGHT way" to do this? No. But after this session you'll have a much clearer notion of what your options are. For more information about Knuti, you can visit her at her LinkedIn page: <https://www.linkedin.com/in/knuti-vanhoven-a7b4b842/>

Writers and Poets Open Mic!

When: 7:00-9:00 p.m.
Monday, June 25th

Where:
Suju's Coffee and Tea
3602 Thornton Ave.
Fremont

Knuti VanHoven
Saturday, June 23rd, 2-4 p.m.
42 Silicon Valley, Rm. 115
6600 Dumbarton Circle
Fremont, CA 94555

Fremont Area Writers is a branch of the
1,800-member California Writers Club.

Robert Garfinkle, President
510-489-4779
cwc-fremontareawriters.org

FREMONT AREA WRITERS

CLUB

PICNIC



***JULY 28, 2018 -2:00 PM
PICNIC AREA BEHIND
UNION CITY HISTORICAL
MUSEUM***

3841 SMITH ST.

UNION CITY, CA 94587

***PARK AT THE MUSEUM PARKING
LOT***

***BRING YOUR FAVORITE DISH &
BEVERAGE***



FEATURE OF THE MONTH



Tish Davidson

Growing up in Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, just over the city limits from Philadelphia, I wanted to be a polar bear. That didn't work out, which probably is a good thing given the current state of the Arctic ice. Instead, I became a biologist. I thought I was going to be a hotshot research scientist, but after earning a bachelor's degree from the College of William and Mary and a master's from Dartmouth College, I discovered that I was all thumbs in the lab. Laboratory research was definitely not in my future.

My first "real" job was as the quality control director in a vegetable cannery in Lafayette, Louisiana. What did that have to do with degrees in physiology? Not much. The owner told me they were desperate for someone with a college degree, and I would do, "even if you are a woman, but you better not get pregnant on me." (It was 1978. It was Louisiana. What would you expect?) My husband was in graduate school. I needed a job if we wanted to eat (one of my favorite activities) and couldn't afford to get pregnant, so we were a match made in heaven. Actually, it was an interesting job. I learned a lot about FDA regulations and how to (usually legally) manipulate them to the company's advantage. I also discovered that most people don't like to write, so I ended up writing all the FDA reports and answering all the complaint letters.

When we moved to New Jersey, I worked as a teacher at a training school for nannies. Who wrote the school newsletter? You guessed it. Me. Then I was asked to write a newspaper column about games and another one about parenting. Finally, I gave up and became a full-time writer. Since then, I have written everything from restaurant reviews to true-life stories to mysteries to textbooks.

Most of my books are nonfiction books for young people. Two of them, *Prejudice* and *Facing Competition* (both published by Scholastic) were selected as California Reader Notable Books. The book I most enjoyed researching was *African American Scientists and Inventors* (Mason Crest). A close second in terms of interesting research

was *Global Trade in the Ancient World* (Mason Crest). I now know where all those “stan” countries are because the Silk Road crossed most of them.

My most recent book is *Vaccines: History, Science, and Issues*, (Greenwood Press) with *The Vaccine Debate* scheduled for publication in November 2018 by the same publisher. The book explains the science behind vaccines and why the many controversies that surround them. Every time I finish a book I swear I am not going to write another one until... Wait. Why am I kidding myself? Right now, I’m thinking about doing a book proposal for a book I am calling *Super Kids: How Gene Editing Will Change Our Children*.

I also write fiction (although I consider myself to have an imagination deficit) and creative nonfiction. I’ve been published in the Cup of Comfort series by Adams Media, by the romance publisher Harlequin in their (as far as I know) only venture into creative nonfiction, and in the *California Writers Literary Review*. Have an adult mystery *Doggone Dead* sitting on my computer awaiting revision, as I haven’t been able to sell it in its current form. In my non-writing time, I volunteer for Guide Dogs for the Blind, cook, garden, read, and recently traveled to Hong Kong to visit family.

Want to know more? Nah, probably not. But if you do, see my interview with David Alan Binder on traditional vs self-publishing, ebooks vs print books, how to get the most out of a critique group and the pain of finding an agent at <https://sites.google.com/site/dalanbinder/blog/tishdavidsoninterviewwithdavidalanbinder>

FAW’S REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING

Martha Clark Scala was the Guest Speaker at the FAW’s May 26, 2018 Regular Membership Meeting. Her topic was “**Happenstance as Muse.**” She talked on how is it to convert whatever beauty, laughter or tragedy life sends you into inspiration.



THE ATTENDEES



FREMONT AREA WRITERS



Robert (Bob) Garfinkle –
President
Past President, California Writers Club.
Historian



Secretary – **Joyce Cortez**



Treasurer – **Cherilyn Jose**



Knuti VanHoven
Vice President



Tony Pino, Open Mic.



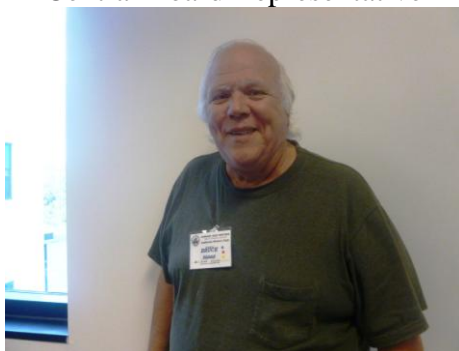
Art Carey –Signage



Carol Hall
Facebook Page, Meetup,



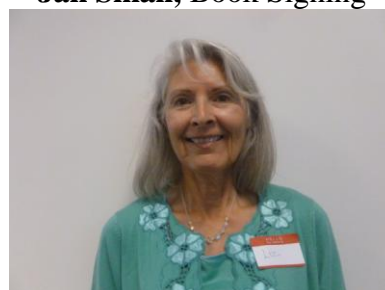
Evelyn LaTorre
Central Board Representative



Bruce Haase
Authors Table Sound Equipment, Book
Exchange



Jan Small, Book Signing



Liz Breshears
Community Outreach



Chris Dews
Membership Chair

**JACK LONDON AWARDEES
FREMONT AREA WRITERS**

2009 Robert Garfinkle
2011 Myrla Raymundo
2013 Carol Hall
2015 Art Carey
2017 Shirley Ferrante

**FREMONT AREA WRITERS
CHAIRPERSONS**

Meet Up, Facebook Page - Carol Hall
Open Mic - Tony Pino, Bruce Haase
Historian - Bob Garfinkle
Membership – Chris Dews
Newsletter - Myrla Raymundo
Publicity, Website & Newsletter Liaison
Knuti VanHoven
Book Signings - Jan Small
Central Board Rep - Evelyn LaTorre
Community Outreach - Vacant
Authors Table, Book Exchange, Sound
System - Bruce Haase
Signage - Art Carey
CWC Advertising and Promotions Chair
– Cherilyn Jose
Nor Cal Rep – Evelyn LaTorre
Hospitality, Welcome New Members –
Nancy Guarnera

CALENDAR

BOARD MEETING – Fourth Saturday
of the month 1:00 pm - 2:00 pm – 42
Silicon Valley, 6600 Dumbarton Circle,
Fremont.

OPEN MIC – Fourth Monday of the
month
7:00 pm – 9:00 pm at Suju's Coffee
Meeting Room, 3602 Thornton Ave,
Fremont

FREMONT AREA WRITERS
REGULAR MEMBERSHIP MEETING
– Fourth Saturday of the month, 2:00 pm
-4:00 pm, – 42 Silicon Valley, 6600
Dumbarton Circle, Fremont.



Myrla Raymundo, MBA-
Writer/Editor

Ink Spots Newsletter

This Editor welcomes you to our
June 2018 issue of the Ink Spots. It
contains the latest FAW news and
tidbits, poems, prose, essays and articles
written by our members. It also contains
news from other clubs in the California
Writers Club.

Ink Spots is issued monthly and
is distributed to FAW members at the
club general meeting every month. It is
also emailed to those with email
addresses. It is also emailed to the
different clubs of the California Writers
Club.

Ink Spots welcomes you to write
articles and submit them to this Editor at
myrlaraymundoback@gmail.com or
raymundomyrla@gmail.com.

FREMONT AREA WRITERS CORNER

BITTER BUTTER



By Jo Ann Frisch

Grandpa hobbled out to our lean-to with his cane and milk bucket and opened the gate into the lot for our eager cow waiting for her morning breakfast. He washed off her bulging udder with a cloth brought from the kitchen and placed the bucket underneath. She paid him no mind and munched on the hay in her trough. Our cat lurked close-by hoping for a squirt of fresh milk. Grandpa laughed and aimed one of the cow's teats at her open mouth. It splashed all over her face and she ran off. Continuing to squeeze and pull, he soon filled the bucket and called for Grandma to come and get the milk.

I set the table with plates and silverware, homemade jam, and fresh churned butter. Grandma's homemade biscuits were out of the oven sitting on top of the stove smelling up the kitchen.

"I'll be right back Jo Anny. Carla, you'd better be getting up sleepy-head," she called over her shoulder as she stepped out the back door. My sister never wanted to get up early in the morning.

I watched Grandma walk briskly to get the milk and carry it back. She set the bucket on the counter out of the way until after breakfast. Grandpa, back from milking, dipped water from the water bucket sitting on a separate stand and poured it into a wash basin next to it to wash his hands and threw the dirty water out the back door on the bare ground. We didn't have running water and it was my job to draw the water from the well each morning and refill our water bucket.

He sat down at the table and Grandma ladled two eggs onto his plate. She piled a platter high with her biscuits along with sausage patties, more fried eggs and put them in the middle of the table. I poured milk from the refrigerator into two glasses for Carla and me and Grandma brought coffee for herself and Grandpa.

Carla came out of our bedroom, washed her hands and joined us. We all bowed our heads for Grandma to say grace.

“Thank you Lord for this abundant food. We say it in Jesus name, Amen.”

Grandpa grabbed a biscuit, pulled it apart and slathered butter in the middle of it. Carla and I didn’t wait to get one for ourselves. The butter melted and ran out at the sides. We added a spoonful of jam and closed it again. Grandma’s biscuits were always light and fluffy. The sausage tasted wonderful, too. Uncle Truman used an old family recipe with lots of sage. We stuffed ourselves with at least three biscuits, two patties of sausage and two eggs.

“Hurry girls, get ready for school now, you don’t want to miss the bus,” Grandma said.

We took our plates, silverware and empty glasses to the kitchen and put them into a dish pan of soapy water and disappeared into our bedroom to get dressed for school.

A couple of times a week Grandma made butter when there was enough cream in the separator. It was large pale green metal, funnel-shaped with legs sitting in the corner of the dining room. Each day she strained the fresh milk through a cotton cloth saved just for that purpose and poured it into the separator. The cream rose to the top so when she opened a spigot at the bottom of the funnel to let the milk pour into a crock a narrow window showed the darker colored cream she quickly closed the spigot. Then drained the cream into another crock to make the butter from.

A large churn made of pottery sat near the separator. It stood about three feet tall and about ten inches diameter. A lid made of matching pottery had a round hole in the middle that allowed a long wooden dowel to go through with a cross stick paddle at the bottom with the other end sticking out about a foot at the top. She washed the churn with boiling water and put it into a dish pan with a few inches of cold water to keep the cream cold so the butter would be more firm. She poured a couple of quarts of cream into it and began pulling the stick up and down causing the cream to thrash around. That’s why its called a churn. After about fifteen minutes it sounded different and Grandma said it was almost ready. She opened the lid and pulled out the stick far enough to see if small pieces of butter were hanging onto the paddle instead of just looking like whipped cream.

Carefully she poured the whey and butter into a clean crock and used a slotted spoon to fish out the small pieces of butter and put them into a bowl. The whey was set aside with a lid to sour for buttermilk and making biscuits. Then she used the back of a wooden spoon to press out the remaining whey and poured it off. The pieces of butter stuck together into a firm ball. Adding a small amount of water to rinse it she continued to press the butter to get all the water and whey out and then sprinkled it with a little salt and pressed it some more. Lastly, she put it into a bowl and covered it with waxed paper and put it into the refrigerator. Grandma’s butter was delicious on her homemade biscuits.

In early spring when everything turned green our cow was happy to finally get some fresh grass with her hay. One morning when I bit into my biscuit it tasted awful. I ran out the back door gagging to spit it over the fence. Grandma stood in the doorway, laughing at me.

“It’s ok, Jo Anny. Our cow must have eaten bitter weed that got into her milk and made the butter bitter.”

Is Ireland Really Heaven?



By Evelyn LaTorre

"If you ever go across the sea to Ireland..." My sixteen-year-old alto voice harmonized with Celeste's soaring soprano as we rehearsed *Galway Bay* for the fiftieth time. The quartet I'd organized was preparing for its singing debut at Washington High's Harvest Dance in October 1959. Months before I'd been a Sacred Heart Shamrock in Miles City, Montana. Now I was a Washington Husky in Fremont, California. I loved to sing and harmonize. I'd use my talent to fit in at my new high school.

I swooned to *Galway Bay's* lilting lyrics, "...then maybe at the closing of your day you can sit and watch the moon rise over Claddah or watch the sun go down on Galway Bay..." though I had no idea where Claddah or Galway Bay was. Fifty-nine years later on a twenty-day excursion to Ireland, I found the meaning of both.

* * *

My husband, Walter, and I began our April trip with seven days in Northern Ireland. On a tour of Belfast's city hall, I discovered that three elected women ran the local government. My admiration for this progressive place increased. In the hall's museum, I donned an official red robe and Walter snapped a photo of me sitting in an ornate wood-carved magistrate's chair. The setting impressed me.

Our next excursion was more solemn. Our guide told us about the Troubles, the 1960-to-1998 civil conflict responsible for the deaths of 3,600 civilians and paramilitaries. Our tour bus drove past large vivid murals with captions praising the heroes and heroines of both Nationalist Catholics and Unionist Protestants. We continued on to the Peace Wall put up in 1969 to keep the two warring sides apart. The three-mile long, sixteen-foot-high stretch we saw was filled with colorful, but sobering, paintings—reminders of the terrible times when so many lost their lives. The wall hasn't been removed because angry feelings between the two populations continue. Children still attend segregated schools.

"Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream. The women in the meadow makin' hay..." The second verse to the *Galway Bay* song ran through my mind as our bus drove north on the left side of narrow, hedge-lined roads. We passed unending green fields dotted with fluffy, suckling newborn lambs. The homes looked like they'd just recently been painted white. Rows of daffodils, tulips or well-arranged heather plants decorated the manicured yards. We crossed several clear streams but I saw no women making hay.

At the Giant's Causeway at the top of the island country, Walter led me out onto some of the 40 thousand flat, hexagonal, slippery, basalt rock formations. They stretch for thirteen miles under the Sea, from Northern Ireland to Scotland. Some 60 million years ago boiling lava erupted into the Irish Sea from an underground fissure and formed the honeycomb-like structures, some 130 feet high.

"...or to sit beside a turf fire in a cabin and watch the barefoot gossoms as they play." We sat in huts and castles where the acrid smoke from turf fires burned my throat. Novels of Ireland reference ancient peat moss bogs where the damp, spongy, rotted vegetation fuel is dug out in brick-form. After months drying upright teepee style, the bricks are ready to be burned.

Gossoms, or good obliging fellows who help when they can, describe every Irish person we met, though none were barefoot. Locals were always eager to give directions or walk us to the place we

were looking for. I especially appreciated their holding my feet so I didn't fall 150 feet from the castle top when I bent over backwards to kiss the Blarney Stone.

"Oh the breezes blowing o're the sea from Ireland are perfumed by the heather as they blow. And the women in the uplands diggin' praties speak a language that the strangers do not know."

Walter and I were blown horizontal by the strong winds at the Cliffs of Moher that tower 700 feet above the crashing ocean surf. Spits of water from the Atlantic anointed our heads as we stood marveling at the precipitous rock formations. Praties are potatoes—and we had them fried, mashed and boiled. All were delicious.

"Oh the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways. They blamed us just for bein' what we are, but they might as well go chasing after moonbeams or light a penny candle from a star..." verse four goes. Like many countries, Irish history is replete with battles, bloodshed, and heroes. England annexed, then lost Ireland many times between 1100 and 1921. At times they prohibited the Irish from speaking their Gaelic language, obtaining education and jobs, and intermarriage with the English. In 1649, Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, Scotland and Ireland, knocked down castles, destroyed entire towns, and beheaded any who rose against him.

Early in the trip, in Kilkenny, I'd purchased a ring because it had a green stone. Upon arriving home, I was surprised when I looked at it closely. Two hands held the heart-shaped stone and a crown rested at the top. Then I remembered. At our final stop in Galway, the city was referred to as Claddagh because the ring is said to have originated there. The heart represents love, the two hands friendship, and the crown loyalty. I'd experienced all three on this trip.

And if there's going to be a life hereafter and something tells me sure there's going to be. I will ask my God to let me make my heaven in dear old land across the Irish Sea. Applause filled the Washington High auditorium that October evening in 1959. The Irish tune had secured me an accepted place with my new senior class. Fifty-eight years later in 2018, I now comprehend the *Galway Bay* song. The melody ushered me out of green, verdant, and picturesque Ireland with fond memories of a kind, interesting, and musical people—my kind of heaven.

Myrla Raymundo, MBA
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